

REDBOOK

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 25^c

EST. 1908

This issue's
**COMPLETE
BOOK-LENGTH
NOVEL**

"A WOMAN OF
WASHINGTON"

by **CORNELIUS
VANDERBILT Jr.**



"I Dreamt Last Night" *by* Erich Maria Remarque
who wrote **"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"**

GLADYS HASTY CARROLL - MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY - HENDRIK W. VAN LOON

**END YOUR THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER
IN AN OLD-FASHIONED BLAZE OF GLORY!**



IT'S your first Repeal Thanksgiving—so celebrate it right!

Over a fat plum pudding, pour Four Roses Whiskey until the pudding is fairly soaked with the fragrant liquor. Then set it aflame, and bear the masterpiece to the table in a blue blaze of glory. What an ending for your dinner! No whiskey was ever used to better purpose.

And no *finer* whiskey could be used for this purpose. For the Four Roses of today has all the rich aroma and dulcet flavor that made it famous in the old days.

Four Roses is a product of Frankfort, a company that has been making fine whiskey for four generations. And it is made in their

traditionally painstaking way—from mellow, hand-made, aged-in-the-wood whiskeys. *No tricks!*

Right now, lay in a supply of Four Roses for Thanksgiving. Mix your pre-dinner cocktails with it—use it for your after-dinner highballs. Ask for Four Roses, too, in hotels and restaurants. You can be certain of its purity. For it comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," written as only Mr. Cobb could write it, is now ready. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. 426, Louisville.

**FOUR ROSES
WHISKEY**
MADE BY FRANKFORT
LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE



Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste and purse: **PAUL JONES, Antique,** Old Oscar Pepper, Shipping Port.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

A STORY BOOK MOTHER (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups
... dingy teeth and tender gums
destroy her charm.

IN one swift and fleeting instant your smile *should* light your face with its own fresh charm—and set the final seal upon your loveliness.

But far too often, the smile that should give a quick lift of pleasure—brings a distinct little let-down... a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums that tell the unhappy story of "pink tooth brush" neglected.

YOUR DENTIST KNOWS HOW SERIOUS IT IS

Hasty brushing, lack of gum massage, soft foods that fail to give your gums the exercise they need—here are the real reasons why your gums grow flabby and your teeth dingy. And when "pink

tooth brush" first shows its warning signal, don't disregard it.

There's no mystery about "pink tooth brush." Dental science has recorded the facts. Our modern soft foods do not and cannot give our gums the work and stimulation they need. Robbed of that work our gums grow sensitive and tender—and sooner or later that tell-tale tinge of "pink" appears.

Don't ignore that simple warning. Follow the teachings of dental science and fortify your tender gums—keep them healthy—with Ipana and massage.

Ipana contains zinatol, and this together with massage helps to restore gums to health and vigor. Get a tube

of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Clean your teeth with it regularly. Every time, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Follow this health habit. You'll have firmer gums and brighter teeth. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can only be, at best, an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the full benefit of the Ipana treatment in a full-size tube. Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... and a quick, timely start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-124
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name

Street

City State

EDWIN BALMER, Editor

Associate Editors, DONALD KENNICOTT and VOLDEMARET VETLUGUIN • SID L. HYDEMAN, Art Editor

Next Month

WE are not supposed to praise our own editor, but it so happens that besides being editor of Redbook Magazine EDWIN BALMER is the author of such nationally known best-sellers as "The Breath of Scandal," "That Royle Girl" and many others, entirely too numerous to mention. Therefore do not accuse us of log-rolling when we say that his newest serial "Not to the Strong" will be sure to please our readers. A modern novel of moral conflict, it deals with those whose hearts are a battle-ground of warring emotions. Atheism vs. Faith. Cynicism vs. Idealism. Too timid to believe, they are too intelligent not to suspect that there is a Supreme Law, a Moral Imperative. Their faith may have been shot out of their hands by their experience in this world we live in, but their hearts know better... Having traveled so far along the shining concrete road of modern civilization, they are inclined to stop and ask themselves—"Well, where are we now?"



Edwin Balmer



Ben Ames Williams

WHEN one eats with the Devil, one must be armed with a long spoon." Thus BEN AMES WILLIAMS begins "Deputy of the Devil"—Redbook's January complete book-length (50,000 words) novel, which we consider a very worthy successor to the long series of distinguished complete novels published by us since the late summer 1933. Highly readable, swift-moving and packed with action, it concerns itself with the strange adventures of a famous physician who imagined he was endowed with supernatural power and who treated his fellow-neighbors as so many guinea-pigs. To quote our circulation department—"a \$2.00 value for twenty-five cents."

What would you do if you happened to be governor of a great State whose powers include that of pardon? If the mother of a convicted murderer fell on her knees before you and begged you to "save her boy"? Would you say no? or would you be moved by her plea? ALFRED E. SMITH (four times Governor of New York), Governor HARRY A. MOORE of New Jersey and Governor JOSEPH B. ELY of Massachusetts have written for us an article describing their approach to this turbulent problem. Read it in the next (January, 1935) issue of Redbook.

Likewise in our next issue: short stories and special features by Phil Stong, Alec Waugh, Stephen Vincent Benet, Edward L. McKenna, Julian Street, William B. Mowery and many others; continued novels by Gladys Hasty Carroll and Arthur Somers Roche.

REDBOOK'S NOVEL OF THE MONTH

A Woman of Washington Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 127

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL—50,000 WORDS

THREE SERIALS

A Few Foolish Ones	Gladys Hasty Carroll	18
Star of Midnight	Arthur Somers Roche	40
Life Begins at Sixty	Marie Dressler	50

EIGHT SHORT STORIES

I Dreamt Last Night	Erich Maria Remarque	15
Third Year	Roger Burlingame	26
Dead Men Pay No Bills	Mary Hastings Bradley	28
Manhattan Jitters	Bernard De Voto	32
Plain Luck	Jacland Marmur	36
Brainstorm Play	George Brooks	44
Free Night	Walter Duranty	46
Two Kinds of Love	Charles L. Clifford	56

THREE SPECIAL FEATURES

Strange and Extravagant	Bruce Barton	4
Can America Spend	John Maynard Keynes	24
Its Way Into Recovery?	Harold J. Laski	25
That Fascinating Habit— the West Indies	Hendrik Willem van Loon	60

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES

Senator Stone and Daughter	7
Lucienne Boyer	8
"Escape Me Never"	9
Yvonne Printemps	10
The Most Daring Irishman of All	11
"Hollywood Hotel"	12

DEPARTMENTS

Redbook's Radio Revue	Drew Kent	54
Redbook's Better Bridge	Ely Culbertson	78
Cheerful Results of the Depression	Jessica E. Cosgrave, LL.B.	122
Redbook's Educational Department		123

COVER DESIGN . . . CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

The short stories and serial novels printed herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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The Redbook School and Camp Directory will be found on pages 123 through 127.

"Catch the first boat for Europe..."

*they're making
new experiments
with antiseptics"*



A typical order that, given in 1930 to the company's chief bacteriologist, in order that he might be first to learn if the results of foreign antiseptic research could be advantageously applied to Listerine. Negative though his findings were, we would not have been satisfied had we not made a thorough investigation.

Similar studies have frequently been ordered—and will be continued. A brilliant student was rushed South to investigate the effects of antiseptics in treating tooth decay. Another was commissioned to a northern state to note the cruel march of a flu epidemic. A third gave his time for three winters to a detailed and painstaking study of cold prevention among factory workers.

These four assignments alone cost the company many thousands of dollars. But this money, like all money spent for research, was wisely spent. Our first duty, we feel, is to our product and its users. And only by keeping always abreast of the most recent developments in Science, only by comparative tests and endless experiments, can we always

be certain that Listerine will adequately meet the increasing demands made upon it.

A simple enough policy, but one that explains, perhaps, why Listerine is so universally regarded as the outstanding household antiseptic.

Whether you use Listerine to relieve a sore throat, to attack bacteria in the mouth or to render the breath agreeable, you may rest assured you are using a mouthwash of the very highest caliber, since it combines unusual germ-killing power with complete safety.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Dept. R-12, St. Louis, Missouri.

The Safe Antiseptic

LISTERINE

For COLDS and SORE THROAT



"STRANGE and EXTRAVAGANT"

BY BRUCE BARTON

DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

A LITTLE while ago my wife and daughter and I stood on the Acropolis at Athens and looked out toward Salamis, where the Greek fleet under the command of Themistocles defeated the huge armada of Xerxes.

In the terrible days of doubt that preceded the battle, counsels were divided. Some leaders urged flight, believing that this was the only chance to save anything. Some criticized Themistocles for having abandoned the city and put his whole trust in the ships. Themistocles, about to seek the guidance of the gods, was confronted by three prisoners, "fine-looking men, and richly dressed in ornamental clothing and gold, said to be the children of the daughter of Xerxes."

Seeing the three, the prophet Euphrantides stepped forward and made a frightful suggestion. Let these fine chaps be sacrificed to Bacchus the Devourer: "So should the Greeks not only save themselves but also obtain victory."

Themistocles recoiled in horror and indignation. Never would he consent to so cruel and senseless an act. *Never?* Any leader who employs that word has not measured the full possibilities of public emotion. "The common peo-



ple, calling upon Bacchus with one voice, led the captives to the altar, and compelled the execution of the sacrifice as the prophet had commanded."

"For," says Plutarch, who tells the story, "the common people in any exigency ever look for relief rather to strange and extravagant than to reasonable means."

I commend this bit of ancient history to thoughtful Americans. The recent election makes it fairly evident that the "strange and extravagant" is still in the saddle. Radical things are going to be done, some by

the President, some in spite of his best effort. Innocent people will be hurt; all of us will pay.

That we shall survive, as the Greeks survived, I have not the slightest doubt. May there be in us something of the spirit of that other great Greek, Aristides. He had no

reason to love Themistocles—who once had exiled him. But when the crisis came, he said: "If we have any discretion, Themistocles, laying aside our vain and childish

contention, let us enter upon a safe and honorable dispute, vying with each other for the preservation of Greece."

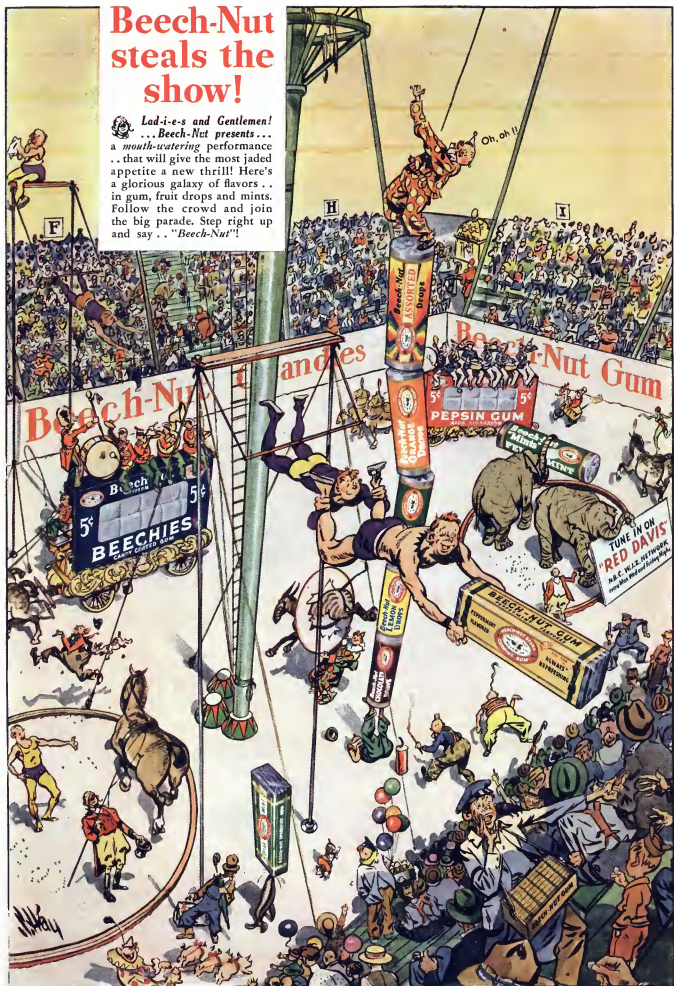
Before such a spirit of patriotism even the "strange and extravagant" eventually will yield.



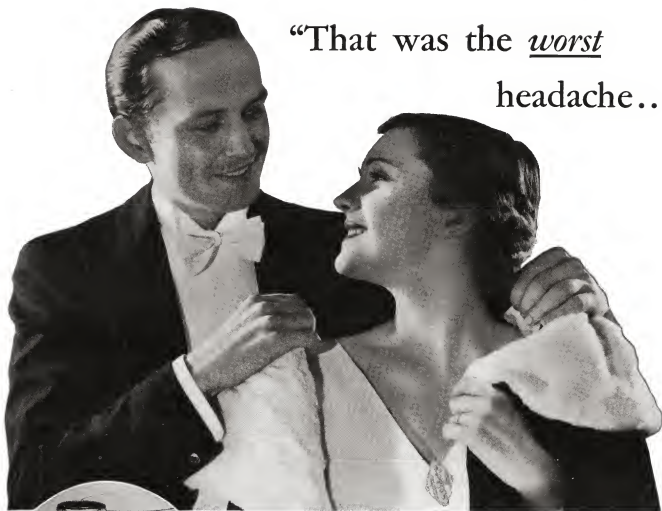
In the school advertising pages directly preceding the complete novel you will find a list of residential schools and professional schools and colleges, which we commend to you.

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen!
 ...Beech-Nut presents...
 a month-watering performance
 .. that will give the most jaded
 appetite a new thrill! Here's
 a glorious galaxy of flavors...
 in gum, fruit drops and mints.
 Follow the crowd and join
 the big parade. Step right up
 and say... "Beech-Nut!"



"That was the worst
headache..."



**Known as a balanced relief
for the following headaches:**

Overwork or fatigue headache.

*Morning-after headache following
over-indulgence.*

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

*Headache associated with fullness after
eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.*

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

"... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We're just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stom-

ach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the after-effects.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the complete name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P.M., E. S. T.—9:30—10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES



Lazarnick

SENATOR STONE AND DAUGHTER

Carol Stone has been Fred Stone's lovely daughter, his pride and joy, only offstage until recently when "Jayhawker" made its appearance as Sinclair Lewis' latest theatrical piece. This is the second major opus of Mr. Lewis since the publication of "Ann Vickers" in REDBOOK in the autumn

of 1932. In this Civil War play, Fred Stone is *Senator Ace Burdette*, widower, and Carol is his daughter, guardian and helpmate—the woman behind the great man. This is Mr. Stone's first appearance since "Smiling Faces." Carol was seen last season in "Spring in Autumn" and "Mackerel Skies."



Piaz, Paris

LUCIENNE
BOYER

She can bring down any house, whether it be night-club or concert-hall. She has done it in Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, North Africa and England. Paris, where she was born, first acclaimed her, and her creation of "Parlez-moi d'Amour" placed the little *di-seuse* at the top of the European entertainment list. She is, incidentally, the daughter of Lucien Boyer, who wrote "Madelon." She is making her American début in the highest night-club in the world, the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center on the sixty-fifth floor of the R.C.A. Building. She will also be seen this season in the "Continental Varieties," produced by Arch Selwyn and Harold B. Franklin, the two gentlemen who brought her here.

"ESCAPE
ME
NEVER"



Sasha, London



Elisabeth Bergner, known to the American picture public only for her "Catherine the Great" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will appear on Broadway, beginning New Year's week, in "Escape Me Never." For the privilege of seeing this same play and this same actress, Londoners have paid five pounds a seat. In the nine months' run of the play there was not one vacant seat in the house. Alexander Woollcott called Miss Bergner the "greatest living actress." "Escape Me Never" will introduce her in person to America.



Sasha, London

YVONNE PRINTEMPS

As a girl she lived in poverty near Paris with her mother. Flers, who wrote and produced revues for the Folies Bergères, overheard her as she sang in a garden one day and offered her a rôle. Soon after her début, Sascha Guitry saw her and fell in love with her. She has been with him for years, having appeared with him in this country with a French repertoire. Her début as an English-speaking actress in America will be in "Conversation Piece," written especially for her by Noel Coward and produced recently in London.



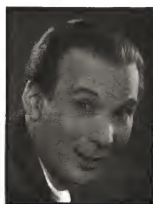
Lazernick

THE MOST DARING IRISHMAN OF ALL...

Colonel James C. Fitzmaurice is on his way from London to Melbourne. Traveling in his American Bellanca plane, the young Irishman expects to land in Australia well ahead of the other sixty-five human birds entered in the McRobertson Trophy Race. He feels convinced, in fact, that McRobertson's fifty thousand dollars are as good as his. . . . No mere conceit is that conviction of the intrepid Colonel. He was the first man to complete a west-to-east Atlantic flight in his airplane *Bremen* as far back as April 13, 1928.



"HOLLYWOOD
HOTEL"



Direct from Hollywood, every Friday night at nine-thirty, CBS sends a full hour's program in which favorite picture stars entertain with dramatic skits and song. Besides this screen galaxy, "Hollywood Hotel" introduces Rowene Williams (at right), who won the national competition for a new radio leading lady.



Thousands of girls tried out for this place, but Miss Williams, formerly with the Minneapolis Opera Company, was outstanding. The "big broadcast" also includes Ted Fiorito's famous orchestra (above), Dick Powell, delight of the movie revues (upper left), and that American institution El Brendel (upper right).

Wise is the giver
whose feminine gifts are
EVENING IN PARIS!

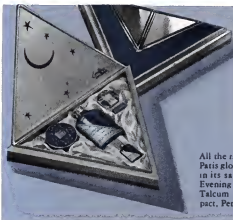


This is the Perfume itself, the very spirit of an Evening in Paris translated into glamorous fragrance! In a beautiful bottle and an enticing box, \$1.10.



As though the exquisite Evening in Paris Perfume weren't enough, this delicately lovely bottle has an efficient and lasting atomizer top! A charming accessory for a smart dressing table as well as a glorious fragrance! In its gift box, \$1.65.

If you're shuddering at all the gift shopping you have to face—here's the easy way out! Check off the feminine names on your list with a set of Evening in Paris! There are twenty-six different sets, each as beautiful as those shown here. You can finish your shopping for the ladies in a few minutes! And if you could step up to toiletry counters about this time of year, and see lovely ladies yearning over the Evening in Paris sets on display, you would see how surely each gift will bring a thrill of special delight! The price range of \$1.10 to \$20 lets you give a handsome gift, whatever your gift budget!



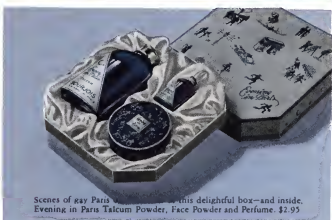
All the radiance of Evening in Paris glows from this box—and in its satiny interior nestle Evening in Paris Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Compact, Perfume and Lipstick. \$5.



Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder carry glamour and delight wherever they go. Their lovely box prepares the eye for the beauty within. \$2.25.



On a luxurious bed of satin, rest the Evening in Paris Talcum, Face Powder, Perfume, Lipstick, Single Compact and Toilet Water. One of the most impressive of all sets. \$10.



Scenes of gay Paris glow from this delightful box—and inside, Evening in Paris Talcum Powder, Face Powder and Perfume. \$2.95.

Evening in Paris BY BOURJOIS

she said...

"My! wouldn't you like to make everything glisten like your tub?"

and I said ...

"But I do! I stick to Bon Ami throughout the house!"



IT'S easy to understand why so many women use *only* Bon Ami on their bathtubs. For Bon Ami does more than just a good cleaning job. It really shines the bathtub... keeps it glistening and undulled... leaves it smooth and unscratched (and therefore easy to clean).

For these very same reasons Bon Ami is the best cleanser for all your household cleaning. It is equally as good for sinks, refrigerators, kitchenware and a hundred other things as it is for bathtubs, tiling, windows and mirrors. Just try it on some of these things — and see for yourself how fine it makes them shine — how much nicer and brighter it keeps them. than ordinary harsh or abrasive cleansers do.

Women like to use Bon Ami. It looks so snowy-white... feels so soft and fine... smells so clean! And it's so kind to their hands — never reddens or roughens their skin nor makes their fingernails brittle.

Stick to Bon Ami throughout the house. It's the finest cleanser you can get — for every cleaning task. To suit your taste, it comes in three handy forms — a Cuke, a Powder and a *Deluxe Bathroom Package*.



Copyright, 1914.
The Bon Ami Co.

Bon Ami
*the scratchless cleanser that
cleans everything so well..!*



"Death is God's affair," the nurse had said. "If that were not so—how could one bear to be here?"

I Dreamt Last Night

THE red-brick hospital building lay buried deep in snow; wind rattled the window-panes; the pallid light of the lamps gleamed along the corridors; in the radiator-pipes the water knocked; and beside me in the room, his wounded back propped up by a pile of pillows, non-commissioned officer Gerhart Brockman had been dying uninterruptedly for weeks.

In the old days, before the war, he had been the teacher in a

little village on the heath. While he could still speak, he often talked about it. There were four of us in the room at that time, and Brockman still believed he would be cured in a few months and released from the service. Then he would go back to the humble school beside the old village cemetery, where the bees hummed and the butterflies sat like military decorations on the tombstones—back to the path through the beechwood in the



The author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" interrupts his long silence to write this grave and magnificent story.

by Erich Maria Remarque

Illustrated by Jes Schleichner



bright summer twilight—back to his teacher's room with its piano and the many books in the cases—back to that whole peaceful world of former times.

"And then, boys," he would say, and raise himself on his elbows so that the gray sleeves of his shirt fell back from his thin forearms, "the singing lesson!

That was best of all. We had a song—we could even sing it in three-part harmony; whether you believe it or not, a primary school with only one class, but we sang it in three-part harmony like a glee club. I don't know whether you know the song—I dreamt last night—" That's something I want to hear again sometime—"

When he said that, it was hard to look without flinching into his glowing beseeching eyes. The song must have meant a great deal to him, for he returned to it often; perhaps he had sung it once to a girl he loved. Even later on, when Peterson and Fischer had died, he kept trying to talk about it; and when I hurriedly said, "Yes, I know the song, Gerhart—all the stanzas, in fact," he would wait until the floor nurse came, so that he could tell her about it. Sometimes he tried to sing her the melody in his hoarse, cracked voice. Then it seemed as though it were not a voice at all—as though it were only his last thoughts, which buzzed around each other in his skull, visible now under the tightly stretched skin, like weary flies under the glass shade of a lamp. Thirty years old, he was—Gerhart Brockman, non-commissioned officer—with a bullet lodged in his lungs, and tuberculosis of the lungs: he looked as though he were eighty.

December nights of 1917! In October, when the leaves were falling, the dying started. There had been four of us at that time, and now Brockman and I were alone in the room. The snowflakes ticked against the window like an invisible clock; doors kept opening and closing; death tiptoed about the house; fever crept out of the corners; and sleep would not come. But when at last it did come, bringing heavy dreams, I would start suddenly awake, at the low, laborious voice from the corner of the room, a voice that whispered, cracking with horror: "Light—light—for God's sake—" Then the glow from the lamp on the table would be reflected in Brockman's eyes, which gleamed dark and uncanny in his empty face, and peered about the room, wanderingly, as though seeking some one. He never wanted to sleep; he thought that way he could not die. . . .

Christmas dawned gray and melancholy. The nurses had arranged a distribution of presents in the big hall of the hospital. There was a tree decorated with lights, tinsel and glass balls; and each of us received apples, cookies, cigarettes and even a pair of socks. At noon a caller came to see me. It was my friend Ludwig Breyer. We had lost track of each other during the offensive in Flanders, and I had heard that he had fallen. Now he stood before me safe and sound, and on his way home for two weeks' leave. But despite that, I couldn't feel any real happiness—for since Christmas Eve there was no doubt left: it was about all over with Brockman.

The office had tried in vain to find relatives of his who could be summoned by telegram, so that some one at least would be with him during his last days. The attempt had failed. His parents were dead; he had no brothers or sisters; and to other

questions, he now paid hardly any heed. There was a rattling in his throat all day. . . .

Ludwig Breyer stayed with me until it was getting dark. Then he had to go. He wanted to get away, too—home, to his mother.

"Don't be angry," he said pleadingly. "I'm not used to this sort of thing. In an attack, well and good—then things happen fast, and you don't see so clearly. But this, this sort of



The voices of the children rose: "I dreamt last night a heavy dream—"

thing, gets you in the guts worse than when a regiment runs into a couple of dozen machine-guns."

I nodded, and watched him go until I could no longer make him out through the window. Then I lighted the lamp, although I knew that when the nurse came, she would scold me, for light had to be economized, and it was really too early. To be sure, I could hobble about, and might have gone into another room among the less seriously wounded; but I didn't want to leave

Brockman alone. And at the same time I didn't want to be alone with him in the dark: even as it was, I couldn't help thinking constantly of the others that had died there. And so I lay down on the bed with my clothes on. I found the rattling easier to bear when I was lying down. There was less difference between us then. . . .

The floor nurse came into the room earlier than usual that evening. I started hastily to reach for the lamp, but she paid

thing dangerous usually followed. Perhaps she had her eye on me too, and intended to take me once more to the butcher's block.

But like the other nurse, she went straight over to Brockman. Then she turned round. "We can try it—" she said. . . .

Astounded, I got to my feet. Outside the door in the shadowy corridor, a throng of children crowded. A young girl was with them. "She's the teacher," the nurse whispered to me. "For a week she has been in bed over there in the women's section. We told her about Brockman. And today she asked her class to come here—so that he could have some pleasure on Christmas. I hope he hears it—"

"What?" I asked, and a premonition made my breath catch.

Before she could answer, the clear voices of the children rose in song: "I dreamt last night a heavy dream—"

It was as though I had received a blow. It simply overcame me. That they had thought of that! It seemed to me in that dimly lighted room—where the sweetish odor of death was already perceptible—as though a lost homeland were taking shape and coming forward to greet us. It made me choke. But I pulled myself together, and looked over at Brockman to see if he heard it too.

During the first stanza he lay motionless. The nurse beckoned to the children, and they came closer, into the framework of the door. They began the second stanza.

Brockman's hands started to glide back and forth on the coverlid in a circular motion, like mice. Then they opened and lay flat as though in surrender. I had just decided it was the end, when he opened his eyes. They were soft, large and filled with an indescribable expression. His face was a volcanic landscape, rigid, ravaged, gray—but his eyes were more beautiful than the eyes of the girl who was singing with the children. In them was the peace that had not yet possessed his face.

The song ended. Brockman did not move. He lay quite still. The teacher nodded, and they began again. Then Brockman turned his head as though he were listening, and something like a faint, irresolute smile passed over his face. His lips moved. I bent low over him. At first I could not understand him, and I pushed his pillows a little higher.

"In three-part harmony—" he whispered, "—three-part—"

Then he stopped speaking and looked at the girl. She was very young, and I found it hard to believe that she was already a teacher.

I was just nineteen myself, but by comparison I was an old man. She seemed still a child, and surely she didn't know what was happening here. Very likely she simply wanted to do a sick man a good turn, and probably had no idea that a human being, whose world was dissolving, saw his youth once more in her. . . .

At nine o'clock in the evening Gerhart was restless. At nine-thirty it was evident that his body was throwing its last reserves into the fight. At ten he was working like a locomotive; sweat streamed over his face; he shivered and gasped; his lungs rattled, and his twisted mouth snapped for air. He was slowly

smothering—but he was still conscious.

"Give him morphine, nurse, so that he will have peace at once," I begged.

She shook her head. "It is against our creed," she answered. (Please turn to page 108)



Brockman's face was a volcanic landscape. . . . He opened his eyes—

no attention to it. Instead she went to Brockman's bed and bent over him. She listened awhile, and then shrugged her shoulders. In the doorway appeared the pale, thin face of the operating-room nurse.

I couldn't understand what was going on. It was impossible that they intended to operate on Gerhart now!

Hurriedly I sat up on the bed. The operating-room nurse smiled at me. That made me uneasy, for when she smiled, some-



A Few Foolish Ones

The Most Important American Novel Since "Main Street"

by Gladys Hasty Carroll

who wrote "As the Earth Turns"

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen



Decorated by C. B. Falls



Kate Bragdon



The Story Thus Far:

BIRTH, marriage and death, and all that lies between, is told here as it might be recorded in the yellowing pages of a family Bible. When the story begins, in 1870, the meeting-house at Nubble Point, in Maine, was to be opened once more, and James Gray was to become its minister. He was already seventy, and his wife Mindwell was in her forties; they were a God-fearing couple, judging others by their piety, and fighting the scourge of strong drink. They looked askance at Gus Bragdon because he was worldly and would have been shocked and angered had they known that their sixteen-year-old daughter Sarey liked him.

The Lencscotts were wasteful and improvident; and when Jeddy Lencscott's daughter Keturah died in childbirth, Jeddy and his clan invaded the meeting-house, seeking the man who was to blame. "Ketury's dead," said old Jeddy. "She won't plant her flowers nor harness up old Moll hereafter. Nothin' but a young one, she wa'n't. A little racin' young one. And somebody on this road got her. Somebody, like enough, that's settin' here now, a-singin' and a-prayin', he got her. We aint asked nobody to pay nothin' nor marry nobody. Nobody needs to worry about Ketury's young one. That'll be looked after right to home. He's an awful takin' little feller, too."

Jeddy's sons pressed up against him. Lige and Hamesh, Joel and Ezra. They stood together.

"We're not lettin' of it drop about the young one," Hamesh said. "It would've all been let pass if Ketury had got through. But she haint; she's dead. And somebody here is goin' to pay for it."

But no man there confessed his guilt. And presently violence ended the bitter episode: Lige Lencscott held the crowd at bay while Joel attempted to set fire to the meeting-house, but Gus Bragdon fought Lige, knocked him senseless. . . . Yet when the minister declined to permit the burial of poor Keturah in the consecrated ground of the church cemetery it was Gus Bragdon who offered instead the pitiful hospitality of a burial-plot on his own ground.

Bragdon was read out of the church for this and other defiance of its authority. But—

"Wait for me, Gus; I'm comin' along!"

It was Sarey, little smooth-haired Sarey Gray, her cheeks white as paper and spotted red—but like a child, but rising in her woman's dress and pushing past her older sister Roxanna into the aisle. Mindwell snatched at the escaping breadths of blue calico, but her fingers missed.

"Go back to your seat, young woman!" burst from her father. "When the time comes



that you leave the House of the Lord like this, you'll leave mine too."

Sarey had been shouted at before and trembled. Now she scarcely heard. She reached Gus and clung to his arm, her cheek against his sleeve.

He said: "Well, I don't know. What'll I do with ye? I aint got my roof up yit, ye know. And who's goin' to marry us?"

Looks like your father won't."

Sarey giggled. "Elder Johnson would," she said. "I could walk to the beach. Couldn't you?"

She smiled up valiantly; and so it was that in the summer of 1870, James Gray's younger daughter left the Nubble Point Church with one of the impious Bragdons, going through the summer dusk to dance for the first time to the tune of Thoc Blaine's fiddle until her feet could scarcely move another step, and Gus must carry her along York Road to his parents' house. (*The story continues in detail.*)

THE Elder retained his pulpit for ten years, preaching every Sunday, and leading prayers every Wednesday night; and once each season he held baptism in the river behind the meeting-house, standing waist-deep in the water and reaching with strong hands toward the sinners who came down the bank to him. In all this time he never bespoke his daughter Sarey, nor were there any Bragdons in his congregation. Even when a stroke felled him in his eighty-fifth year, he would not let Mindwell send for their second daughter, but lay straight and thin in his bed, calmly waiting for the end.

He had five summers of waiting, and five winters of looking across from his small window to a meeting-house with locked doors and cold chimney and unbroken snowy yard. Not even Mindwell knew, except by guessing, what it meant to him to see all he had built up gone so suddenly to naught; for he did not speak of it. The day he died, he whispered hoarsely: "Tell my people to rally round. I am at rest in God." But there was no one to whom Mindwell could give the message, for his people had gone back to being farmers; even Mose Dockham was drinking again; and the young men would wander all over the three Derwiches by night in search of a strain of music they might dance to.

There were other changes too, than in the church. The old died off along York Road. Three years after the Elder, Aaron Bragdon went, and then Shem Joy and Lyman Allen. Crazy Isaac and Aunt Sal Peters finished their long lives; and when Betsy Joy went



Kate's voice led the others, martial and gallant . . . They were the Grays, shut away among their own.

as wild as her Aunt Sal had ever been, the sheriff came and took her off on the train to a place intended for such people in Augusta; it was no longer the way to keep the insane in barred rooms at home, and pound on the wall at them when they grew too noisy. Those who at the time of the reformation of 'seventy had been girls sitting on the church steps and boys hanging over the graveyard fence, married and moved into little new houses out along Assabenbeduc Lane, beyond Gus Bragdon's place: Hattie Bragdon and Berias Blaine, Lovice Joy and Trumann Selden, Polly Selden and Amos Hamilton, Betsy Dockham and Orrin Cheney, Adeline Cheney and Charles Bragdon, and the rest.

The gray cottages of York Road were occupied only by the old or very poor, or were deserted; and travel there grew light. Visitors at the summer hotels along the beaches, determining

Mount Assabenbeduc should be more accessible, had been the means of a good carriage road going through from the Kittery Turnpike past the foot of the mountain and along the course of the Lane, so that Gus Bragdon had not needed to buy his right-of-way; and all through traffic used the new road. Ham and Ezra Lenscott and their wives, fisher-girls from the mouth of the river, moved out to the other side of the mountain and began making baskets for a living—bushel baskets for farmers, berry baskets for farm women, and sweet-grass trinkets for the summer folks.

All these couples multiplied, and their children seemed to grow up overnight, many of the boys going away, before they were out of their teens, to the West and the South, whichever direction there were railroad tracks; they thought as much of engines now





"I jumped a freight for New York," said Stephen, "and was working on a tug within three days."



as ever man had of boats. Many of the best of their fathers' generation had gone these ways too. Organs came into the houses, and women and girls sang, pumping sturdily, "Stay on the farm, boys," but still many went, not only to the railroads but to the mills in the cities, and to the frontier towns where life was gay.

For those who did stay, Fourth of July picnics on the mountain were not good enough any more. Any young man who was anything had a horse and a sleigh and buggy, both vehicles painted shiny black and striped in red, and whatever the season, could drive a girl several miles to a dance or to the beach. The mountain was useful now only for lovers' walks on Sunday afternoons. None but the oldest women still stepped back and forth to the whir of a spinning-wheel; and they and the middle-aged were all who could knit without a struggle, fingers flying as effortlessly as breath came. The young girls made patchwork and hemmed, painted on cloth, and pasted stamps on dishes, crocheted and embroidered and passepartouted.

Portable sawmills began their invasion on the woods, bringing hard lines to the Seldens and others who owned stationary mills or dams or had mill privileges, the engine being cheaper and more convenient than water. Trees need no longer be drawn to mill for sawing; the mill could go to them. And these mills brought in Canadians, particularly Nova Scotians, men with long brown mustaches, high-pitched voices, and Scotch-English accents; brought in increasing numbers their wives and mothers, raw-boned, forceful, energetic women; brought, too, the wood-choppers, French, who lived in tar-paper shanties which they carried about with them from place to place as long as the roofs would stay atop the walls.

The community was not so tightly bound together in one unit as it had been. A woman huddled in her shawls as she rode with her husband through the snow no longer asked, when another died passed, "Who was that, Sim?" but "Was that anybody we know?" In these times a doctor was called to attend a birth; and when death came, an undertaker was asked to lay out the body. It was necessary now to have cer-

tificates of birth or death, and records were published in the Town Report. Women thought something of style when they had new dresses made, watched the magazines, and laid patterns on to cut by; it was no longer enough to have a rig that was whole and warm. Men's suits now came from stores; the few sheep still kept did not produce wool enough to clothe their masters, and even the women who could spin no longer carded.

IN 1880 the superintendent of the school conceived the idea of having the pupils all use the same reader, and brought in one day a fine stock of Munroes, for which he took the odd books in exchange—Kate Bragdon's, which had been Gus', a still neat though much-thumbed volume; Stephen Blaine's, which had been Enoch's, and was filled with doves and scrolls and verses addressed to girls; and the rest. It was not long after this that the town of Derwich began supplying all books to the children in its schools; and readers, spellers and geographies began to be lost in the woods or dropped into brooks, or left at home when vacation was over; what was not their individual own had less value in their eyes. Nearly every child finished his eight or nine years in the district school, and enough went beyond so that it no longer meant quite so much to have it said a boy had been graduated from the academy; it did not mean the boy was separated so far from his fellows as when Thoc Blaine's father had achieved this distinction. "Oh, Cap'n David!" people had said then. "He's got quite a head on him. He's a well-educated man. He was graduated from the academy down here!"

The little old houses along York Road had three fireplaces, if not more; but stoves came in; and Gus, building his house in the 'seventies, left only one hearth open, this in case stoves did not turn out all they were cracked up to be; Berias Blaine, Trumann Selden and the others who built a few years later out beyond him had no fireplaces at all, and chimneys grew smaller with the passing decades. The number of houses increased; the supply of oxen dwindled. Whether much or little, everything changed.

Even Asa Cheney's store, now Asa was gone and his son Abner had the handling of it, became a different place. The same shelves and counters were still here, and the floor-boards with their ink-stains from when old Ephraim Shorey had kept school; but Abner sold flour and cheese, oranges and extracts, oil and grain, cider and candy and postcards, as well as the tea, crackers and salt cod of earlier days. The fireplace had been



bricked up, and an "airtight" put in. There was a new partition across one corner, and in it a narrow window behind which Abner sorted letters and put them into boxes, for now a mail train stopped every day at the Junction.

ONE night in November of 1895, Abner Cheney stood by his counter, wiping it with a damp rag, dusting off the end of the cheese as it rested on the top of the cracker-barrel, and swabbing around the bung-hole of the cider-keg.

"Well, I maintain ye can look at 'em yourself," he was saying. "Aint none of the young fellers what they was once around here. Aint a half a dozen of 'em could start out on a piece of ground of their own and make a go of it."

Berias Blaine and Trumann Selden, chewing together beside the stove, said nothing. They whittled and spat, staining the zinc rug on which the stove rested, and sometimes their quids were tucked into pockets in their cheeks, making a bulge like a squirrel's nut. Willy and Shem Joy, Jerry Hamilton and Fred Dockham, who had stopped in to toast themselves before starting for Beaverdam for a dance, stood, scarcely more than boys, near the post-office window. They did not expect mail, but liked to peek through at the boxes and cut their initials where they could.

Only old Mose Dockham, huddled on a stool beside the counter, gave Abner his full support.

"Yis!" he nodded fervently. "Undoubtedly so, Mr. Cheney."

"If they want anything, it's an education, like Benny Bragdon," Abner went on, "and can't git nowhere without it. Now there used to be ones, like old Elder Gray, Benny's own grandfather, he knowed his books; but books wa'n't everything he knowed. The Elder, he never had much, but he made a livin' out of that rock-heap up there, and what little pay he got for his preachin', and must have left something besides it. Anyway, Mindwell, she don't run no bill!"

Trumann spat and said: "Pooh, I guess you'll find what she has comes out of Sarey Bragdon's pocket."

"Well," Berias put in, "there's Roxan too—"

"Pooh," Trumann said, "she's one don't have nothin' for anybody but herself. She's great for fixin' up and ridin' out, but Sarey tells Ad that sometimes they go cold and hungry, both, down there to McIntire's."

Abner did not feel for gossip tonight, however. He had big thoughts in his head:

"Well, however that is, the Elder got along. He took care of himself and had a family, which is more'n Benny'll do unless I miss my guess. I don't know, the way young fellers is late years, most of 'em, I'm just as well satisfied my young ones is girls."

"Yis! Yis!" declared Moses.

"Ye're right, Mr. Cheney, Yis!"

"Young ones, he says," chuckled Fred, nudging Willy. "How old is Mat, anyway? Twenty-five if she's a day, aint she?"

"Mat's no spring chicken," Willy answered. "Nor Flora neither, for that matter."

Abner could not hear their words, but knew the mockery behind them. His face reddened, and he grew busy drawing a glass of cider which went sliding down the counter to Mose. Moses' fingers closed about it greedily. He would say "yis" all the evening for a glass or two of this, and be back in the morning "yissing" for a cut of cheese off the end of Abner's knife, and a few crackers out of the barrel. Times were hard for Moses; his wife was dead, and neither his daughters nor his sons' wives would have him in the house, with his habits what they were.

"Yeah, but what you goin' to do with them girls *when they grow up*, Uncle Abner?" Willy asked boldly. "Aint nobody good enough to marry 'em; what you goin' to do with 'em? String 'em and hang 'em up to dry?"

A neat step fell outside the door, and young Stephen Blaine came in briskly, walking with his shoulders well back, a spring in his knees. Closing the door, he saluted the group with two fingers to his hat-rim, and took a seat on a stool next to Mose.

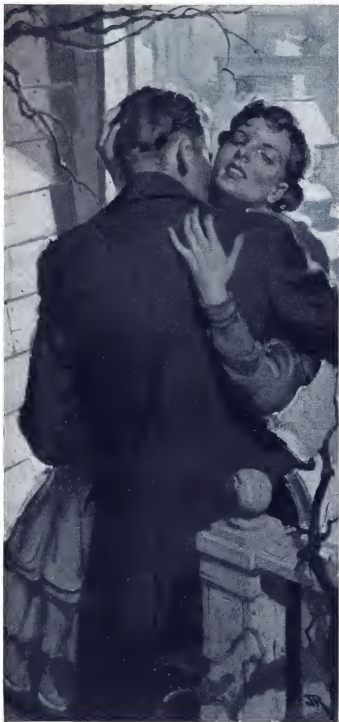
"Well, Steve!" Abner exclaimed, glad of the interruption. "You home?"

"Home again," said Stephen. "Give me some cider, will you? Something to warm me up. And look out you don't get that rag near anything that's going into my mouth."



"She's not well," he said gently. "Nobody will ever know better than I do what she's had to bear."





He did not listen to her till he chose, and she had no spirit to force him. Stephen, back again!

He sat swinging a trim-shod foot, his gloves on his knee and his derby hat knocked back on his head, and drank off the cider. His hair was cut so short, and his black coat and gray trousers fitted so snug, that he seemed almost unclothed beside these others in their overalls and baggy jackets. Even his mustache was waxed, and the ends rolled until it was no more concealing than a slate-pencil laid across his upper lip.

"Well, you didn't stay so long as you figured on, did you, Steve?" some one asked, after the group had silently observed him.

"No. No, I didn't, true. Got too cold. New York Harbor's the coldest place the Lord ever made." He wiped his mouth and tucked his white handkerchief back into his pocket, but left the corner showing. "Why, you never saw anything like it, the way it's been the last few weeks. Out there on that tug with the wind blowing a two-forty clip all the way from England, it's as much as a man can do to keep breath in him."

"New York Harbor!" Berias said. "I had it from your father your job was buildin' on a bridge up to Lawrence."

"Yeah, that's what I heard," Willy said.

Stephen tossed Abner a coin.

"Well, that job didn't pan out. They're putting it off till spring, I found out when I got there. So I jumped a freight for New York, and was working on a tug within three days. Quite a sight, seeing all the big boats come in. A lot of cargoes of bananas. One fellow told me he ran afoul of three tarantulas while he was unloading one boat—caught one running up his arm under his sleeve, an old riptail-roarer. Have to keep their eyes open on that job. I talked to the captain about taking me on for the next trip, but he had his crew. He took my name, though, so I might get a call most any time; nice fellow, he was. No letter for me, Abner?"

"No, nothin' here yet, Steve."

"Well, you keep an eye out. I've got two or three irons in the fire. I'll start for a warmer clime, next trip I take."

He began pulling on his gloves.

"You about ready to pull for home, Uncle Berias? I'm going over the Lane."

"Yes, I'll bate you are," Berias said, shaving shreds from his plug of tobacco.

"No, I shan't be startin' just yet. I aint in any such rush as I caltate you be."

"Aunt Hattie'll lock the door on you!"

"So'll Gus Bragdon on you," snickered Willy. "You'll have to step lively if you get over the Lane before Gus turns in. He's savin' up oil lately to buy himself another striptot."

"Well, I'm glad you mentioned it. I wouldn't keep Gus up, for all he'll ever own," returned Stephen, bowing slightly from the waist. "A man that works as hard as he does needs his sleep."

He went out, leaving the boys laughing. Berias and Trumann twisted the corners of their mouths.

"Pooh, he may not find Kate quite so glad to see him back this time," Trumann said. "Sarey hints to Ad that Kate don't have the patience with his comin' and goin' that she once had."

"Oh, Steve'll be oneasy for a spell and then settle down again," Berias grunted. "He's like his father before him. Uncle Thoc tells how once Enoch went out of Portsmouth, cook on a sand-boat, and stayed a week or so; and when he got home, he complained he couldn't sleep so well on land, and Gran'ther had to stand outdoors all night a-throwin' water ag'inst the side of the house."

"Thoc makes them yarns up out of whole cloth, don't he?" Abner asked. "Stands to reason Old Cap'n wouldn't never have stood outdoors all night—"

"I think likely Gran'ther started that one a-rollin' himself," Berias answered. "He was every mite as good at it as Uncle Thoc. No, they never made 'em up, exactly. That is, they always had something to begin with. Now, that time, I s'pose Enoch might have made great talk, like Steve, when he got back, about what a trip he'd had aboard that sand-boat. And bein' as Gran'ther had put his own ship around the Horn a many times, it maybe didn't sound like much to him, and he set out to take Ene down a peg or two." . . .

Stephen stepped along blithely through the dark. The first place he came to was his own, and he hesitated beside it but did not stop. Willy had been right that it was getting late for knocking in at Gus Bragdon's door, and he could always get in here; he knew every nail and screw, every window-shutter and loose board of the old house. He regarded it, dark against the sky, with the same pride he had felt in it as a child: the first house built on York Road, a fine place two stories and a half high, with four great chimneys, twenty-four panes of glass in every window, a fan-light over the door, and hand-carved panels in the hallway, a gate and a brick walk, and on the roof a cupola from which on clear days a man could look off to sea. Very fine ladies had once danced in that parlor, but it was dark tonight, was always dark unless Stephen came home. Thoc and Enoch and Catherine used



only the kitchen and the two small bedrooms behind it; Catherine said it was as much as she could heat and more than she could keep clean, with always two men and sometimes a dozen underfoot. Catherine would rather have lived in a Frenchman's shanty if only it was new, no cracks in the finish, no plaster falling, and no rats in the cellar walls. She envied Sarey Gray and Hattie Bragdon, Lovice Joy and Polly Selden, Adeline Cheney and Betsy Dockham for marrying men who built them little houses out along the Lane. A Blaine thought that having a Blaine was as much as any woman ought to ask of this life or the next.

Stephen walked now under Bragdon pines hedging in oak trees which had taken root as Blaines', and he trod soft Bragdon needles which buried deep the rocks and soil that had once been Blaines'. But he did not think of his birthright, nor of the etched glass, riding-horses and Oriental shawls for which it had been sold. Whistling, walking on his heels with his shoulders high, he was intent on lessening the distance which separated him from Gus' daughter Kate.

The house sat in a clearing beyond the pines, small and undistinguished as compared with his own. No brick had come from England for it; no three men with clever fingers had labored a



hundred days to carve the panels of its hall. Gus Bragdon had built it himself, with such as he had or could buy within a radius of five miles. The first and second summers of his marriage, while Sarey carried and bore Benjamin, their first child, at Gus' mother's house, Gus had dug and stoned the well, blasted out the cellar, put up walls and roof and finished off three rooms: a kitchen in the ell, and on the west end of the house, a sleeping- and a sitting-room. In the winters he worked in the Navy Yard to earn the cost of it. When Benjamin was six months old, they moved in; and it was a good deal to have: the three rooms and a shed and barn connected, so they need not go outside to tend their stock; a sink and a table and two chairs, and a stove Gus had bought for a dollar; a big bed for Gus and Sarey, and a trundle for the young one, and plenty of feather-beds, pillows, blankets and comforters.

It was a good deal, and they were proud of it, but they meant to have more. That very fall Gus set to work to make a lounge where Sarey could stop in comfort to nurse the child, and Gus could lie to do his figuring before he went to bed. He never saw the use of sitting up over a slate and pencil, as Sarey did, to add how much her hens had brought in that week, and to subtract what the feed for them had cost. To Gus, nine times twenty-eight made two-fifty-two, seventy-five out left one-seventy-seven, and he was ready now to figure how many one-seventy-sevens would be needed to add to ten-seventy-five to make up the amount of six-per-cent interest on a five-hundred-dollar note for two years. At the end of that time, he estimated, he would have the principal reduced to two hundred dollars.

The note had been written to Asa Cheney in payment for a woodlot Asa had been about to put a sawmill on. There might be a hundred thousand feet of lumber on it now; at a dollar a thousand, worth a thousand dollars tonight; Asa had sold too cheap, but he needed money. A man who held this lot for twenty years or so would realize five or six thousand on it; twelve-and-a-half-per-cent interest compounded annually on what he had put into it, where the bank would pay two-and-a-half or three. . . . Gus' mind went over these matters as he lay on his back on the lounge, while Sarey, her feet twisted around the legs of the chair, her thin shoulders hunched over the slate, and her face screwed into an anxious grimace, added how much her hens had brought in that week and subtracted how much they had cost. . . .

As long as the Elder lived, the Bragdons had no traffic with the Grays; but when he died, Sarey appeared at his funeral, and afterward went often to cry with her mother. Sometimes she took along a spice cake or jars of different kinds of pickle; and one day Mindwell gave her the big cherry bedstead which had been her father's, and a maple chest and a little rocker, and his picture in a frame decorated with mother-of-pearl. Roxanna, now that she was married to the man who owned the stable in the village, had no use for such old-fashioned truck, but it was a great help to Sarey. Now Gus must finish off a parlor for it, and while he was about it, must sheathe the end of the attic too, for Benjamin had grown too big to lie on the floor of the little dish-cupboard



"Mother!" Lovice cried, running to bury her face on Sarey's knees. "Whatever does Ben mean?"

off the sitting-room, and they needed the sitting-room itself as a place to put the girls to sleep, Kate and Lovice. Little Jeff would be better in the trundle-bed; he was getting so he nuzzled all night long for what his mother's breasts no longer held.

When Aaron Bragdon died, Hannah, refusing to go on living with Letches and her husband and big brood of children, came down to stay with Gus. They finished off the other end of the attic for her, and she brought her bed and the cane-seated chairs Aaron had whittled out and painted first (*Please turn to page 110*)



Can America Spend Its

WHY, obviously!—is my first reflection when I am faced by this question. No one of common sense could doubt it, unless his mind had first been muddled by a "sound" financier or an "orthodox" economist. We produce in order to sell. In other words, we produce in response to spending. It is impossible to suppose that we can stimulate production and employment by *refraining* from spending. So, as I have said, the answer is obvious.

But at a second glance, I can see that the question has been so worded as to inspire an insidious doubt. For spending means extravagance. A man who is extravagant soon makes himself poor. How, then, can a nation become rich by doing what must impoverish an individual? By this thought the public is bewildered. Yet a course of behavior which might make a single individual poor *can* make a nation wealthy.

For when an individual spends, he affects not only himself but others. Spending is a two-sided transaction. If I spend my income on buying something which you can make for me, I have not increased my own income, but I have increased yours. If you respond by buying something which I can make for you, then my income also is increased. Thus, when we are thinking of the nation as a whole, we must take account of the results as a whole. The rest of the community is enriched by an individual's expenditure—for his expenditure is simply an addition to everyone else's income. If everybody spends more freely, everybody is richer and nobody is poorer. Each man benefits from the expenditure of his neighbor, and incomes are increased by just the amount required to provide the wherewithal for the additional expenditure. There is only one limit to the extent to which a nation's income can be increased in this manner, and that is the limit set by the physical capacity to produce. To refrain from spending at a time of depression, not only fails, from the national point of view, to add to wealth—it is profligate: it means waste of available man-power, and waste of available machine-power, quite apart from the human misery for which it is responsible.

The nation is simply a collection of individuals. If for any reason the individuals who comprise the nation are unwilling, each in his private capacity, to spend sufficient to employ the resources with which the nation is endowed, then it is for the Government, the collective representative of all the individuals in the nation, to fill the gap. For the effects of government expenditure are precisely the same as the effects of individuals' expenditure, and it is the increase in the income of the public which provides the source of the extra government expenditure.

It may sometimes be advantageous for a government to resort for part of its borrowing to the banking system rather than to the public. That makes no difference of principle to the effects of the expenditure. There are many who will raise the horror-struck cry of "Inflation!" when borrowing from the banks is suggested. I

doubt if any of those who speak in this way have a clear idea what they mean by inflation. Expenditure is either beneficial or it is harmful. I say it is beneficial, but whether I am right or wrong, it is hard to see how the effect can be altered if the money spent by the government comes from the banks rather than from the public.

When the government borrows in order to spend, it undoubtedly gets the nation into debt. But the debt of a nation to its own citizens is a very different thing from the debt of a private individual. The nation is the citizens who comprise it—no more and no less—and to owe money to them is not very different from owing money to one's self. In so far as taxes are necessary to shift the interest payments out of one pocket and into the other, this is certainly a disadvantage; but it is a small matter compared with the importance of restoring normal conditions of prosperity. If private individuals refuse to spend, then the government must do it for them. It might be better if they did it for themselves, but that is no argument for not having it done at all.

It is easy, however, to exaggerate the extent to which the government need get into unproductive debt. Let us take, for purposes of illustration, a government hydro-electric power scheme. The government pays out money, which it borrows, to the men employed on the scheme. But the benefit does not stop there. These men who, previously unemployed, are now drawing wages from the government, spend these wages in providing themselves with the necessities and comforts of existence—shirts, boots and the like. The makers of these shirts and boots, who were hitherto unemployed, spend their wages in their turn, and so set up a fresh wave of additional employment, of additional production, of additional wages, and of additional purchasing-power. And so it goes on, until we find that for each man actually employed on the government scheme, three, or perhaps four, additional men are employed in providing for his needs and for the needs of one another. In this way a given rate of government expenditure will give rise to four or five times as much employment as a crude calculation would suggest. Thus there would be some advantage even if the scheme itself were to yield but little revenue hereafter. If, however, it is even a moderately sound scheme capable of yielding (say) three per cent on its cost, the case for it is overwhelmingly established.

That is not all. Unemployment involves a serious financial strain to the municipal, State, and Federal governments. The alleviation of unemployment, as a result of government expenditure, means a considerable reduction in outgoings on the support of the unemployed. At the same time the receipts from taxation mount up as the nation's taxable income increases, and as real property values are reestablished. These important factors must be allowed for before it is possible to say how far government expenditure involves additional (Please turn to page 76)



Yes!



John Maynard Keynes

As a prophet, Mr. John Maynard Keynes would hold his own in any company. Way back in 1919 he predicted the collapse of the Treaty of Versailles. Way back in 1926 he advised his native England to bid a farewell to Free Trade. Way back in 1932 he said that it would cost America at least four hundred million dollars per month to buy its way to recovery. Writer and lecturer, economist and philosopher, financial expert and business executive, Mr. Keynes is credited by the Pennsylvania Avenue gossipers with the authorship of the New Deal's financial, fiscal and Federal relief policies.

Way Into Recovery?

IN any country where there is unemployment, its existence implies that the volume of demand is insufficient, at the given level of wages and prices, to utilize the productive resources of the community. When the gap between them is so large and so constant as it is in the United States at the present time, it is natural to urge a great public expenditure as the most obvious way in which to redress the balance.

Now, the assumption of the capitalist system is a simple one: It is that wherever an undertaking shows a reasonable chance of profit, the owners of capital seeking for investment will come forward to take advantage of this chance, in order to obtain a return on their capital which would otherwise lie unused. Unemployment is caused by an economic position in which the owners of capital do not, in the existing circumstances, see a prospect of a profitable return.

It is clear, therefore, that the basic postulate of any policy which seeks recovery by government expenditure must be the need to spend without profitable return being a primary consideration. On this hypothesis, unless the expenditure is to be on wasteful objects, it follows, in a capitalist society, that the justifiable grounds of this policy are three:

1. The objects of the expenditure must be urgently required.
2. Or they must make such a contribution to increased industrial efficiency that their cost can be repaid later, even if indirectly, out of expanding government revenue.
3. Or the expenditure must preserve a valuable body of laborers from the demoralization that is inherent in long-continued unemployment.

Anyone who considers these propositions will see at once that the value of such a policy is obviously limited both in time and space. For the objects to which the expenditure is devoted being, by definition, unattractive to ordinary investment, must be paid for out of taxation. This, in its turn, is a charge upon those owners of capital whose investments are showing a profitable return. But the taxes they pay are, in their turn again, a part of the price of production. At some point, therefore, increased government expenditure means increased costs to manufacturers of goods. This, especially in the export trades, has its repercussions on the market, and has the result of lowering the volume of demand. This, of course, means increased unemployment in those industries where demand is lowered. Unless the number of those employed through increased government expenditures is greater than the number displaced by the process, the impossibility, at some point, of continuing the expenditure is obvious.

Two simple illustrations will make this clear: The vast government expenditures during the war induced a temporary prosperity. But as soon as the resultant taxes had to be imposed, and that upon a falling market, the limited nature of the prosperity involved became obvious. And secondly, the effort of the British

Labor Government, from 1929-'31, to finance social reform by government expenditure succeeded only in unbalancing the budget, inducing a panic, and placing in office men prepared to postpone social reform in the interest of a capitalist society. Both cases show that the limits of government expenditure are set by the willingness of the taxpayer to pay the price of unprofitable investments. The limit of this willingness, in all our experience, is very quickly reached.

The position, of course, is the same if the expenditure is met by loans rather than by taxation. For the interest-charges on the loans have to be met. If these are attractive, they both add to the burden of taxation and draw capital away from other sources of possible investment, thus increasing its price, and hence the cost of production in other fields. If the interest offered by government is low, the probability is that only strong pressure will secure the necessary loans, upon the basis of a short-term investment. This may well mean big government financial operations in a future market at a time when they will interfere with normal business transactions. It is well known how the British conversion loans have largely suspended foreign issues in the London money-market, even when these were of a desirable character.

But government expenditure in a capitalist society, when used for the purpose of stimulating recovery, has a further difficulty to encounter. It is a demand, in effect, for labor and commodities. After a certain point, its logical result is to raise the price of these. Unless, therefore, recovery of a normal kind rapidly supervenes, the consequence is—to keep government expenditure within bounds and so prevent a resort to inflation or excessive taxation—the need for a system of controls (of wages, the price of materials, profits, etc.) of the kind known during the war. It is, of course, impossible to limit these controls to a narrow field of industry. The more government operations continue, the wider must be the range of its interference. The logical result, once more, is to end the workability of the assumptions upon which the traditional capitalist system depends.

All this, of course, assumes that the objects of government expenditure are wise. It assumes, further, that the mobility of the necessary labor can be effectively organized. Both assumptions are large ones. They are especially large in a country which, like America, has to improvise suddenly for the first purpose an efficient civil service. They meet the difficulty that the obvious public works—e.g., road-making and telephone development—fairly quickly reach the point of saturation. They involve the further difficulties: (1) that a sudden cessation of these works causes a large increase in the number of unemployed (to prevent which they are undertaken), and that they raise (2) the immense social difficulties connected with industrial transfer from the normal channels of trade (problems of training, separation allowances, housing, etc.), which Great Britain (*Please turn to page 76*)

No!

Mr. Harold J. Laski is one of the best known economists in England. Professor of political science in the University of London since 1926, he has visited this country on many occasions. He lectured at Harvard in 1916-1920, at Yale in 1919-1920 and at Amherst in 1917. No stand-patter, he is responsible for many an intellectual brawl on both sides of the water. The die-hards think he is a bolshevik; the bolsheviks accuse him of toyism. This being so, he can exercise his right of free thinking at all times unmolested. He is "that sort" of an old-fashioned Britisher.



Harold J. Laski

No!

Third Year



THEIR wives came for them to the Pine Bay station, backing their cars crookedly up to the platform and then, depending on how long they had been married, getting out or not. So every night Fellowes Green found Eleanor, eager, on the platform at the exact place where the steps of the next-to-the-last coach would stop; and every night she threw her arms round him in her frank way, and kissed him for the benefit of anyone who might want to see a young and lovely girl in love.

But, also, Gloria Martin, though she had four children by now, would get out of her car and walk up and down when the train was heard whistling, but there was a set look on Gloria's faded face: a compression of those lips which no lipstick ever touched, that betrayed a dogma rather than a passion. For this Gloria had always done and would always do—though Riggs Martin's welcoming kiss landed, usually, on her cheek.

Oliver Thorpe's wife did not come at all. It was absurd, he said, for her to drive that little way and deprive him of the use of his legs, especially as the walk stretched him after the train, and gave him an appetite. At first Joan had come on foot to meet him: she was so anxious! But no girl could be expected to keep that up, with the work that had to be done at home in those days when there was no servant.

Lately Oliver had taken the longer way: up the little hill from the station to the main street of the village, and along that, home. This was two sides of a triangle, but in these evenings of the early summer he liked to see the fresh gayety of the town. The people in their white clothes looked cool and happy; boys and girls would call to each other across the wide street, and the colored electric sign would flash on over the movie theater, looking pale in the twilight but promising the dark. Also a longer walk was better now, since Joan had advanced the dinner-hour and insisted on cocktails every night—for Oliver was the kind who wanted to justify his drinks by physical effort.

On one June evening, however, he left the station by the straight road, for he was eager to get home to Joan. He had several things to tell her: At the office, he had learned that McIlvaine, the junior partner, was leaving the firm in October. Oliver knew that he was the only possibility for the place. It was a fine break for a man not yet thirty. Now he could think, at least, about buying the Garrett place, with the pond and the willows on it. In the fall he could make the first payment—perhaps.

Joan was waiting for a place of their own before she could think about a baby. You had to have at least that much sense of security, she said, before you could bring a new, helpless being into the world. Have the baby first, Oliver had suggested, and it would force them to buy. But at that Joan had looked at him more seriously than he had meant her to look, and he had seen in her eyes that faint fear showing that the transition from her girlhood was not yet complete: that look of half longing back to her safe freedom. With his kiss, her eyes had changed, pleading with him: "I must understand love first." So, seeing the new desire for him quick in her face, he had put away the thought. . . . That had been two years back, in their first half-year of marriage.

Tonight as he got off the train, he was on the step close behind Fellowes Green; he saw that same look on Eleanor's face, greeting her husband; he knew it was the first time, too, as it had been with Joan—the first change from her child love. He looked away quickly, not to see a thing so intimate, yet the dim love in Eleanor's eyes stayed with him.

So he hurried. That was gone now, of course; there was no recapturing such a glamour; yet new glories were ahead. Tonight of all nights, with these things and the promise of the young summer evening, he wanted to get home to Joan soon. But on the straight road he stopped, remembering suddenly:

"Don't hurry home; I'll be late getting away from the Carsons' bridge."

He stopped, turned and looked back, so that the people passing thought he had forgotten something. But he walked slowly now, feeling the let-down that comes in changing from a brisk step to a loiter. He put his hands into his pockets and climbed the hill

*If it is true
that "men marry from
fatigue, women from curios-
ity," then the time to discover it
is two years after the wedding bells.*

by Roger Burlingame

*Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy*

lazily, a little tired. It had been a strenuous day, after all.

Up on the main street, the life of the town revived him. He looked in all the shop windows, guessing at something he might buy for Joan. But the windows held only solid, useful things: ice-boxes, vacuum cleaners, cooking utensils, tools. Even the sporting-goods store seemed full of solid things: shining golf-clubs, new model racquets, fishing outfits—nothing that would amuse Joan. In the corner of the window was one of those silly games that was the rage: a board with little balls rolling about on it—a ball rolled into a hole and counted a score. Why couldn't people talk in the evenings, without such devices to fill the blanks in their minds?

"I feel as if I could never in a hundred years say all the things I have to say!"

So Joan had told him back in the first year, and the nights had not been long enough for their talk; they fought off sleep to say those countless things, and finally dropped off, still saying them.

Sweet nights, sufficient and happy, a long succession, until at last the neighbors had interrupted: you could not be a pair of hermits! You couldn't be rude to people who lived all round you. So came parties, dinners, natural and normal things—boring sometimes, with drinks and games, but part of life, after all. Yet even now there were nights and nights at home alone, for they could not afford much entertaining. Lately Joan's cocktails had given them a quick gayety, but the late dinners had cut the evenings, and when the first tang of the drinks died down, you yawned a bit and drifted off to bed. Perhaps, truly, there was less to talk about, now. That was normal too. Oliver stood awhile thinking these things, looking into the window of the sporting-goods store. An oddly inspiring smell came out the open door: rubber and oil. It stirred some boy-feeling in Oliver, a vague nostalgia. But this was a homesick night, anyway: he moved away quickly and went on.

But where? Not home, blank but for Delia the servant, with her bland, irrelevant smile. It was a bad hour to be at home alone, so long before anything would happen. Delia had put regularity into their life. Things occurred at exact moments, leaving empty intervals between. With her, a discipline and a decorum had settled on the house. Between six and seven-thirty there was absolutely nothing you could do but bathe and change and compose yourself for dinner. In the old days you could creep up on Joan when her hands were covered with flour, and kiss the back of her neck, after which you could either help to get the meal quickly, or say the hell with it and sit talking for an hour or so. You could not do that with Delia.

Delia's arrival had been close on the heels of the second discussion about the baby. It was a hard business to do all the work of the house, and even think about anything else. But Delia decreased the small measure of economic security; and when spring came, there was so little left, that Joan thought it would be sporting to put the rest of it in a new car—the turn-in value on the old one being high.

"When you're so nearly broke," said Joan, "you might as well go the whole hog."

OLIVER was now well beyond the shops on the smooth Bay Road; the pleasant raffishness of the village settled, here, into a stern dignity of fine houses set back on shaved lawns. He had already passed—for he was thinking so hard—the turn toward home. He stopped, looked back at it, but went on quickly. Suddenly, then, he had an inspiration. Why not go out, now, to look at the Garrett place? It would be incredibly lovely in this hour of suspense before the twilight. And now, tonight, it was almost his!

The house had been shut a long time. The grass about it was grown high. It was fine lush grass, wild and happy in its freedom. The house seemed, as Oliver looked at it from the road while the late sun dwelt upon its mellow color, to have withdrawn out of the world into its own memories. It was only half real: so was the pond with the willows drooping over it; but this was a trick of the light, for at a certain slant the sun's (Please turn to page 84)

Dead Men Pay

by

Mary Hastings Bradley

Illustrated by Joseph Chenoweth

IT couldn't be. Not after all those years. She must be dead long ago, stabbed through the heart in some brawl. That hot, inflammable stuff of hers would never have survived.

Why, it was forty years ago! She'd been seventeen, back in 'seventy-three—she'd be fifty-seven now. That woman out there in the spotlight, shrilling out that cowboy song, couldn't be fifty-seven.

She wasn't young, for all her bright paint and her tangle of black curls; but she wasn't fifty-seven. She wasn't Cherry. . . . No, it was something about her, some line of the slight figure, the defiant tilt of the head, the red satin costume that those faro girls used to wear, and the words of the old song that had set his heart hammering with such a shock of suggestion.

Forty years. . . . Angus McGregor, at twenty-six, leaving the train at Council Bluffs, and walking across the platform to buy a ticket to San Francisco on the Union Pacific for a hundred dollars, gold—bridge-charge to Omaha one dollar extra. He was going only to Nevada, but it was money saved to buy a through ticket: you could sell the remainder.

The West had been the West then: Prairie, buffalo, antelope; Indians in beads and blankets congregated at the watering-tanks for the free ride the Union Pacific gave them on the steps of the forward coaches. The ride, for them, had been the thing; but for him the thrill was those shining black tracks slipping away behind the train. . . . One track across the continent. One train a day each way. Achievement—progress.

He saw again the Angus McGregor of those days, a long, lean, gray-eyed young man, shy under his stiffness, boyish under his constraint, his heart big with hope, solemn with resolution. Very different from these youngsters of today with everything handed them—pocket-money, cars, places ready and waiting. He'd like to know what that young elegant then, bending over his daughter, would make of the job of mining superintendent of a Western camp. *"Get along, little dogies, get along, get along."*

Most of this crowd, eating expensive food, drinking expensive wine, probably thought that dogie meant *dog*. He could remember when he'd first heard that song—at Winne, Nevada. . . . The train had set him down there, white-powdered, itching with alkali dust, on the edge of an out-



Her clear voice sang out: "Come on over,

cropping of a dozen houses, and a solitary agent had stalked out of the little red station toward his trunk and the sacks of mail flung out on the prairie.

He remembered the dour silence of the man, and his own resolve not to undo the East by babbling. Finally the agent had spoken first.

"Going up-country?"

"If I can find a conveyance," he had said, and known at once that the word was a mistake. He had turned from the hard appraisal of the agent's eyes to his own appraisal of the unpainted shanties across the deep-rutted road, with a lone church edged a little way off, as if assuring them of no officious oversight, but only a standing-by in case of need; then, observing one building placarded "Hotel" he had carried his bags over and entered it.

A barroom blue with smoke. A red-faced fellow, unshaven, in a black-and-red checked shirt, droning out this very song: "*Get along, little dogies, get along, get along.*"

(They were clapping her now, and he applauded loudly, glad that they liked her, that haggard singer with the painted face and the mop of black hair. There was betraying eagerness in the way she snatched at the encore.)

"Oh, bury me not!"

His thoughts fastened again upon that Winne

No Bills

That's what the old song says... But the old song is a liar. Dead men do pay their bills, a tooth for a tooth and a dollar for a dollar.



stranger!" Frigidly he looked away. A man spoke to him: "Did you hear the lady asking you over?"

barroom, his first taste of the real West. The stage did not leave for two days; and that night he had sat, stiffly ill at ease, watching the place fill with miners and ranchers crazy for fare and drinks, wondering where was all that Western hospitality and open-heartedness he had heard about, back in the East. No sign of it in the cold-eyed, almost hostilely inquiring looks that came his way. . . . Anxiety began to beset him, that he was not the type to inspire it—too stand-offish, too Eastern. Since his work would be to handle men like these, he worried, and to appear easy, he went up to the bar.

"Well?" said the barkeeper in a challenging tone. He was a beetling-browed man, and his voice was irritating. "What is it?"

The Angus McGregor in evening dress was not hearing the entertainer's song; he was hearing his own voice of forty years ago, loud in that suddenly attentive barroom. "I want a gin sling."

"What d'ya say?" the man demanded; and he repeated: "I want a gin sling." And since he felt he was being ridiculed, his voice was quicker and sharper than he meant.

The man looked at him and reached behind the counter. He brought out a tin cup and set it down with a bang. He reached for a huge black bottle, and with another bang set it beside the cup. Then he produced a small pistol from his hip pocket.

"You don't want a gin sling," he roared at Angus. "You want a whisky straight, and you want it now—see?"

Something within Angus operated without any assistance from that mind of his, which kept insisting that this sort of thing

didn't happen. He heard himself saying coolly, "Boys, what'll you have?" and felt again the surge which penned him against the bar. The whole roomful, the bar-man, drank at his expense. The price, Angus had noted, was fifty cents a drink; but when the barkeeper said, "A dollar a drink," Angus did not protest, though fury boiled in him.

(Not another encore. She was out of the spotlight now, and he ceased clapping. His daughter smiled at him. "I knew you'd like that, Dad," she said, with her air of indulging him which one's children, he reflected, were too prone to assume. She was his youngest child, and his dearest; but he felt suddenly remote, and leaned forward, as if concentrating upon the couple dancing, to shut out further interruption to his swiftly unrolling past.)

SIX hundred miles of stage-coaching—seven days and seven nights of it. Gad, what did youngsters today, cushioned in their motorcars, know of endurance? That old Concord coach—four horses and a leader; mail and express treasure stowed in the boot under the driver's seat; passengers and luggage and the feed-sacks for the horses crammed into the back. That first start had been exhilaration: cold, sharp morning air, stars still brilliant, though a petal-pink dawn was shivering behind the mountains. Then, in ten minutes, he'd had a dose for a lifetime.

He had thought the train had taught him something about alkali dust, but that had been nothing. The stuff rose in a choking cloud, suffocating, blinding; the leaders were lost to sight, and the driver guided by instinct. The sun rose, and burning heat beat

down. The coach lurched sickeningly, banging over ruts. The hours were agonies of endurance, with no respite save for meals that he could not keep down.

The stage was changed to a mud-wagon. There was a seat for the driver and armed messenger up in front; the rest was cased in heavy duck, windowless, a door in the side. Two leather-covered seats within, facing each other, the front one with only a strap for back. He remembered how the heavy feed-bags, jammed behind it, had crowded him at every bump, how he had braced himself till his muscles ached.

There had been three passengers of them, at the last. The engineer, holding his transit tenderly in his lap, and a rancher's wife, a tart, vinegary woman—he was seeing those three shivering figures, naked under the stars, the woman shrieking out her rage.

THAT had been funny—some of it. They had stopped for supper at Wayne, and as they left, a roughly dressed man had thrown his dunnage-bag on top of the feed-sacks and stretched out upon it. For a while he seemed asleep; then he began crowding—drunkenly, they thought—against the woman's back, so he and the engineer changed places with her. Then the man started pushing his bag against their necks.

The engineer, with his transit, had been helpless, so Angus took on authority. He told the man to stop or he would throw him out; and though the man muttered some filthy abuse, he did stop.

At midnight the stage paused on a mountain-top to pick up a lonely mail-sack and leave another. They had just started the sharp descent, outer wheels close to the precipitous edge, when McGregor heard the click of a pistol. He ducked as a bullet tore past his head. The man lunged for him, but Angus was quick and his young muscles hard; he got a grip on the fellow, struggling and swaying in the lurching dark; then with all his strength he hurled him out the open door, over the road's brink.

It was over before the woman's screams began. He could remember now the hard elation that had stiffened him, against his flinching at the imagined impact of the body on the rocks far below—he had proved himself a man fit for this wild country!

He was careful to keep his voice matter of fact. "Must have been drunk," he had said.

But the man had not been drunk. He had been signaling and trying to pay a grudge at the same time. The next instant the stage was stopped with a jerk that dislodged them, and a man appeared at the open door, outlined against the night, a bandanna across his face, a gun pointed.

"Please," the man had said hoarsely, "all of youse get out and hold up your hands."

That incongruous "please" had tickled him, so that he could not realize the gravity of what was happening. . . . It was the sort of thing, Angus reflected, picking slowly at his lobster, that

was growing more and more common in civilized centers, so that if it happened tonight, to any of these diners on their homeward way, they would not know that incredulity which his mind had known then.

For a moment it had seemed just a scene in a melodrama, the three of them lined up, and searched—almost youthfully enjoyable, something to write home about. . . . Then a gun banged, and the body of the messenger slumped limply across the driver's knees. Frantically the driver thrust it aside to throw down the treasure-box.

A bandit was hacking at the traces of the leaders; he sent them galloping down the steep mountain road, and beat so savagely at the wheel horses that they plunged after, the coach crazily careening.

The road was hard under the alkali, and the horses' hoofs beat out a devil's tattoo louder now in McGregor's ears than the drumming of the orchestra.

He remembered being glad that his funds were in the baggage left in the stage, that only his expense-money was being taken. Then the highwayman told them to strip.

By gad, he and the engineer hadn't been slow about it! The woman was not so tame. She had stood there, barelegged in her chemise, shrieking at the robber: "Aint you ashamed of yourself? Aint you ashamed?"

"Take off that shift," the man had growled back—not the man who had first said, "Please."

"Aint you ashamed—" "Don't make no difference to me," he told her stolidly. "But it will to you, lady, unless you get off that shift." And he moved his gun significantly.

She quaked, but turned to the two naked men beside her. "Are you going to stand there and see a lady treated like this?"

It was exactly what they were going to do, and as she got out of that last covering, she accused: "Probably enjoying yourselves—that's what you are!"

(Remembering, Angus chuckled aloud, and his daughter laid an affectionate hand on his arm. "Dad's having the time of his life," she said amusedly to the party; and Angus looked out suddenly to see what he was having the time of his life over. A black-face comedian. "They put on a good show here," one of the young men stated, as if confirming Angus' right to enjoyment, and Angus nodded.)

There had been a rich haul in that chemise, for the hem was weighted with gold-dust she had been carrying to avoid the high express-charges. Oddly enough, it was not the loss of her gold which infuriated her, so much as that one of the robbers took her switch away.

"Taking my good hair for some dratted hussy!" she shrieked after them, as they galloped off, the treasure-box lashed on a spare horse. Angus had felt weak with laughter, pawing over his garments there in the cold dark.

Not so funny, down at the bottom of the mountain. The stage-



Jim roared out, "You lie! It's five minutes," and made a spring across the shaft mouth toward him.

coach overturned, the driver hurt, sprawling across the dead messenger, the horses dead and dying. . . . A day later another stage came along and took them on. After that, they were not charged for their meals at the stops—the first touch of Western hospitality.

Bound Brook: That was where he'd got off for the fifty-mile mule-ride into camp. That ride was the happiest time he was to know. Steep cañon walls sheltering him from sun, a rushing stream making music in his ears. Only, when he got down to drink, he found the waters muddied from the stamp-mills, and the reminder of the responsibility ahead was sobering.

(Some one at the table was talking to him; he had no recollection of their words a moment later. He was making vague little marks on the white linen.)

That was the half-mile street of the camp lying at the base of North Mountain, the smelter and stamp-mill at one end, opposite the adobe hut for the superintendent, and the long building where he and the men ate.

At the other end of the street—he made an exact cross on the cloth—was the company's store, and along the street, facing each other, an even dozen of saloons. Scattered in the background were the adobe huts where the men slept. A God-forsaken lodging place, shut in by bare, bold mountains.

There were a hundred and forty miners, a Mormon assayer, a Chinese cook and about twenty women, hangers-on of camp life. He had stiffened, when he heard about them, had that earnest young Angus of forty years ago.

"You don't mind being left, Dad?" His daughter was rising into the arms of a waiting man. Couples were streaming out on the floor into the dancing that alternated with the entertainment.

He smiled at her, taking out a cigar to symbolize contentment. He was glad to be alone with those next thoughts. He had known where they were leading him, to that young Angus, trying to look ten years older, walking into Jo Connelly's place. . . . To the girl Cherry, leaning against the bar.

She was singing, as he came in, and he had stood politely still, looking about through the haze of smoke. The room was stale with it, and with whisky, and sour with unwashed bodies. God, they were a hard-boiled bunch, those men that he was to handle—cold, close-shut faces, frost-bitten eyes, mouths like steel traps. Afterward he was to see signs of difference, of slackness, of good-nature; but that night it was the strange likeness that struck him: masks of wary remoteness.

A desperate distrust of his own youth and strength had shuddered through him, but he remembered the bandit in the stage-coach and stiffened himself.

He had looked at the girl. Cherry was leaning back against the bar, singing out at them, her head high in that defiant lift. He saw a young, painted face, a tangle of black curls, a full-bosomed little figure in a red satin dress, like the one that woman had worn

tonight. It had been a picture of sin. But the voice coming from those scarlet lips held an incredible freshness.

*The gambler said: "Oh, spare my life,
Don't strike me down on the lone prairie!
I have at home a loving wife
And helpless children three.
I know I did wrong to start the strife,
But for their sakes have pity on me!"*

*The storekeeper said: "You started the strife
With words that were false and ill,
You ought to swallow the point
Of my knife,
But you owe money to my store's till,
And since you owe money, I'll spare your life—
For dead men pay no bills!"*



*McGregor's shot caught him in midair.
The other men's hands went to their guns.*

The song stopped, and laughter boomed. The girl's swift down-dropping gaze caught Angus staring, and deliberately she looked him over, out of those fearfully initiated young eyes of hers. . . . He tried to see again what she had seen, that young Angus McGregor, lean, hard-muscled, in a new gray flannel shirt, corduroys tucked into his cleaned boots.

Her reddened lips had curved into a smile, a wise, provocative smile, knowing as sin. Her clear voice sang out: "Come on over, stranger!"

He stiffened. Frigidly he looked away.

FROM one of the tables a man rose, a thin-faced man with fair hair, and spoke to him: "Did you hear the lady asking you over?"

Angus walked to the bar beside her, and not looking at her, laid down a dollar. In camp, drinks were a dollar. "Buy the lady a drink, Jo."

Jo Connelly put out the bottle; his place was popular because he did not pour drinks himself. The girl did not touch it, and after a moment Jo filled the cup.

"Here you are, Cherry."

She reached for the cup, and quick as a cat, flung the whisky into McGregor's face.

The thin-faced man jumped to his feet. "Want to fight me for that?" he asked McGregor.

"Who gave you the right to fight for me?" the girl flashed; and a rumble of laughter broke out in the room. Jo, from behind the bar, said jubilantly: "No, Cherry aint give you no right to fight for her, Whitey." And the girl

turned swiftly upon him with: "No, and I aint give it to you, either!" The laughter became a roar.

Angus, wiping the whisky from his face, said as easily as he could, "That's all right," and flung two dollars upon the bar. "I guess Jo and Whitey can drink to you, though," he said. "I guess they know a better use for whisky than you do." And he grinned stiffly and walked away. . . .

The Angus McGregor in evening clothes, solid, gray-haired, sixty-six, sitting alone at a white-draped table, slowly lighted the cigar which had gone out. His thoughts (*Please turn to page 92*)

Manhattan Jitters

They were queer pretentious people. The thing to do was to stuff the whole collection of them and put them under glass.

by Bernard DeVoto

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

WHEN Lindsay Snedden reached Tom's at lunch-time, he was suffering from occupational pessimism and the early stages of a cold. He felt equally hostile toward Forty-eighth Street, which was black with November rain, and toward Tom's, whose noon crowd was over-populated by actors, managers, agents and playwrights. They were Tom's window-dressing—Tom's trade came from people who thought that an actor was something. New York was that kind of town! Thank God, he was leaving New York at last.

Checking his drenched coat and hat, Lindsay blew his nose with deep feeling. Leaving New York would fulfill his oldest dream. He was giving up the editorship of *Backdrop*—he wouldn't have to write any more pieces about actors and the romantic world of the stage. Unquestionably there were actors in Hollywood, but he was going to be chief story-editor for a film company, and needn't look at them. He could try out Hollywood's sun.

To get to the bar, he would have to cross the dining-room, which involved passing the center table. Julie Downing was there, showing herself to the public. Her new play, "Lavender for Widows," had opened last night with the customary red fire. So those flood-lights were Julie smiling, and that silver chime was Julie laughing for Tom's customers. Her manager was at the table, and the author of "Lavender for Widows," and a half dozen others, including Gerald Boone. Gerald wasn't an actor; he was a comet. He was supposed to flame for the New York *Globe*, but for some six weeks he had been Julie's private comet.

Lindsay shuddered; this was the kind of grouping one ran into in his ex-profession. It supplied forty unanswerable reasons for getting out of New York. About this kind of animal life *Backdrop*, snooty in glazed paper, essayed to be smart, sophisticated and informed. It didn't so much as snicker when it announced that actors were glamorous. Julie Downing glamorous! A blonde with corn-colored hair and that laugh! A first-rate profession to give up. Lindsay swallowed a quinine capsule and prepared to dash for the bar.

But Carol Foster, now practically waterlogged, swept past Tom's door-man. Rain dripping from her small hat, her eyes turned fiery when they identified Lindsay. "You'd better be sober!" Carol said. He preferred the sharp antagonism of Carol's voice to the liquid grace-notes in Julie's, about which Gerald and his colleagues had had hysterics in this morning's papers. "Have you forgotten where the office is?" Carol inquired. "If we're having a January issue, it's got to be closed today. I can't okay that center spread, can I? And if you've got some idea that I'm go-



"Julie," Lindsay said, "have you been getting married

ing to write the piece on 'Lavender for Widows' you've been holding it up for, you can kill it. I'm not, Lindsay—but you are."

Carol was being atrabilious. She tried to give the world the impression that if you touched a damp finger to her, she'd sizzle. Her manner was made up of sandpaper and cactus, and they'd had an entertaining two years together on *Backdrop*. Communion of the unimpressed, editorial association of the hard-to-convince.

"What to do with the January issue or with 'Lavender for Widows' is your problem," Lindsay told her. "I've spent the morning creating a vacancy on *Backdrop*. I'm getting out of New York."

Carol snorted. "I spend an hour hunting for you. I ruin my skirt, shoes, stockings and childlike optimism. And then I find you being Lindsay the Spleen King again! Getting out of New York, huh? Listen, you only resign on Tuesdays and Fridays. Come back to the office before I go into the violent phase."

"This time I'm making good on it, Carol. I'm quitting." "I know!"—soothingly. "My daydream is wearing a hostess gown and taking tea by a big wood-fire at my country-place, with a borzoi curled at my feet. So let's get back to the office. I'm in a black mood, Lindsay. I could ease it by murdering my boss."

LINDSAY sniffled. Coryza, all right—six days of misery. "Have you noticed Julie and your one-time adorer?" he asked.

Carol looked. "And me with seaweed in my hair!" she said fatalistically. "As if somebody had played a firehose on me in the spirit of playfulness. This would happen!"



again?" Her voice was a silver bell: "The idea hit both of us at once. We taxied straight to the City Hall."

Carol's ability to fall for a comet deepened his gloom. "Take it on the chin," he said. "If you start looking forlorn, I'll whale hell out of you. They see us. Come on."

The luncheon party got to its feet and began to beam over a wide acreage. Gerald Boone looked ecstatic and fatuous, as he had for six weeks. Julie flashed her trade smile; it was held to have a high voltage. She threw her arms round Lindsay and kissed him. Stage business—and how the customers would love it! Her voice was between a flutter and a coo. Julie observed no union hours.

"Did you watch us open, Lindsay?" she asked breathlessly.

"I draw pay to, don't I?"

Blue eyes deep enough to take a running dive into. He was probably the only dramatic writer in New York that hadn't. "Why can't your magazine come out tomorrow? I'll die a thousand times waiting to hear what you think. What do you think, Lindsay?"

"Is it art or just underwear?" he said. "Some day your public is going to tire of watching you change your pants." He turned to Frank Moss, her manager. "What's the idea of that line on the program? 'A comedy by George Forrester.' Comedy? It's just one more fancy lingerie-showing."

Moss pounded his shoulder with the bombproof geniality of a man who has a smash hit. "That boudoir scene? We built that in, Lindsay. It's good theater. Right there the audience has got to be made to feel protective toward Julie."

"But Lind-saay!" Julie wailed. It was the note that had hundreds weeping in the second act, where she was crushed but gallant. "You're not going to say that, are you? It's such a lovely show, and I work so hard! Why can't you be fair?"

"I'm not writing you up. Carol is." (Carol scowled at him.) "Meanwhile, Gerald knows better. He says Shakespeare wrote it, and you combine all the qualities of Bernhardt, Duse and the *Blessed Damsel*. At first I didn't get what he was talking about, but it turned out to be you."

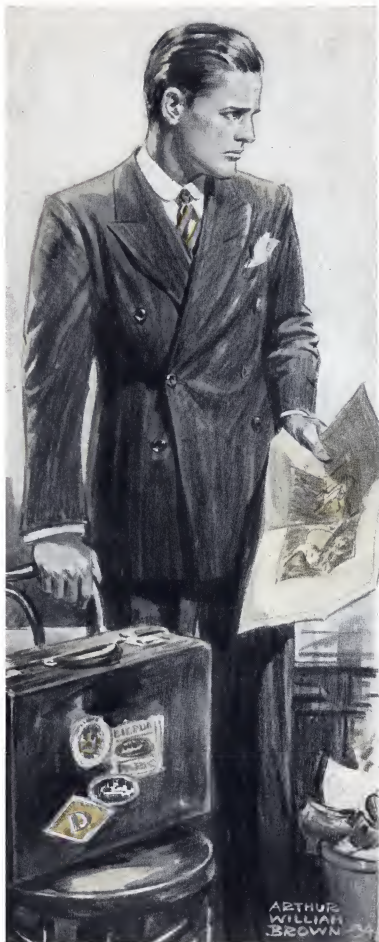
Julie shot that high voltage straight at Gerald Boone. Then she laid her head on Gerald's shoulder and stroked his cheek. Gerald looked as if he had been struck in the forehead with a golden mallet. "Isn't he wonderful?" Julie caroled. "Wasn't he divine? I cried and cried. I simply love Gerald."

An expert grouping. If it were spotlighted, Moss could use it just as it stood. It was the sort of thing people came to Tom's to see.

"Doesn't a skirt handicap you in a big scene?" Carol inquired.

DISENGAGED, Gerald Boone took Lindsay aside. "I hear you're giving up *Backdrop*, Lindsay," he said.

Another thing about New York was that you came into a café, and people told you what you'd said in your sleep last night. Lindsay coughed. "That's your profession, isn't it, hearing things? Well, print it. Chisel three lines out of a hymn to Julie, and scoop the town."



He charged into her office. "Say, what's this?" he demanded. "You understudying Julie?"

"Who's going to run the sheet?"

"That's up to the Kenby Publications. Carol, maybe." "Carol's a sweet child," Gerald said handsomely, "but she can't run *Backdrop*. I'd take that job, Lindsay."

Onward and upward! Four years out of Yale, Gerald Boone was having a career. He was a comet. He set rivers on fire. He burned up towns. Lindsay hadn't known there was a top to this profession, but there must be, for the handsome boy was headed for it. Heading for the top was his trade. He was magnetic; he had charm.

"Kenby would be glad to hear that. Why don't you let him know?"

"I will," Gerald said quite simply. "You might put in a word too."

The coming young man, full of the conquering spirit—quotable, quoted and arriving. So far as Lindsay Snedden was concerned, Yale was just a stop on the New Haven.

Carol came up to them. Looking at Gerald, her eyes lost hardness, and Lindsay winced. "So you stood me up again?" she said. Another mistake. Carol shouldn't be dewy and wistful with this bird. The way to get over an idea to these careerists was to use a club. Or to throw heavy objects.

Gerald began to give off charm at every pore. "You know how it is, kitten. I got caught in the crush backstage, and carried off. I'm hellish sorry, Carol."

"I knew how it would be. I didn't even wait."

Gerald slipped an arm round her shoulders. He had broken out in lights like the front of a theater. "You can't be hard-boiled, sweet—you're much too lovely. Don't be sore at me. I'll call at your office at five, and we'll go to the cocktail party Frank Moss is giving at Julie's hotel."

Among a thousand New York types that needed ruthless extermination, list arriving young men who called girls "kitten" and "sweet!"

"That's my pride splintering. It's a date. You'd better be there at five."

There was a regrouping, and Julie came up to take Lindsay's arm and pour that smile over him. "You don't frighten me," she said. "You've got this scarehead reputation for grouches. It's just your pose. You like to think you're an old bear with distemper, but you aren't, Lindsay. You're a nice kind nursery bear. You're a soft-hearted, sentimental old woolly bear without a single tooth."

Carol grabbed his other arm. "Excuse! A sudden attack of my old stomach-trouble." She pulled him away.

THE rain had not diminished; if anything, it had increased. Carol jammed her hat lower on her head. "Get a taxi, woolly bear! Put it on your expense-account. Yes, put some shoes on it too. Wait here for me."

She disappeared inside a shoe-store. Lindsay stood on the curb, water sliding off his hat, and waved futilely to cab after cab. The town was black and water-soaked; nobody in his right mind would stay in it. If the actors didn't get you, then pneumonia would. He shivered—probably the beginning of a chill. A cab finally answered his signal just as Carol came back.

"A girl can do a lot with four-ninety-eight, and stockings a dollar-ten, too—but it means I don't eat till Saturday. I ruined them, looking for you. If you don't put through a requisition, I'll open you with the office shears."

"Listen, you idiot, stop bawling about Skull and Bones."

"I'm not bawling."

"Your nose is red."

She shot a destructive glance at him. "That merely means I have to blow it. I'm getting a cold, Lindsay, chasing you from bar to bar through the flood."

November in New York—all the finer emotions crowded out by influenza. "You aren't noble enough to die of unrequited passion for a columnist. I won't wire you flowers. I'll just send you some handkerchiefs. Here, swallow this. Nothing does any good, but it helps to think you're treating it."

He held out the box of quinine capsules. With astonishing docility Carol took one. "We get along best in the clinic, don't we?" she said moodily.

"I'll send you orange juice from the land of sunshine."

"Why don't you stop kidding yourself, Lindsay? You think you loathe actors. You don't. You're nine years old, and on your way to *Peter Pan* all the time. You think you want to leave New York. You don't. If somebody bought you a ticket as far as Scarsdale, I couldn't pry you off Tom's bar before you passed out."

That was Carol's fixed idea. Probably he couldn't convince her till he sent her a wire from Hollywood. . . .

The Kenby Publications lived in a building full of chromium and black marble and russet leather. Jake Kenby's *art moderne*, however, stopped short of the cubicles that housed *Backdrop*. That publication had to live off the pantry shelf until it got out of the red—the job for which Lindsay, doctor of sick magazines, had been hired two years ago, and which he had just now successfully accomplished. Its editorial offices were a small room and two cells on the top floor, behind the files and storerooms of its more opulent relatives.

Lindsay and Carol were their own art editor, their own proof-readers and copy-readers, their own make-up editor, their own filing clerks. And this afternoon, it appeared, they were their own stenographer. Carol read a note that was pinned to her door: "*Dear Miss Foster, with this cold I just can't work any longer. I've gone home to bed.*"

"Of all days for an epidemic to hit this office! Have you sobered up, Lindsay? If you want a January number, you'd better start telling the world about Julie's step-ins."

He sat at the desk in his dingy cell, and began on the dummy Carol had made up. The center spread was supposed to consist of a soulful close-up of Julie, and two stylized photographs of

Berg's settings for "Lavender for Widows." Carol had ordered them reduced and turned over to the advertising office for fillers. In place of them, she had marked a couple of poses of a dancer you'd have difficulty remembering by the time the January number came out.

He charged into her office, shouting. "Listen, Carol, simply because Downing has annexed your Yale man— Say, what is this?" he demanded then. "Are you understudying Julie?"

SHE had hung her raincoat and tweed jacket over a chair beside the radiator. Her sodden shoes were in the wastebasket; her sodden stockings over the arm of another chair. She was putting on the stockings she had bought.

"Get used to my boudoir—I'll be changing to black velvet when it's time for Yale to pick me up for Julie's party." Carol nodded toward a suitcase in the corner. "And what's the idea of bellowing at me? Don't work off your bad temper on me. I don't know why you've had this grouch for months, woolly bear. But I do know you'd better get over it if you don't want the sub-editor to heave a paste-pot at you."

That was the Carol who had kept the office amusing for two years—Carol with the luster of a surface that couldn't be dented, Carol self-sufficient and impudent. She slipped on the new shoes, stood up, leaned against her desk and grinned. Then the grin went out. Carol closed her eyes. "What a madhouse this town is!" she wailed. "Look at us! Soaked to the skin, one of us half-plastered, the other half a suicide, both of us coming down with colds—and getting out a magazine. (*Please turn to page 70*)



"What's the idea of bellowing at me? I don't know why you've had this grouch, but you'd better get over it if you don't want the sub-editor to heave a paste-pot at you."



YOU can't tell me anything about it," Mr. Dobbett muttered into the wind-fluttering canvas dodger as he rubbed his bulbous nose. "It's luck; that's what it is. Just plain luck."

"So?" The Plata River pilot stood beside the chief mate on the bridge of the American cargo steamer *Mantu*; his eyes twinkled as he breathed his precise English. "Give her full ahead, please." And he turned his attention at once to the spar buoy past which the vessel surged.

Mr. Dobbett scornfully pulled the brass handle of the engine telegraph as directed. The *Mantu* shivered more sturdily, shouldering her way through the muddy river toward the open sea obscured by mist and the delta haze.

"Aye," he persisted with his complaint. "I'm twice as old as he is—and I'm still short of fifty. If I had his luck, the ship'd be mine. But he's made a name for himself with his luck, he has. How else does a youngster like that get the *Mantu*, brand new, on her maiden voyage in the trade? I ask you! Got his name and his picture in all the New York papers. Went over the side with a small-boat in a North Atlantic gale, and rescued the crew of a lime grain barque. Smashed two ribs to help him make the front page. Hero stuff! Pah!" Mr. Dobbett snorted disdainfully and rubbed his little eyes. "He happened to be there and handy when it happened, that's all. So he gets a chief mate's berth last year, and him not twenty-three. Now—"

"It wanted some doing, though, didn't it?" the pilot asked

mildly; and almost in the same breath he called into the wheelhouse: "Port a little."

"Doing? Huh!" The little chief mate of the *Mantu* clung to his fixed idea as the ship's head swung past a can buoy bobbing in the bronze flood. "I tell you his ship just happened along at the right time o' day. Lucky Harry Bradley—that's him, all right! Like when that tanker blew up a hundred miles from the Lizard. He was right there, just under the horizon. Me, I was in port. Made the headlines again, he did. So he steps right over my head and everyone else's in the Line, and gets command of this brand-new ship. She ought to be mine! Chief mate ten years. Got no luck, that's what."

"Luck, Mr. Dobbett," the pilot mumbled in his beard, "luck is a funny thing."

"Aye," agreed the chief mate vehemently, "aye. Right enough it is! Some of us have it, and some of us haven't. Blast me if it aint so!"

Riding high and cargo-free, the *Mantu* handled badly in the blustering wind and the sucking tide. She had discharged general freights at Buenos Aires and the upper Plata ports. There was nothing in her now but the water ballast of her double bottoms as she rolled down her rails toward the little pilot schooner, bound to Rio after a cargo of ore and coffee for home. Mr. Dobbett plucked at the engine telegraph and pulled at the whistle-rope for the pilot boat. The throaty blares brought Captain Harry Bradley up from the lower bridge.

He said nothing, in the etiquette of the sea, but stood quietly in the lee of the wheelhouse as the pilot gave his last order and picked up his little black bag, ready to go overside and leave the vessel to her own command. He was lean and tall and nut-brown, the master of the *Mantu*, with the supple leanness and the assured strength of youth. His lips twitched in a spontaneous smile

Illustrated by
Edgar Wittmack

Luck

by Jacland Marmur

alike to a sailor's mind—so said the old chief engineer.

as the pilot extended his hand in farewell and nodded toward the horizon haze.

"The old devil," he said, "the old devil is waiting for you out there. Good voyage to you, Captain." He started briskly down the ladder; then turned on an impulse. "Good luck, Mister Mate," he called, and was gone.

Whether there was any subtle meaning to that, Mr. Dobbett was too dull to know. Captain Bradley moved into the bridge wing and stared down at the heaving sea where a little boat bobbed against the *Mantu's* side. He waited until the small craft shot away with the pilot aboard. Then he turned, pulled three times at the whistle-rope in the conventional farewell salute, and ordered:

"Full ahead, Mr. Dobbett. Set the course."

THE chief mate went about his duty. The ship shuddered, fighting for way. The wind muttered and set up a bawling about the housing. The pilot was right: the old devil was waiting out there, waiting for an empty ship, new and untried, homeward bound on her maiden voyage.

Captain Bradley, head and shoulders above the bridge dodger, felt her pulse beneath him as she split the first comber and rolled down. . . . Had to watch her. She was full of tricks. Hadn't learned her master yet. She'd want tending until she discovered herself and found what the sea could do. Funny notion, the old chief engineer had. Said the ship hadn't had her rights at her launching. Christened her with soda-pop, they had, when she slid from the ways, in that prohibition craze. And a ship, the Chief said, a ship was supposed to have her due. Lucky Harry Bradley smiled in the making wind. Superstition! But he'd watch her, the *Mantu*. It was his first ship; and first ships and first loves are a deal alike to a sailor's mind.

The *Mantu* heeled her stern abruptly. The sea smashed her towering bows.

"Steady!" Captain Bradley called. "Steady her there!"

"Steers like a barge, sir," Mr. Dobbett volunteered.

"She'll steer worse out there. We've got it coming."

"Cranky old hooker!"

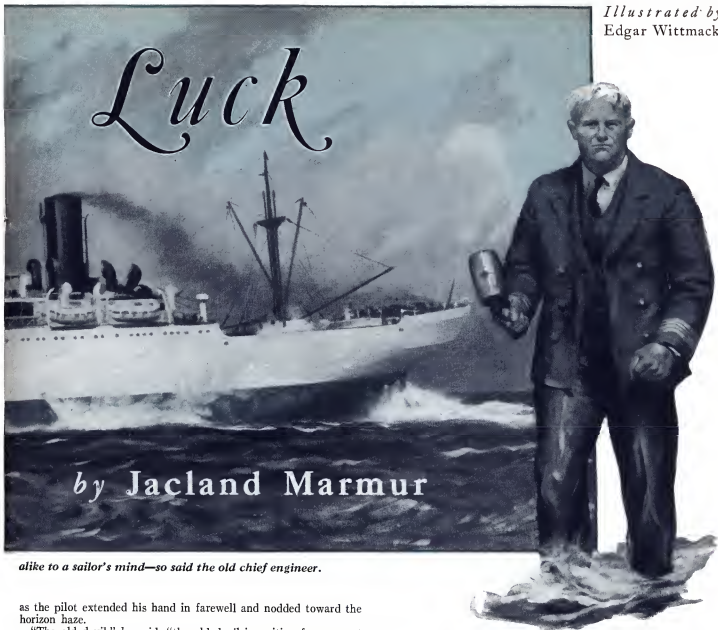
The master shot him a sharp look, and grinned.

"Hasn't learned her manners yet, Mister." The chief mate snorted. "Have a look to the lashings of those drums on the foredeck before you turn in, Mr. Dobbett," the master pursued. "We'll have our hands full with an empty ship in what's waiting for us."

"They'll do," the chief mate growled. "They'll do."

Captain Bradley descended the ladder in search of his bridge coat. The wind up there had a knife's edge, the weight of a making gale behind it. Pushing open the door of his cabin under the bridge, he found Joel Benton standing before his desk, swaying a little in rhythm to the awakening life of the ship. He was a square, solid man, the chief engineer of the *Mantu*, a man built to last a century with his great white head, his deep chest, and those large strong hands hanging so quietly at his sides.

"Hello, Harry," he said in a rich low bass. Then, his eyes bubbling in their wrinkled pockets, he gestured toward a photograph that hung in a polished brass frame on the Captain's bulkhead. "Pilot left me a letter from Leila. She sends you her love. Thought you'd like to know."



Bradley grinned, looking toward the wistful eyes clouded in corn-blond hair that smiled at him from the bulkhead frame.

"How is it an old owl like you has a daughter as beautiful as that?"

"Bless me if I know, Harry. Or why she's fair mad over a wild one like you, who's afraid to say a word." He stood looking squarely at the master of the *Mantu*. There was that in his eyes that only age can have in the face of youth, the pride and the envy at the strength and the power that it too had one time known. "You've your ship now, lad," he said, "and well I know you deserve her. I'm proud of you, boy. Me, I'm done with the sea and the—"

"Nonsense, Chief!" Bradley interrupted gruffly, reaching for his heavy coat. "You'll last 'em all out, every blasted one. Why, man, you're good as new. Retiring? Bah!"

Joel Benton smiled indulgently.

"This is your first command, Harry; it's my last. I saw your father through on his first ship, and I'll see you through on yours. But I'm sixty-seven next month, and I know my time, boy. Aye; I know my time. I've a little house on the Sound. When this voyage is over, there I'll go, where I can watch the grand ships pass at night with their lights gleaming and their double reciprocals thumpin' the water out to sea. Leila'll tend the house, Harry, and I'll tend the garden, summertime. And we'll wait there for you, whenever you've a mind to come. But don't keep her waiting too long, Harry!" he admonished with quiet severity.

"Aye," Captain Bradley said, and he looked at Benton for an instant of silence. But he was young, and he felt his first ship pumping under his feet to the lusting sea, and heard the whistle of the wind outside. So he grinned again. "Maybe a drink would help you, Chief. There's a bottle of *Pedro Demeque* the harbor grafters didn't get, left in the top locker there. Bought it for them special to help clear the ship. Best brandy south of the line. I've got to get topside. We're in for a dressing-down, and no mistake."

"Smells like weather, all right," the Chief growled in his chest. "I don't like it, Harry. I tell you I don't like it."

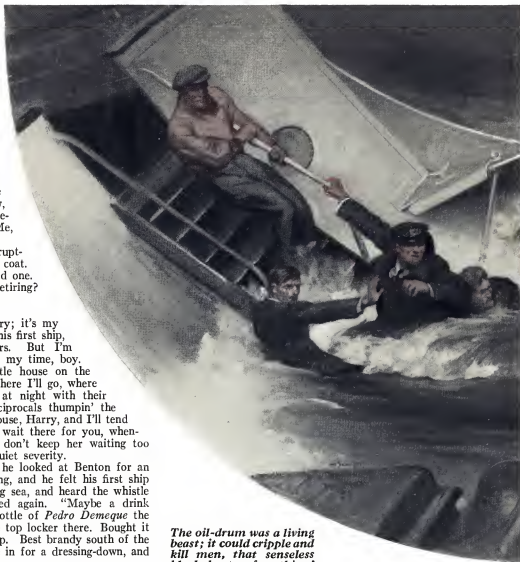
"Nonsense! You and the mate, you're two of a pair. Him grumbling she steers like a barge, and won't stand up; and you—"

"She's cranky. You can't go against a natural law, Harry. Fancy a brand-new ship having the trouble I've had below. Pumps leakin' for no good reason at all. H.P. whistling steam like a peanut-stand, and the circulator devilin' me watch and watch. I've seen it before, lad. Soda-pop for a launching, they gave her!" The old Chief snorted in genuine scorn. "She'll have blood instead, before she's through."

THE *Mantu* was boring into it in earnest. A westering sun, green-sick with swollen clouds, threw weird shafts of light at the shattering crests of the seas. Then the storm-squid flooded more thickly over the lip of the horizon. The light vanished. The sea and the wind took charge. From the high plateau of the land, from the vast stretch of pampas where the Argentine beef herds bellow, the gale came zooming and roaring at Lucky Harry Bradley's ship.

All through the watch Captain Bradley, wedged in the bridge wing with his set chin buried in the upturned collar of his great-coat, watched the labor of his ship. With a seaman's instinct he sensed her struggles under his feet, how she fought for balance each time the vicious green flood gutted her deck. She spun on her stern, slewing wildly from side to side like an unbroken colt. She climbed the dizzy height of a roller, and went diving with sickening speed into the trough. In the wheelhouse the helmsman's face gleamed white in the binnacle light as he gave her half a dozen spokes. Trying to help her find herself. . . .

The third mate was on the bridge now. He'd relieved Mr. Dobbett. The chief mate wasn't in any hurry to get back. It was warm and cozy in the cabin, and the ship was having a time of it. . . . The third mate, his narrow face gray as a ghost's, his lips a little bit blue, dived down the steep incline of the



The oil-drum was a living beast; it could cripple and kill men, that senseless black brute of a thing!

bridge and clutched desperately at a stanchion post to check himself. He put his mouth to the master's ear.

"Hadrn't—better heave her to, sir?"

Harry Bradley shook his head. His eyes glittered. Glistening beads of water clung to his brows and his cheeks.

"Never get to Rio and home, heave-to against a pod of wind. She'll never learn that way. Teach her her manners, this will. Let her run."

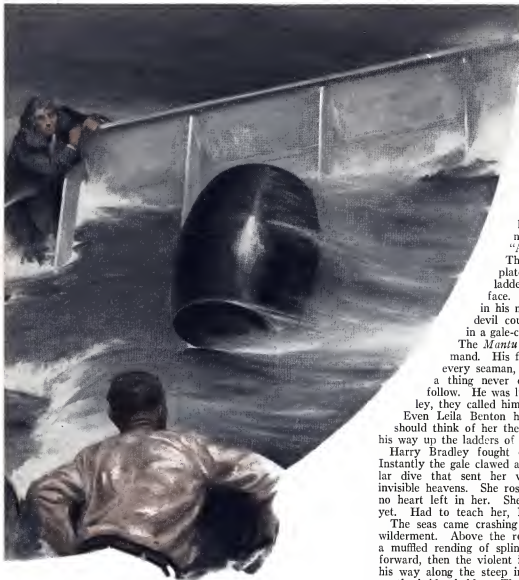
The youngster said nothing. He knew Captain Bradley's reputation. Let her run, he said, and run she would. But what the master meant by teaching a ship manners, the third mate couldn't know. The *Mantu* shot her bows flush into a monstrous sea with a roar like a clap of thunder. White foam boiled a mile on either side of her. The spindrift hurtled aboard as high as the bridge. The wind whipped at the funnel stays till they whined like singing strings.

Suddenly and without warning the engine telegraph on the bridge jangled and was still. The third mate turned toward the master, startled. His lips trembled. That sound, coming up from below at a time like this, could mean nothing but disaster. Break-down! With a cargo-free ship at the mercy of a raging sea and the fury of an Argentine *pampero*.

The master's head shot about. He looked at the white face of the telegraph. The engine-room had signaled it meant to come slow ahead. And the *Mantu* needed every ounce of her power for steerage-way! Bradley's lips tightened. He fought his way to the ladder. The engine slowed. The *Mantu* lay down on her beam ends, struggling to right herself.

"She don't answer, sir!" the helmsman cried. "She won't steer!"

"Keep that man steady!" The master's command to the third officer was a quick bark. "Put the wheel down and see if you can bring her up."



He dived for the ladderway. Mr. Dobbett was coming along the deck at last. He had heard the sound of the telegraph. He knew what it meant, and his eyes were wide and staring.

"What—"

But the master swept past him on the plunging deck and made for the engine-room ladders.

It was quieter down below. But the sounds of the raging gale, the angry mutter of it brawling about the skylight overhead, and the pound of the seas against the *Mantu's* steel strakes were more terrifying because they could not be faced. The crank-throws of the main engine turned slowly. The auxiliaries scuttled in invisible corners. The dynamo droned its fright. Black shadows slithered stealthily back and forth across the whitewashed bulkheads. The floor-plates flung themselves into sudden drunken angles. The *Mantu* rolled till every loose thing in her went clattering and clanging like a smithy shop.

CAPTAIN BRADLEY came down under the last grating. The oiler of the watch stood by the log desk under the swaying lamp, oil-can in one hand, sweat-rag in the other. He said nothing, his head weaving from side to side. The master dived by him and stopped short. Old Joel Benton stood there with a heavy maul in his hand. His engineers stood grouped about him—oil-stained men, a little anxious in the face of unexpected disaster. The Chief was bareheaded. A large spot of grease soiled the white of his hair. A man came crawling out of a pit at his feet and stood up, panting. He muttered something, and wiped the sweat from his face. Old Joel turned his head at sight of the master.

"That, Harry!" he said shortly. And with the fullness of his scorn at an unforgivable weakness where there should have been strength, he lifted his sledge and thwacked it against the belly of the main circulator. "She's let us down."

"We're empty, Chief. She won't steer in this sea and wind on a dead-slow bell. She lays in the troughs already. If she rolls just a little too much—"

"I'm hooking in a ballast pump, Harry. I can keep her turning slow on that. If she rides it out, we'll crawl back into Monty and have a new division-wall put in—in that!"

He cracked his maul against the circulator again, and then let the head of it come to rest at his feet. Captain Bradley looked at him and nodded. There was no good saying anything more. No use whining about it. A trouble was a trouble, and you had to see it through, no matter what might happen.

"All right, Chief," was all he said.

Then he turned on the heaving floor-plates and went swaying back toward the ladders. But something had happened to his face. His lips were set. A hard glitter was in his narrowed eyes. He knew what the old devil could do to a helpless ship beam-ending in a gale-crazed sea.

The *Mantu* was his first ship under his own command. His first ship! The goal and the dream of every seaman, a thing to be guarded with your life, a thing never quite forgotten in all the years that follow. He was lucky to have her. Lucky Harry Bradley, they called him, the youngest shipmaster in the Line. Even Leila Benton had been proud of that. Strange, he should think of her then, and see her so clearly as he fought his way up the ladders of the drunkenly plunging *Mantu*.

Harry Bradley fought open the door and gained the deck. Instantly the gale clawed at him. The ship fell away in an angular dive that sent her weather rail pointing straight to the invisible heavens. She rose with sickening slowness. There was no heart left in her. She hadn't learned to stand on her own yet. Had to teach her, Bradley did. Had to teach her how.

The seas came crashing aboard as if sensing the *Mantu's* bewilderment. Above the roar of it and the whistle of the gale, a muffled rending of splintered wood came to the master from forward, then the violent impact of metal on metal. He fought his way along the steep incline of the deck and hauled himself up the bridge ladder. The third mate stood with his head above the dodger, staring down in horror at what he saw. Mr. Dobbett was in the lee of the wheelhouse, snarling at the helmsman. Captain Bradley looked down on the boiling foredeck of his ship. Three of the empty oil-drums, torn loose of their lashings, had taken charge. Number Two hatch showed a jagged wound where one of them had smashed through the tarpaulin and the wooden covers. The seas poured into the hold. The other two drums, gone wild on the careening deck, flew from one side to the other, fetching up against the *Mantu's* bulwarks with sudden metallic explosions. Harry Bradley turned to his chief officer. The master's face was stony. His voice had a dangerous, a violent calm.

"You overhaul the lashings of those—"

"I thought they'd hold, sir. They—"

"They didn't! You know what will happen with a hole as big as a barn in that hatch-cover? How long have you been standing here watching them?"

The chief mate's little eyes darted from side to side. There was naked fear on his face, and it wasn't a pleasant thing to see. "I'm trying to bring her up. She won't answer, sir," he cried wildly. "Good God! You wouldn't order a man down in that hell? It's suicide!"

Captain Bradley tore off his bridge coat; it would only be in the way. For Mr. Dobbett was right. No question of it. You couldn't order anyone into the path of those charging black-bellied monsters. Not anyone else. You had to demand of yourself what you could command no other man to do.

In the lower alleyway he found the bos'n and three of the forecable hands. They stood braced against the bulkhead, waiting for the next roll of the ship—which might be her last.

"Get a spare tarpaulin, Boats, and half a dozen of the carpenter's hatch-covers. Lively!" He took in the little group of hard-faced men with a sharp swift look. (Please turn to page 65)



Illustrated by Maurice Bower

"There is a feeling that girls get from men the treatment they invite—that no girl ever finds it necessary to struggle with a man unless she has invited him to take liberties. . . . But that isn't true of beasts like Norrone."

Star of Midnight

The most glamorous romance ever written

by Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN that professional scandalmonger Tennant described Clay Dalzell in his gossip column as "Broadway's beau when he isn't Park Avenue's pet," Dalzell phoned Tennant and told him to keep his, Dalzell's, name out of print.

"Okay, if you say so," responded Tennant. "Say, listen, I've got two beaus. One of them is so hot I wouldn't even mention it over the phone, but I'll call tonight about ten o'clock, if you'll be in."

"What's the other?" asked Dalzell.

"One of your friends," chuckled Tennant. "Donna Mantin."

She takes afternoon tea in the apartment of Jimmy Kinland. Why do you let a nice l'il doll like the Mantin baby chase around with a gangster? Better tip her off to watch her step."

Dalzell persuaded Tennant to forgo printing this bit of scandal, in return for some advance society gossip, and at Mrs. Corey's dinner that evening Dalzell found occasion for a talk with Donna Mantin. She wanted to quit Kinland, but she had written foolish letters to him. Dalzell begged off from the theater-party which was to follow the dinner; and while the rest of the company went to see the famous and mysterious new prima donna Mary Smith in the latest Broadway success "Star of Midnight," he called upon Kinland in his ornate apartment. By using certain information concerning the gangster's income-tax evasions as a threat, Dalzell forced Kinland to give up Donna's letters to him; he then returned to his own apartment to await Tennant's call. . . . The phone rang—not Tennant,

however, but the vibrant, anxious voice of a woman who refused to identify herself, and who said: "Tennant, Tom Tennant of the Evening Star, is coming to see you tonight, to ask your advice about a story. I want you to prevent him from printing it."

Where had Dalzell heard that voice before? . . . Tennant did not appear. Finally Dalzell called the Star office in protest at the delay, and was shocked when Tennant's secretary informed him:

"He left the office at a quarter to ten, Mr. Dalzell. And he was killed at about five minutes of ten, according to the police, at the corner of Sixty-third and Madison. He was shot—murdered by some one in another car." Shortly afterward the phone rang again—Donna Mantin this time. "Clay!" Her voice was excited. "You should have come to the theater. Mary Smith disappeared after the first act. They put an understudy on in her place!"

Tennant murdered when by his way to see him about a story that even Tennant hesitated to print! And next day, after the police had come questioning Dalzell—and he had evaded telling what he knew—Mary Smith herself called up. Dalzell recognized her voice as that of the woman who had called to ask his aid in persuading Tennant not to print his story. She insisted she knew nothing about the murder of Tennant or its causes—and asserted that her disappearance was permanent. What, then, could be the connection between that disappearance, and Tennant's death?

Dalzell set out to find Mary Smith, using as tools his vast acquaintance in New York, and his remarkable gifts for putting two and two together. He deduced that she had disappeared because some one in the audience had frightened her; and he came upon reasons for believing that some one to be a powerful but unscrupulous lawyer named Ebor Basson, with whom he had dined at the request of the wealthy Mrs. Fentress. He decided,

moreover, that Mary Smith, posing as a nurse under the name of Jane Torrance, was in an apartment in a downtown neighborhood. And he set a keen-witted renting-agent to search for her.

Now came a surprise: the gangster Kinland came to see Dalzell, and told him he had learned through underworld channels that the same men who had murdered Tennant were threatening Dalzell too—why, Kinland didn't know. But he was protecting Dalzell with a secret bodyguard—for the unusual reason that Dalzell had arranged, in the Donna Mantin episode, that in case of injury to himself, the evidence against Kinland would be turned over to the authorities!

A stranger episode followed. Mrs. Ebor Basson called to see Dalzell at his apartment and proved to be "Jerry," the woman he had loved and lost ten years before—and whom he had never been able to forget.

She yielded unhesitatingly to his embrace; but when Dalzell, endeavoring to recapture the mood of ten years ago, suggested that she free herself from Basson—her third husband—and marry him, Dalzell, she disillusioned and disgusted him by proposing instead a secret affair—furtive trysts in his apartment, or in some Chicago hotel after her return there.

Clarity of thought came to Dalzell: suspicion arose as to the motives for this woman's visit; and he asked icily:

"Did your husband tell you how far you could go in questioning me, in trying to get information from me?"

"Dal, you're mad," she gasped. . . .

"I think I'd better go!"

A telephone message from Dryon, a detective Dalzell had employed, confirmed the impression that Jerry had had an ulterior motive in her call at Dalzell's apartment: Basson, her husband, was the lawyer who was trying to free Norrone, a Chicago banker accused of murder. Dryon went on with relish: "A friend of mine in Chi says that Mrs. Basson and Norrone had it hot and heavy a year ago. He says he doesn't think that Basson ever tumbled, but lots of people knew about it. Kind of funny, Basson trying to get Norrone clear when his wife was Norrone's sweetie! I don't know that it means anything, but it might. If Basson knew about the affair, it might mean something."

As Dalzell puzzled over this seemingly irrelevant phase of the matter, the phone rang again, and he learned that his surmise as to Mary Smith's disappearance was correct: she was indeed living where and under the conditions he had pictured. With the address in his pocket, Dalzell made his way thither—taking due precautions against being followed—and boldly addressed her as Miss Smith. Her manner was at first tinged with defiance; but as Dalzell explained the conditions confronting her, she came to a sudden decision. "I'll tell you everything, Mr. Dalzell," she said. *(The story continues in detail.)*

"BEGIN with Tennant," he said. But she refused, saying: "The beginning is better. My name isn't Mary Smith. It's Mary Markham. I come from Ohio. My father was a doctor in the town of Birnet—just a country doctor, who began driving miles in the middle of the night in a buggy; and finished, driving ten times as many miles in the middle of the night in a little car. My mother died when I was a child. My father's sister was my second mother; I mean, she did for me all the things that a mother



"Take a tip, Mr. Dalzell: Lay off!"



"When the orchestra played sang—a girl who was reckless

would have done. I loved her devotedly.

"Father worked harder than any other doctor of whom I've ever heard. No matter how tired he was, he was always eager to visit a patient. Everyone loved him. About three years ago my aunt became ill; she was doomed to invalidism the rest of her life, Father told me. It worried him; I was on his mind too.

A country physician may deserve a lot of money; a lot of money may be owed to him; but he collects very little. Father had managed to save ten thousand dollars. He sent it all to Peter Norrone, the Chicago banker. Norrone had had a motor accident while passing through Birnet about six months before, and Father had treated him. Norrone had told him that if he ever cared to invest anything, he'd give it his personal attention. Father wrote him, told him his circumstances, and asked Norrone to invest it according to his best judgment.

"Mr. Norrone wrote him a glowing letter, telling Father that he had put the money into Norrone Consolidated Investments, and that nothing was safer in the world. At the very moment that Mr. Norrone took this money, his investment company was bankrupt, and he knew it. . . . Father had heart trouble. About two years ago he died suddenly. I wrote Mr. Norrone asking him why we received no dividends on Father's investment. I was in my second year at the Birnet College for women, and needed

money to pay tuition, and to take care of my aunt. Mr. Norrone wrote me that he was sorry the investment company was not doing well. He said that he had withdrawn from all participation in the company ten months earlier. My aunt thought the letter was addressed to her; her name was also Mary Markham. She realized that we were destitute; and the shock was responsible for her death, which occurred six weeks later. Mr. Dalzell, Norrone murdered my aunt."

Dalzell nodded, but uttered no word lest he disturb the sequence of her thought and speech.

"I wrote to Mr. Norrone asking him why he had advised my father to invest money in a company from which only a few months later he—Mr. Norrone—had withdrawn. He wrote me a brutal reply, stating that he was not responsible for gamblers who wished to speculate.

"I finished my year at Birnet. Then I went to Chicago, with less than a hundred dollars in the world. I went to Ebor Basson, who, I had heard, was a good lawyer. He told me I had no case. In desperation I went to see Mr. Norrone. I don't think he would have seen me, but he happened to be passing through an outer office, and I recognized him. I spoke to him. I am not unpleasant to look upon, Mr. Dalzell. I hope that doesn't sound conceited."

"It doesn't," Dalzell assured her.

She colored at the laconic speech.

"I told Mr. Norrone who I was. He looked me over in a way that you can understand. He told me that this was a matter apart from business, but that he felt gratitude to my father, and a certain responsibility. He asked me to come to his house that night."

She lighted a cigarette, and gazed contemplatively at the smoke.

"That's less than a year ago, Mr. Dalzell, and I marvel at how a girl can age in a few months. Now, I'd know better than to discuss business with a man in his home. But I was desperate and frightened. I'd hardly ever been out of Birnet before. I had been fitted for no business occupation. I was desperately afraid of starvation, and ignorant enough not to think it was too strange that Norrone told me to come to his house. I even stammered an apology to him for thinking so harshly of him."

She ground her cigarette out on a tray.

"So harshly? I sometimes laugh at that, Mr. Dalzell."





'Mountain Rose,' I got up and on the night before she died."

She rose from the chair in which she had been seated and walked to a window. Three months ago Dalzell had seen her walk across the stage. Few women, in his estimation, knew how to walk. But this girl's movements were as easy and graceful as an animal's. A moment ago he had told himself that he had fallen in love with her, and in the next moment had derided himself for thinking such a thing. Now he wondered. He felt a respect for her that had not been in his estimate a moment ago. Then he had simply been aware of the overwhelming femininity of her. Now something of character crept into his understanding. She was simple, direct, and—he would have sworn—honest. Her speech during the telling of her story matched the candor of her expression.

She turned suddenly and looked at Dalzell.

"There is a feeling, Mr. Dalzell, that girls get from men the treatment they invite. Men—women too—say that no girl ever finds it necessary to struggle with a man, unless she has invited him to take liberties. That may be true of most men, but it isn't true of beasts like Norrone. I won't go into that. . . . But I got out of his house, Mr. Dalzell. I cried, in my shabby furnished room, because the only decent dress I had was torn. I suppose I should have been so glad to escape from him, that the dress shouldn't have mattered."

She put her hands before her face.

"I've been kissed, Mr. Dalzell. Any girl, if she's passably pretty, will be kissed. But there are ways. The schoolboy who kisses has no more than that in mind, and a girl doesn't have to fight. But Norrone—I wake up in the night and feel his hateful face close to mine. If I'd had a knife or a gun, I'd have killed him, Mr. Dalzell. . . . He didn't succeed," she finished abruptly.

She walked back to the chair and sank down in it, the tension gone from her body.

"The next afternoon I read that Norrone had been arrested, charged with the murder of Denter, one of his lawyers. Norrone had had an appointment with Denter between eight and ten. Denter was killed between those times. Norrone stated that he had been in his own house with a girl named Mary Markham."

"I remember that," said Dalzell.

"He stated that the girl had been with him from eight until a quarter past ten. And the police, and Norrone's detectives and lawyers, went seeking Mary Markham. But when I read the afternoon paper, which I had picked up and carried aboard a bus without read-

ing, I was on my way to New York. I suppose you'll think I should have got off the bus at the first stop and gone back and cleared Norrone. But I didn't. Norrone murdered my aunt; Norrone tried to murder my soul. I hoped then, and I hope now, that Norrone dies for a murder he didn't commit."

She relaxed in her chair. "Am I too dreadful?" she asked.

"Not at all. Perfectly natural, I think," said Dalzell. "Go on." "You don't want, to telephone the police, get in touch with Norrone's lawyers?"

"As far as I'm concerned, Norrone can hang tonight," said Dalzell. "He's a swindler, a scoundrel; he's one of the biggest rascals in America. I think it would be fitting that he should be punished for the one thing he didn't do. He's done so many things for which the courts can't convict him, that I would like to see the machinery of justice slip a cog and yet work efficiently. But we can't think of Norrone alone; we must think of you. What next?"

"I came to New York. I worked as a package-girl in a dress-maker's shop; I waited on table in cheap restaurants. And one day I grew desperate. Life, for me, held nothing but sordidness. I had managed to repair my one pretty frock. I decided that I would have one happy night before I died; for that's what I intended to do—kill myself. I wasn't (*Please turn to page 86*)



Brainstorm

LEAPING LEON BAXTER went the length of the first Pullman, unbuttoning curtains and peering into every lower berth.

Deep, regular breathing or guttural snores arose from each bed. He did not bother with the uppers. Nobody cared whether third-string substitutes and bandmen slept or not.

In Lower 4, in the second car, a figure stirred. "Coach," whispered a voice, "is that you?"

"Sure."

"Coach, suppose we have the ball, inside their ten-yard line, fourth down and goal to make. You'd give them the 'Brainstorm,' wouldn't you, Coach?"

"It would all depend, kid—on what type of plays had been gaining."

"But you wouldn't say it was wrong to try the 'Brainstorm?' We've been holding that formation in reserve all season for a scoring play. You told me not to place-kick unless the score was tied, and it was early in the first or late in the fourth quarter."

Baxter chuckled. "You can't call plays before you're on the field. Didn't you ever hear of the battle Napoleon planned three days before the first shot was fired?"

The boy sat up in his berth. "What battle was that, Coach?"

"Waterloo," returned the man. He waited for the boy's laugh. But instead, he heard a sigh. "Kid," said Baxter solemnly, "I've got to have a talk with you, anyhow. I wasn't going to disturb you until morning. But since you aren't asleep, we might as well get it over with. Pants handy?"

"Yes, Coach."

"Put on your pants, shoes and pull-over, and come to my drawing-room in the next car."

"Yes, Coach."

Back in his tiny stateroom, Baxter opened a ventilator and rang for the porter. "Bring me a pack of mild cigarettes and six bottles of beer from the club car." Then he nodded to the graduate manager. "Outside. I've got to talk to a boy."

"What's the trouble, Coach?" If one of the players had to be talked to, it was a bad sign—especially so late on the night before a big game. It was nearly ten o'clock.

"One of the regulars?"

"Yes. Go on. I don't want him to know that you know he was in here."

"Which one?" The graduate manager threw his cigar into the cuspidor.

"Pickering."

"Good Lord! The only real quarterback on the squad."

"That's right."

"We might lose without Pickering."

"Probably."

"Good God, Coach! Let me talk to him. He's only a sophomore. Doesn't realize his responsibilities."

"You either get out and keep your mouth shut, or you can take the team on the field, while I sit in the press box."

"I don't approve of this, Coach. You're doing whatever you are doing without my sanction. I know I can help the boy."

"Scram."

"If we should lose! If we should lose!" The graduate manager closed the door gently, as one who leaves a loved one's corpse.

Leaping Leon opened the cigarettes and uncapped the beer. There was a rap. "Come in, Pickering."

"Suppose it was in the fourth quarter, Coach: We're inside their ten-yard line for third down. I'd take a time out, to see if you substituted a kicker or a passer—"

"Forget it, kid. Sit down and have a cigarette."

"Smoke?" The boy was horrified.

"Sure. Here's your beer."

"But my training!"

"Your training's all done, Pickering."

"You mean—I don't play—tomorrow?"

The man shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid you're done, Pick.

I'd rather be kicked than tell you. It's hell for you, and it's not so good for me. I'd counted on you tomorrow. But we'll have to face it, both of us."

"Why, Coach?"

"Drink your beer, Pick. Here, your cigarette's out. You've got to be a man.



"I wanted to get you alone," said the coach. "I was sure you'd take it all right."

Take this standing. If you played another game of football, you might be carried off."

"Hurt, Coach?"

"Worse."

"Dead?"

Leaping Leon nodded. "There's a cracked vertebra at the base of your skull. The right kind of a blow would—" He left the sentence unfinished.

Play

The story of a quarterback on the night before the big game

by George S. Brooks

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"That can't be, Coach. Remember that spill I took just last Wednesday, over the bench, when Gotch—"

"And remember that you had X-rays made afterward. They didn't notice it until this afternoon. They sent it down to me from the infirmary when I was going to the train. I'll show it to you."

From his brief-case the man took a manila envelope. From

The boy took a deep breath, then a long drink. "Well! That's that. Why didn't you tell me before, Coach?"

"I wanted to get you alone. I was pretty sure you'd take it all right. But didn't want to embarrass you, if there were others around."

"Thanks, Coach." He sipped his beer. "This tastes great. Could I have another bottle?"

"Sure. It can't hurt you."

"You're a square-shooter, Coach."

"Don't worry about it, kid."

The boy smiled, a bit constrainedly.

"I'm not worrying. What if the old neck has cracked!" he added slowly, as he put his hand behind his head and felt of it gingerly. "It isn't even sore, in the first place. And as you say, maybe by next fall, it will be all right again. Gosh, it's sort of a relief, having it settled. About my playing tomorrow. I was terribly afraid I'd pull a boner on you and the team."

"I know. More beer?"

"No thanks. I'm sleepy. Beer always makes me sleepy."

"Then hit the hay. I hope I didn't scare you."

"Scare me? About a little thing like that? No sir."

The boy yawned. "Good night."

They shook hands solemnly.

"Good night."

The door closed behind him.

Leaping Leon poured the remaining beer down the wash-bowl, because he

CARL
MUELLER

always hated the taste of the stuff.

He put the remaining cigarettes in his brief-case to take home to his wife, for she smoked regularly. A

face with a broken nose between two beady eyes

was thrust inside the door. "Want anything before I turn in, Coach?"

asked the trainer.

"Yes," said Baxter. "You get hold of Pickering as soon as he wakes up. You show him these X-rays again.

Show him the name on the bottom. They are photos of Gin Smith's neck, see? That Lambda who was killed in the auto-smash, back in 1924."

"Now, Coach! What the hell were you doing to my pet quarterback?"

"I was taking his mind off football, so he'd get a decent night's sleep. I'll have to use him the full sixty minutes, and I want him right. Explain it to him. Tell him why I did it. I'll have a million other things to 'tend to."



"Remember, Coach, that spill I took just last Wednesday, over the bench?"

this he drew a surgical photograph. "See that little mark, right there?"

The boy looked closely, then nodded.

"Yes, Coach."

"Well, a sock in that place might finish you. They'll strap you up with a sort of harness. You'll be protected in that. And in a year, maybe half a year, if you're careful, chances are you'll be just as good as ever."



Free

THE Tashkent train rolled into the Moscow station fourteen hours late; and John Sherman, who had been waiting forty minutes—they had told him after his sixth telephone-call that it would arrive punctually at five, and it was now five-forty—hurried toward the “soft” car. But there wasn’t one, although it was a mail train. It might have been a mob of suburban passengers pouring out from the “hard” cars with their narrow windows, except that these were encumbered with rolls of bedding and big Central Asian melons, round and yellow, or green and oval, and babies and boxes and shapeless bundles, and here and there a dog or live chickens and rabbits, and one young goat bleating—in short, all the usual paraphernalia of Russian long-distance travel.

Suddenly Sherman saw his friend lifting two traveling-bags over a bundle which contained something alive and kicking.

“Hello, Bill! I’m glad to see you,” he shouted. “How was the trip? I thought your Trust paid first-class rates, which surely would let you travel ‘soft.’”

“They do,” said Bill Curtis; “but the ‘soft’ car burnt out the bearings just before Samara. These Russkies will never put in enough grease. And at that we were lucky, because they managed to pull her into the main station there before she caught fire. We waited around, and they promised us another soft car, and it didn’t come. But after the Turkestan railroads anything looks right to me, so I piled into the ‘hard’ car and had a fair enough trip. Say, it’s good to see you, Jack. How are things in Moscow, and where do we go from here?”

“I’ve got you a room next to mine at the Savoy. I couldn’t get one with a bath, because the place is full of tourists who pay *valuta*, which looks better than the rubles of the Non-Ferrous Metal Trust; but you can use mine. Anyhow you’re lucky, because tonight is the night before Free Day. I mean it’s the eleventh.”

“Down at Chimekent our free days were first, seventh, thirteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-fifth. I thought that was the usual thing.”

“Oh, no; here they run six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four, and thirty; and the best place to go is the Metropole. There is quite a good bar there, and they serve American drinks. Then we can have supper in the big restaurant—it doesn’t begin until about eleven—and dance. We can do that on rubles. They run two menus—one in foreign money and one in rubles. Have you got plenty rubles? Because if not, I can let you have some.”

“Sure; they paid me three months’ salary just before I left. You know I’m getting five thousand rubles in paper, plus two hundred dollars—and what a fool I was not to stipulate that the dollars should be gold! This idea of cutting the dollar in half may look good at home, but it’s tough for hard-working American engineers in the U.S.S.R. . . . By the way, what sort of crowd do they have at the Metropole?”

“Oh, just foreigners living here, and some visitors, and since a year or so a lot of the new young Russians—what you might call the upper white-collar crowd. You know, they’ve eased up about dancing—even had phonographs playing American jazz at



She said: “You mean if I was a good Soviet citizen, I’d im-

What Walter Duranty, the celebrated correspondent, saw in Moscow, made him realize that the greatest of short stories are not written but merely overheard.



Night

the public skating-rinks last winter. There's a girl I know in the Trust, who works in the bookkeeping department. . . . I asked her to come and bring a friend. She's a nice girl, and smart, and I guess she gets quite a good salary. . . . Anyway, she said it would have to be Dutch, that they'd sit at their own table and pay for themselves, but would be glad to dance with us. Perhaps you've met her—her name's Nadya Petrovna; she used to be Sorin's private secretary."

"A tall dark girl who wears a black velvet band on her wrist?"

"Yes, that's the one. Her primus stove exploded some years ago, and the burn left a scar."



They had given the baggage to a white-bloused porter with a big metal badge on his breast like a New York fireman's. Slowly he forced a way for them through the crowded waiting-hall of the station. There was the usual Moscow crowd hurrying from work to their suburban *dachas*—the little shacks in the woods or along the river that are the goal of every Muscovite in the summer—and peasant families in transit through the capital, who seem to find it quite natural to spend two or three days camping out with their children and mattresses and baggage all round the hall. The suburban travelers mostly had monthly commuting tickets, but there were long queues waiting patiently before the windows where they sold tickets for more distant travel. Some of those at the back of the line must have known there would be no place for them that day. Well—*nitchewo*—no matter; they'd have better luck tomorrow.

Finally the two Americans pushed through the swinging doors onto the steps above the station square. There were no taxis and only two dilapidated hacks, but a shining American car leaped toward them with a bellow of its horn that made pedestrians jump like startled rabbits.

"This your car, Jack? When did you get it?"

"Oh, I bought it three months ago when I came back. They gave me an import permit all right, and it saves a lot of trouble in this darn' town, where you never can get taxis. But these Russian chauffeurs are certainly hard on your gears. . . . Put the bags in front. . . . O.K., let's go."

NON-FERROUS Metal Trust claims it has the best restaurant of any office in Moscow. They admit that "Amo," the big motor-truck plant on the outskirts of the city, now named the Stalin Plant because it is one of the chief glories of the First Five-Year Plan, may be bigger and more up-to-date, or that the electric appliance factory has a greater variety of choice. But no office, they say, not even the Narkomindel (Foreign Office) can compare with their restaurant.

A long low room with dark wooden paneling enlivened by tall evergreens in wooden tubs, and red cotton banners bearing in white letters such slogans as "MASTERY OF TECHNIC MEANS VICTORY"—"WASTED EFFORT IS THE ENEMY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION"—"OUR DUTY IS TO PRODUCE 100% OF SCHEDULE," and then the inevitable "PROLETARIANS OF ALL LANDS, UNITE." This banner is older and more faded than the rest.

by Walter Duranty

Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren

mediately marry you, and come to live in a place like this."

Meals are served at small tables for two or four, the waitresses wearing neat white costumes with red belts. Near the door is a big screen giving the menu for the day; and the customers, as they enter, look at the screen, select what they want, and pass to a counter where they state their choice and receive a check, which they hand to the nearest waitress. They can eat comfortably in half an hour nowadays, which leaves them leisure in the dinner-hour to chat, or read the paper, or play games.

NADYA PETROVNA rolled the folded sheet of paper round the rim of her tea glass and sipped reflectively. "I'd like to know where all the metal holders have gone! Do you have them in your restaurant, Katya?"

"I should think not," said her friend. "We don't even get real tea, at least not tea like this. Your business trusts are lavish indeed, compared with the Inspection of School Department."

"Oh, this isn't Trust tea. I bought it myself at the new Mostorg place, where they sell just the same goods as in the gold stores for foreigners."

"But isn't that pretty expensive?"

"It was—rather; but I had a stroke of luck. You remember how I was grumbling about everyone having to subscribe a month's salary for the new loan. But last week one of my hundred-ruble shares—I'd bought three of them—drew a five-hundred-ruble prize, and I got all my money back doubled. So let's celebrate tonight and go to the Metropole."

"Oh, but Nadya, I haven't a thing to wear. . . . There are foreigners there, aren't there? One's got to—"

"How about the new chiffon frock that you were boasting about only the other day? Anyhow, some of these visitors dress terribly. Why, people have told me that they only bring their old clothes to Russia, because they think they will be conspicuous or make us 'natives' feel uncomfortable if they dress nicely. There is a nice American who works for our Trust, named Sherman, who said he'd be there tonight, and bring with him a friend who's just come in from Chikment—been working on the new smelter there. Sherman talks Russian quite well, and dances beautifully. I wish Sergei could dance the way he does. . . . It seems none of our boys dance well now, except the Georgians."

"Alyosha still thinks dancing vulgar and bourgeois. That's the worst of having a boy friend in the Party. They're so serious-minded."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Well, I'd like to, because you know I'm terribly fond of him; but he lives with his family, and I don't want to share a room with his father and mother and the old uncle. He thinks he will get a room for himself next month in a new building on the Tverskaya. Then maybe we'll get registered. . . . But is it all right to go to the Metropole with Americans?"

"Oh, we're not going with them. I made that quite clear. I reserved a table for us alone, not too near the band—it's good but rather noisy; and I told Mr. Sherman that of course we'd pay for our own supper, but we would meet them and dance. He quite understands, and I know you'll like him and his friend."

"Does the friend talk Russian too?"

"Oh, yes, of course. He's been nearly two years on the Chikment job."

Katya rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "It depends on Alyosha," she said, "I wanted to go with him on the river, but—"

"Oh, come on. It's much more fun at the Metropole. You can go with Alyosha next week."

Katya was unconvinced. "Well, I'll talk to him and let you know. Will you be home about seven?"

"If the hairdresser isn't too crowded. Last time I had to wait more than an hour. They were standing in line as if it was a kerosene shortage, or to buy butter. Anyway, telephone between seven

and eight; we don't have to go to the Metropole until eleven. But mind, I'm counting on you." And she hurried out. . . .

"I know it's tiresome," said Ivan Petrovitch, "but the stuff won't be there until ten o'clock, and they want to have this lighting effect come on sharp at midnight."

"It's too bad," said his wife, "after getting the tickets for the opera, and everything. . . . And I did so want to see that new dancer from Leningrad. They say he's better than Nijinsky in the old days."

"Well, you can go with some one else, but I must fix these lights in the Metropole Bar. It's a special job, and you know the town's full of visitors. We've got to show them."

"But why couldn't you do it this afternoon? That's what I'd like to know."

"Oh, it's the copper shortage; deliveries are always late. They promised it for yesterday, and now it won't be ready until ten



Alyosha was gloomier than ever. His highball tasted like bad medicine.

tonight. Anyway, one thing's lucky: I won't have to fight for my bath here the way we did in the old apartment. Remember, Marfousha, the scramble on the night before Free Day, and people banging on the door if you stayed more than twenty minutes—and always the last comers got no hot water."

His wife looked with pride around the room that was their home—the clean walls with their light gray oil paint, the neat chintz hangings on the window that matched the curtain which screened their sleeping-alcove, the plain shapely furniture of dark wood, and the shining floor of a composition that looked like tiles.

"Yes," she said, "this is wonderful. And it's so nice to have the kitchenette with its gas cooker. Of course I like the dining-room downstairs, but it's nice to cook things one's self occasionally."

Her husband laughed. "How you girls used to fight in the old kitchen over the primuses! You were always saying that some one had stolen meat from your soup or something."

"Well, they did—some of them. You remember that fat

woman, who went off to Kharkov, the cross-eyed slut? I know she used to take meat from other people's pans. You men don't understand things like that. All you think about is having meals regular, and hot water in your bath. But the thing I say about this place is, look what it does for the children and for me. The twins have never been so well as since they've slept upstairs in the dormitory. And you know what Lucinka was like in the old house—you couldn't do a thing with her. But since she's been here, she's neat and tidy and does what she's told. I will say the woman in charge of the girls' dormitory is wonderful. I was there this morning just when they were making their beds, and our Lucy got the badge for being quickest and neatest."

"Yes, and not having the bother about clothes for the boys. I saw them go out to play just now after their tea, marching out in a line of about two hundred, all in their little white suits. A fine time you'd have, washing two white suits every day! No, Mar-

cause they're afraid of some of them falling in. Did they tell you when you are going to get a holiday?"

"That's just the point. I think my two weeks will begin the week after next. Some of the gang are going down later to the Crimea, to one of the old palaces there. It was a special trip for us shock-brigaders, but I want to be with you and the kids, so I resigned my right to that. Then they said I could take my holiday here when I want it. If you and the children stay out there this week, I can join you next Free Day, and we'll all have a real holiday. After all, this new rest-house is a palace too."

"Do you remember whom it belonged to?"

"Oh, some count—I've forgotten his name; but it's a splendid house, and the big reading-room they made from what used to be the hothouse for flowers is wonderful if the weather's bad."

"That's the right thing to do for a rest-day in the summer—go out in the country and get some fresh air, and walk in the woods and row on the lake or bathe. But I wish you could go with me to the opera tonight instead of having to do this work at the Metropole."

"Never mind about that. Isn't there some one here who can go with you?"

"Perhaps Marie Lvovna; they're Party people, you know, and her husband's going to work on the subway early tomorrow, so I don't suppose he'd want to go out anywhere tonight."

"Why isn't she working too?"

"You know, she's going to have a baby in three months. The doctor said it was silly of her to volunteer last week, although she was only keeping tally on the work done. He told her just to stay quiet tomorrow, so I'm sure she will be glad to go with me tonight, and I do want to see the new dancer from Leningrad."

ALEXEI MITKIN took life seriously. One is apt to, at twenty-three, even when one isn't a communist. But Alexei had been serious as a Komsomol; when, after his term of military service, he emerged from the Com-Youth organization to the Adult Party, he felt that much of the fate of the nation rested on his shoulders. It was too bad to have fallen in love with Katya—a Party man shouldn't have outside affiliations. Of course, she was all right—of proletarian origin, nothing to do with private trade or kulaks, and working hard in the Inspection of School Department; but she seemed indifferent to the things that mattered most to him. And she was always talking about frocks and dancing and having fun in life. As if that was of any importance!

"The trouble with you, Katya," he said, "is that you don't understand things. My working tomorrow on the subway doesn't just mean eight or ten hours' work: it's symbolic. Can't you visualize it—sixty thousand of us, and many of them not accustomed to manual labor, giving up our Free Day so that the subway shall be built on time. Personally, I think you ought to come too. But if you don't want to, that's your business. No good communist ever tries to coerce people against their will. But this idea of yours of going to dance in a hotel full of foreigners—I think it's perfectly horrible. And how can I work properly if I am awake half the night?"

Katya looked at him calmly. "Don't be silly, Alyosha," she said. "You talk as if you were a hundred years old. Suppose you do carry two sacks of sand less tomorrow in the subway because you've done what I want, and gone with me to the Metropole? That won't stop the subway, will it?"

The boy glared at her. "You've got no Party spirit. Don't you know that our section has a competition with the group next to us? Every half-sack, every quarter-sack, counts. We've got to beat them. And I tell you this Metropole business is just bourgeois luxury—all right for visitors, if you like, but it's no place for us."

"But I promised Nadya that I'd go; (Please turn to page 98)



No wonder the capitalist world was a hell if they liked drinks like this!

foosha, that's one thing about the Electrozavod—they certainly do take care of their workers. Summer suits for Misha and Kolya without paying a kopek extra, and washed every other day in the house laundry. Wages may be better in some of the other factories, but we do get more for our money."

"Yes indeed, and the food's so good for the children. By the way, is it all right about the auto-bus tomorrow to go out to the rest-house?"

"Yes, of course. We have our place reserved, and you know it's not a long trip—only about an hour and a half; but I wish you'd stay out there yourself for a week or two. I can get on all right with the restaurant downstairs."

"Well, I'll see when we get there. If the boys' camp-ground isn't too far away from the house, I might stay a few days. What a pity the twins aren't ten or eleven instead of six! Then they could join the Pioneers' camp. That's right in the woods near the lake; but I hear they want to put the little ones farther away be-

Life Begins at 60

I SAT there and winked back the tears that smarted behind my eyelids, choked back the lump in my throat that threatened to leave me speechless. I was so happy that it hurt. I looked down the long banquet-table—a table above which gleamed the snowy shirt-fronts and bare shoulders of Hollywood's best.

Halfway down on my right, I caught Will Rogers grinning encouragement at me; near by, Lionel Barrymore was blowing his nose with unnecessary vigor, while Billie Burke was frankly crying. Across the table Frances Marion was smiling a triumphant I-told-you-so smile. People kept getting up: saying things, congratulating me, calling me a success—a star.

Suddenly there was silence. Norma Shearer, slim, lovely, gracious, stood up, thrust back her chair. She made a speech. I remember only that it wound up with the words, "grandest old trouper of them all." Then she put a shining statuette in my hands. It was the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best portrayal of a feminine rôle during the year. They were giving it to me, Norma said, for my *Min* in "Min and Bill," the picture that Frances Marion had written for me.

This was in 1931. I was sixty years old.

I couldn't tell them what was in my heart that night. I can't tell you now. I was so proud. So humble. It was such a beautiful thing to happen to an old woman. A crown for all the years of suffering and hardship that had gone before.

The next morning, breakfasting



Marie and Wally—who "had a way with him"—in "Min and Bill."



Marie as Abby, in "Her Sweetheart"—from "Christopher Bean."



Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery with one of the crew: a gay moment in "Tugboat Annie."

late in lazy comfort, I picked up the paper. An obscure paragraph caught my eye: "Jane Doe, actress, suicide. . . . Sixty yesterday, she told landlady she was too old to start again. . . . To be buried in potter's field."

Jane dead by her own hand!

I looked back along the highway of the years. Dark, pretty little Jane Doe, and big, homely Marie Dressler dancing together in the pony ballet of a third-rate musical comedy in Kansas City forty-odd years ago. Jane on Broadway, while Marie was still stalking the provinces. Jane's name in electric lights, Jane's name on everybody's lips. Her dressing-room spilling over with flowers. Eager-eyed youths in hansom cabs waiting at the stage door for Jane. In short, Jane young, beautiful, on her confident way up the steep narrow ladder of success.

And now Jane Doe was dead at sixty, a confessed failure. And I, Marie Dressler, was alive, with the Academy award of last night standing within reach of my hand. . . . I slip the golden figure into a bureau drawer. I cannot bear to look at it now.

I think about last night—the costly food, Jane probably starved to death. That dinner, which the waiters took away half-eaten,

would have kept her alive a year. The orchids that fill my room this morning would pay for her funeral. Again my eyelids burn with tears. But this time they are not tears of happiness. They are tears for the lost hopes and broken promises of youth. . . . I reach for the telephone. At least they shall not bury her in a pauper's grave.

I think of the living men and women of fifty and sixty scattered all over this country. How many are

Drawings by
James Schucker

ready to give up? How many are already beaten? For two decades America has belonged to the very young. Nobody could be quicker than I to demand that youth be given its chance. But it is wasteful and wrong to discount the wisdom of maturity. Only years of living can bring true tenderness, understanding, compassion. The world needs these qualities. It should make a place for them. People who possess them should make a place for themselves. They should refuse to be shelved.

I, who know, tell you that life can begin at fifty. At sixty!

But first I must tell you how I came to be in Hollywood and the pictures.

Nella Webb, my astrologer friend, swears it was the stars conspiring together in their courses that seven years ago yanked me—a tired, discouraged old woman—out of my New York bed in the middle of the night and set my face toward Hollywood. I think it was friendship such as has blessed few mortals. That, and the long arm of coincidence.

Coincidence is a funny thing.

On the stage, or between the covers of a book, it has no place. Editors hoot at it; producers scream at the mere mention of the

*You do not know the great soul
of Marie Dressler until you have
read the last chapter of her life.*

by Marie Dressler

as told to Mildred Harrington

word. But in real life, you and I could name a dozen instances in which human destiny has hung on coincidence, pure and simple.

Look at what happened to me:

One day early in April, 1927, Frances Marion, youthful top scenario-writer of the picture world, sat in her Hollywood office. A pile of movie magazines lay on the desk in front of her. Idly she picked up one and flipped through its pages while she waited for a telephone connection. Tucked away in a corner, my name caught her eye. It headed a paragraph in a brief review of the picture in which I had played a bit for Allen Dwan in Florida a few months before.

The reviewer—God bless him and his to this day!—said: "Marie Dressler showed more power, more sympathy and understanding, than she showed even in her heyday on the stage. She was once our premier clown. Now there are tears behind her comedy. She is a great actress."

A few minutes later, Miss Marion's secretary laid a letter before her. It was from Elisabeth Marbury in New York. As you know, Elisabeth Marbury was for a generation the center of what was perhaps the most powerful artistic and intellectual group in America. Her drawing-room was our nearest approach to a salon. She could be a formidable enemy, an invaluable friend.

She was, I am proud to say, my friend.



With Myrna Loy—Marie as the hard-boiled, soft-hearted housekeeper, in "Emma."



Miss Dressler as Marthy in the film "Anna Christie."



Marie Dressler and Polly Moran tangle with the ticker.



A time when silence is evidently golden.

think she is hurt because nobody will give her a chance on the stage."

Marie Dressler at the end of her rope! Marie Dressler a boarding-house-keeper in Paris!

Frances' mind leaped backward across the years. Memories crowded upon her. She recalled our first meeting. It was in San Francisco in 1914 when I was the star of a successful play, and she a cub reporter. I can see her this moment. A slim, big-eyed child of seventeen. A shy as an antelope, and just as graceful.

It was her first assignment. Her family was prominent on the coast, but Frances had chosen to go to work instead of going to college or wandering about Europe.

I remember it was raining cats and dogs that day, a regular California downpour. And the child had come out without wraps or umbrella. I had no umbrella, but I had a coat. In those days I was even bigger than I am now. And Frances—well, she was even smaller than she is now. About the size of a cake of soap after a week's washing.

She was simply lost in the coat which I insisted upon wrapping about

Elisabeth, Anne Morgan, and I had lunched together a few days before the Marbury letter found its way to Frances Marion.

With generosity characteristic of her, Miss Marbury had written our mutual friend Frances Marion, saying that in her opinion I could make a come-back in pictures. She added that she feared I had reached the end of my financial rope.

"Marie," she concluded, "is talking about running off to Paris to open a hotel. Between us and the gate-post, I



Tillie, with Chaplin.



A chat with Lionel Barrymore, in "Dinner at Eight."

her. I stood at the window and watched her struggle up Market Street. Once a gust of wind came along, got under her coat, and belled it up like a sail. I almost expected to see coat and girl flying away over the dripping roofs. As I watched her fight to keep her footing, I thought to myself: "If I had a daughter, I should want her to be like that—a thoroughbred!"

Frances was unduly grateful to me for trying to make that first interview easy for her. Several years later, when she decided to try her luck in New York, I happened to be able to steer her into a publicity job. She had come East armed with a few dollars, and a reference which attested she was a good cook. I think the reference was written by her father.

"I shan't starve, anyway," she told me gayly. "Maybe I can't write, but I know how to cook."

Later, Frances was desperately ill. She had worked herself to a shadow, and when she got word that her beloved sister had died suddenly and tragically in San Francisco, her slender margin of resistance crumpled. Every day I went to the hospital, where she lay between life and death for so many weary weeks. When she crept back to life, I read to her. Told her silly stories, sang to her—yes, even danced for her. As soon as she was able to be moved, I took her home with me and cooked for her and babied her as long as she would let me. To me, she was still the daughter I should have had—and didn't.

Well, as she sat there at her Hollywood desk in April, 1927, all these things, and many more, came back to Frances. And as all sensitive and generous persons do, she greatly exaggerated what she was pleased to call her debt of gratitude to me.

She found it hard, she confessed to me

not long ago, to accept what Elisabeth Marbury had written her. When she saw me last, I was still a successful actress who could choose her rôle and name her salary. But years had passed. Meanwhile, Frances had returned to Hollywood, where she had made herself the most important woman in that part of the picture world which does not caper before the camera. One success after another poured from her typewriter. Her days, her hours, her moments even, were crowded. Neither she nor I was good at writing letters. When Frances thought of me, it was as she had left me—a star.

And now, across a silence of years, the long arm of coincidence had stretched out to bring my name sharply to her

for nine years—almost a decade. That is a long time anywhere. In the theatrical world it is an eternity if you have dropped out of sight. Irving Thalberg recalled Marie Dressler but vaguely, and then he thought of her as Frances had; she was a high-priced headliner. He had faith in Frances' judgment, but—

"Those big Broadway stars want all the money in the world," he demurred. "She won't come out here for what we can give her to play that part."

"I can get her," promised Frances.

You know what followed: The midnight telephone-call from Hollywood that set Nella Webb to dancing jigs and set my faithful maid Mamie Cox to packing my shabby wardrobe. Mamie, Jenny's successor, has worked for me nearly twenty years. Sometimes with pay, sometimes without. Money was and is immaterial to Mamie. But it makes me happy that now I can give her a little car to drive, and that Mamie can afford a fur coat which she doesn't need out here where the sun shines most of the year.

Yes, the long arm of coincidence had reached across a continent to give me another chance. But it was friendship that had really turned the trick. A thousand favorable coincidences are just so many coincidences without the lever of friendship behind them.

I can truthfully say: "I owe everything to my friends."



Norma Shearer, with Marie Dressler as the mother, in "Let Us Be Gay."

attention twice in ten short minutes. Coincidence went even further than that.

On that same fateful morning it happened that Frances Marion was finishing up the scenario of a picture to be called "The Callahans and the Murphys." Chance had recalled me to her at a crucial moment; friendship did the rest.

Instantly Frances saw me in the rôle of *Ma Callahan*. All day long, between telephone-calls, and jousts with directors, stenographers and script girls, she mullied the thing over. And when she closed the door of her office behind her that afternoon, she flew home, to sit up all night fattening the part of *Ma Callahan* for me.

Next morning she went to her boss, Irving Thalberg. She said: "I want Marie Dressler to play the part of *Ma*." She added quite truthfully: "I had her in mind when I wrote it!"

Now, Mr. Thalberg is a young man. He knew the possibilities of every extra on the M-G-M lot, and most of those on rival lots. He knew all about current Broadway hits, and the actors who played in them. But, remember, I had been off the stage



Marie earnestly exhorts her satellites,

First, there is Nella Webb, whose faith in me and in her stars kept me from bouncing off to Paris to open a tourist hotel. There were Helena Dayton and Louise Barrett and Jimmy Forbes, who tried so hard to pry open stage doors for me. They wouldn't tell me then what the producers said. Now I know.

I know about the vaudeville manager, who said that for old times' sake he would be glad to help me, but that it would take money to put me back on the stage, and that he couldn't conscientiously ask his friends to bet their money on a losing horse. I know about another who said if he could raise the money, he thought it would be kinder to give it to me outright. "Marie's done for," he said, "but it would be cruel to rub it in by letting her try again."

And finally, there was little Frances Marion, who looked back across the years and remembered. . . .

If I have any gift in this world, it is for picking friends. Those I've made have stuck to me through thick and thin. Maybe because I've tried to be a friend. Who was it that said: "Friendship is a flower that requires careful watering and ceaseless cultivation in order to survive?"

Rather than let a friendship wither, I'm prepared to crawl around the world on my knees carrying a watering-pot in my hand!

Friendship is worth any hardship, any sacrifice. It is the one bloom that remains fresh and fragrant when the years have stripped our lives of frailer blossoms. Fame, money, health—these may come and go. But real friendship persists. It belongs to the eternal; it can make an immortal of the humblest human. . . .

Now that my face was definitely turned toward Hollywood, my friends insisted that my troubles were over. For a while after we landed there—Nella, my faithful Mamie and I—it looked that way. Rehearsals for "The Callahans and the Murphys" got under way at once. The director was kind, my fellow-actors considerate. And of course Frances Marion was a tower of strength.



Polly Moran and Marie in "Chasing Rainbows."



A poignant moment with Norman Foster in the film "Prosperity."

The part of Ma Callahan was grand. I reveled in it. And why shouldn't I? Frances had written it to order just for me. If I didn't make good in this rôle, I was hopeless, a total loss.

At last came the night of the premiere.

We sat huddled in the back of the theater, Nella Webb, Frances Marion, Jimmy Forbes and I. My hands were clammy, my heart fearful to suffocation as we waited for the picture to flash on the screen. I had waited nine years for this moment. Nine years of marking time, nine years of humiliation, of beating my head against a stone wall of managerial indifference and prejudice. And now the hour had struck on which my future, my very life, hung. No audience can be more ruthless than a Hollywood audience of professionals. If they liked *Ma Callahan*, I was made. If they didn't—well, there was always Paris and my hotel.

The theater went black. The picture came on. Frances had done a good job. The situations were terribly funny. That hard-boiled audience began to laugh. They all but

rolled in the aisles. And such applause at the end! Thrilled and grateful, we tried to sneak out. We wanted to get home—to talk and talk. But they wouldn't let us. They dragged us forth. How kind they were! How generous! Many of them were too young ever to have heard of me, but they were warm in their praise. They outdid each other in rosy predictions for my future.

Frances whispered: "You've done it. You're made. Every producer in Hollywood will be camped on your trail tomorrow. You'll see!"

I was so happy that night I couldn't sleep.

It was all so wonderful. I wish I could make you understand how wonderful. Remember, I was fifty-six. I had never permitted myself to be *dowry*, and I knew what it was to be *out*. And here I was in the game again—a youngster's game. And I was off to a splendid start. I felt the old vitality rising in a strong tide. I could go on and on. I *would* go on and on!

But there was a joker in the deck, one that none of us had dreamed could be there. The picture was about the Irish. And the Irish didn't like it! No sooner was it shown in a few test theaters, than an avalanche of protests came in. Loyal sons of Erin rose up in their might. They said we were poking fun at them. It did no good to explain that we weren't. The Irish didn't like it, and we couldn't afford to alienate the Irish.

The film was withdrawn without a real showing. The precious strip of celluloid to which my hopes were pinned was scrapped. Only a handful of people had seen it.

That was a blow. "It's too bad," Frances Marion tried to comfort me; "we'll have better luck next time." (Please turn to page 66)



in a scene from "Hollywood Revue."

One Full Hour...

Gladys Swarthout



Victor Koppier

William Lyon Phelps



Acme

"PRESENTING a full hour of—" That announcement is heard more and more frequently these days on the air, as one sponsor after another follows the trend for longer programs. The fifteen-minute spot which has been so popular in the past is being deserted for hour-long shows; and to this one listener, it seems an excellent idea. Too often in the past, in spite of the best efforts at planning by the various program departments, four quarter-hours of similar programs would follow each other, with the result that even the most listless fan would turn his dial in disgust after the first half-hour. With a complete hour under one director, this is less likely to be true. Variety is the keynote of the new shows, and if the entertainment is well-paced and -produced, there is no reason why the listener should not be on hand for the closing as well as the opening announcement.

Such a program is the new Swift and Co. hour which is heard Saturdays at eight P.M. (E.S.T.) over WEAf and a transcontinental NBC network.

Sigmund Romberg, one of the foremost of America's living composers of musical comedy and light opera, and William Lyon Phelps, well-known raconteur, are the bright particular stars of the series. Featured soloists and a mixed chorus of voices aid the thirty-five-piece orchestra in the musical part of the show; and stories of great musicians enacted by favorites of the stage and radio provide that element of drama held in such high esteem by a large part of the radio audience.

Although (or perhaps because) he has never before done any broadcasting, Mr. Romberg is enthusiastic over the possibilities of his new work. He is presenting original melodies for one-half of his entertainment—many of them his own compositions. Known for his "Maytime," "Blossom Time," "Student Prince," "Desert Song," "New Moon" and "My Maryland," Mr. Romberg is also the composer of "Rose de France," which is being produced in London this winter, and "Lady in the Window," which opens in New York in December. His first successful show was "The Blue Paradise" (1913), which contained the waltz "Auf Wiedersehen." He recently spent some months in Hollywood working with Oscar Hammerstein on a Viennese picture starring Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye.

In his studio—where he does all his composing on a pipe organ—is his large and valuable music collection. This library, which is one of Mr. Romberg's greatest interests, includes more than six thousand volumes of music, many of which are first editions. The oldest units comprise three from the Sixteenth Century, although his collection really builds up from the period starting from 1760 to 1774....

Broadcasting has become *matinée-conscious*. The evening schedules on the networks are so heavy with "commercials" that it has been found necessary either to discard most sustaining shows altogether, or else to spot them during the less popular afternoon hours.

Columbia's "extensive campaign to provide stellar program features for the daytime listeners, motivated by the increase in evening commitments" and "notable increase in the amount of fan mail from the morning and afternoon radio



Lois Bennett

audience," was the result of a survey which revealed that "the potential daytime listening public has been growing rapidly, the automobile radio being an important item in this growth." That all sounds pretty impressive; but this one listener, at least, doubts that for all its careful phrasing this statement will add one jot to the interest or importance of daytime broadcasting. Obviously the only large audience of men, women and children can be reached during and after the dinner-hour. Of course, there may be whole families who will spend all their time in taxis till the sun goes down, so that they may be a part of this vast new audience!

One of the best-known radio stars of past months—Kate Smith—has been elected as the first important victim in this new experiment. Naturally, CBS doesn't think of her as a victim, and neither does Miss Smith. Both the singer and her directors are enthusiastic over the possibilities of her new afternoon show. Because of her popularity she was chosen as the key figure in the new campaign; and it seems that if anyone can put over an afternoon show, she should be the one to do it.

Kate Smith's *Matinée Hour*, as it is called, is a full-hour show from three to four on Wednesday afternoons and is the first entertainment of that length to be offered at that time. Frankly, it is an experiment; and one which, to me, would seem a bit dangerous for any singer.

Fortunately for the *Songbird of the South*, she has an evening spot each week too, which may serve to keep her in the minds and hearts of the fickle radio audience. We'll see. At any rate, it will be worth watching. . . .

The most interesting feature of Kate Smith's variety show is the inclusion at times of remote-control broadcasts. There is less time than there should be for those on-the-spot descriptions of sports and other news which add so much color to radio. Sponsors might be wise to follow Miss Smith's example and incorporate this type of news-broadcasting more frequently on their programs. The public seems to like it, and it serves as a relief from the everlasting dance bands, comedians and singers.

SOMETHING really new happened when the makers of *Ivory Soap* inaugurated the first musical-comedy series ever written for radio. And something worth-while happened when they engaged Courtney Ryley Cooper to write the book, and Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz to collaborate.

"The Gibson Family" started last month, and is heard for a full hour on the air each Saturday night over an NBC-WEAF network. Lois Bennett and Conrad Thibault are singing the leading rôles, and Jack and Loretta Clemens are among those in the supporting cast. Don Voorhees is directing the music with the assistance of Ken Christy.

The whole thing looks like a break for the radio listener. . . .

A different type of hour program, but one which has retained its popularity throughout the spring and summer months is the *Palmolive Beauty Box Theater*, which presents radio versions of well-known operettas. The list of performers is still headed by Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano of the (Continued on page 109)



Sigmund Romberg

Good-by, short broadcasts! Hello, long broadcasts!
by Drew Kent

Two Kinds

*Soldiers do a lot of talking
because they do a lot of fight-
ing, but they die without say-
ing what they should say.*

IT was pretty dark, so we could see the flashes from their rifles. They came quick, like pressing on and off a blow-torch. Some of them, maybe the ones with the dirtiest barrels, seemed to drip from the flash, like you see in these fireworks they have on the Fourth.

"We aint got no business stayin' here any longer," Marty said. Conti just kept working his rifle-bolt back, slamming it home and letting fly. When it would kick back against his cheek, it would get him side of the nose. He was all red with blood from it. He would grunt when it popped him, and give his head a little shake. Then he would yank the bolt back, slam her home and let fly.

"Why don't you hold your thumb away, like you was always told at instruction?" I said.

I thought maybe he didn't hear me, on account of his and Marty's guns both going off at the same time. So I said: "And jerking your trigger that way won't get you nothing. You were taught that, too."

He looked around at me, mad. "You're going to run out of blood," I said. He looked sore. He said at me: "I never hit anything the other way, did I? So now I'm going to do it my way. Natural."

He was like all wops: got to make everything personal. "Go on—enjoy yourself," I said, and I took a pot-shot at a spick that started running straight up the ravine. I think I got him, because no one would have dropped that hard amongst that malpais rock in his right mind.

"Listen," Marty said. "We got to get out of here." I was reloading a clip. I looked around, and I could see he was looking at—well, not at all of them, but at his bunkie, Red O'Hara. He'd already dragged him this far.

"We got a long ways to go. Them horses are tired. I always liked Red," I said. "And I liked the rest of them boys, layin' there. But we can't take them, Marty."

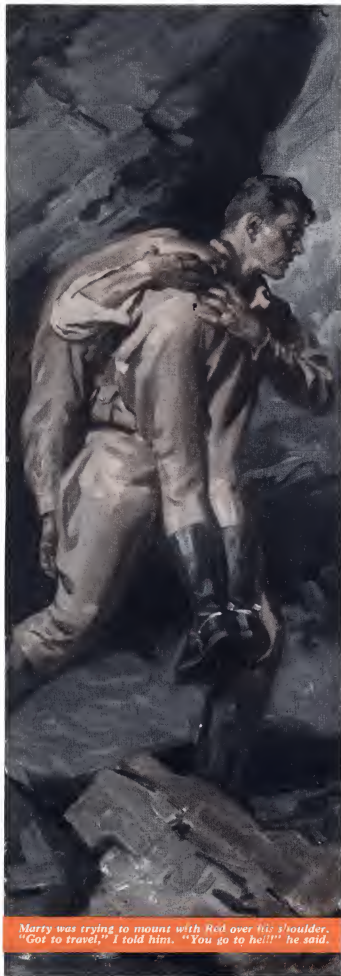
Marty got up. We were behind a big boulder at the head of this narrow ravine. It could just about cover the three of us. I could see Marty lock his piece. "I'm goin' to take Red," he said. "You guys don't have to wait for me."

He was always a stubborn guy, Marty. "Listen," I said. "They aint got no women with them. Most of these spick handits bury such bad fellows. They won't cut these boys up. I bet they bury them away from the coyotes, too. When we get back, the commanding officer'll send a troop out here and bring them back. They'll get full military honors at the post."

Mart was bending over. He had Red O'Hara by the shoulders. In the little light we had, you could see where Red got it. It aint nice to say, but Red had an eye blowed out, and part of the side of his head. "I'm taking Red," Marty said.

I felt kind of funny. Here I was a corporal, with only three of us left alive of the patrol. Five dead. Two of them we had to leave down the valley as we beat it back with the spicks hot after us. And Krause got it right here where he lay. But Marty had packed Red's body up here from our last firing position. Bill Henry had bled to death on the way up. Just slid off, dead. Maybe he was dead for a hundred yards or so near the end. I heard of a case like that once at Jolo.

"I guess we better pull out," I said. "Now it's dark, maybe some of them will go up the sides of the ravine and flank us." I looked at Conti. He was just getting another bang in the nose. He let out that same soldier cussword he been saying all along as the rifle went off. Then he grunted. "We're mounting up, Conti." Conti said the word again. Then he got up and started to brush his knees off. Marty was dragging Red O'Hara over the gravel



Marty was trying to mount with Red over his shoulder.
"Got to travel," I told him. "You go to hell!" he said.

of Love

by Charles L. Clifford

who wrote "Too Many Boats"

Illustrated by Frank Bensing

up to where we'd left the horses. "What's he doin'?" Conti said to me.

"He's crazy."

"That guy's rubbed out, Marty," Conti said. He used to use expressions like that, because he was a gangster, I heard, before he came into the service a couple years before. Some of the men said he was just a jump ahead of one of those Tommy-guns some other gang wanted to play on him. But all I cared was he was a good soldier—except he couldn't shoot much. I guess he was more used to those sawed-off shotguns, and maybe bombs, those guys use.

Well, there went Marty with Red over his shoulder. When we mounted, we would have to ride. And carrying a dead man on a tired horse doesn't give him any more speed. I handed Krause's rifle and pistol over to Conti. Then we double-timed. And when we got to the horses, I shot Bill Henry's. Then I took his rifle out of his gun-boot. I already had his pistol. That's what those spicks wanted—our arms.

Mart was trying to mount with poor Red over his shoulder. His horse kept shying away; you know how they do when they know something is dead around them. "For God's sake, Marty," I said, "we got to travel. Them spicks are going to be on our neck at a gallop in a few minutes—soon as no more firing comes from back there." Marty was still trying to get on his horse. Conti was already up. "You beat it, Conti. Straight for the Robles Ranch. We'll assemble there."

"Well, let's go, then," Conti said.

"Listen, Marty—" He was still trying to get on that snorting horse. It was a mare, and I never liked mares in a cavalry outfit. "Come on, Marty. I can hear them mounting back there." I could, too. And I could hear them yelling to each other.

"You go to hell!" He said it just like a kid going to bust out crying. I guess maybe he was crying. "That aint no way for a soldier to talk to his squad leader," I said. "In the post that would mean your stripes and a blind."

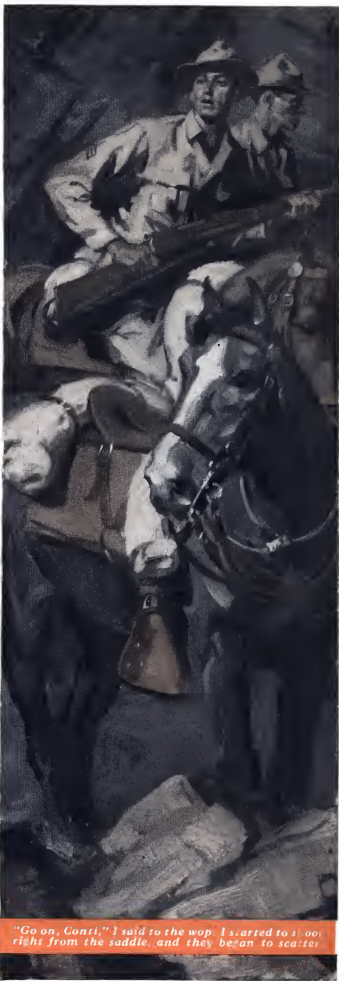
"You go to hell!"

"You must be nuts," Conti said to Marty.

"Go on, Conti," I said to the wop. And then I rode back down to the big rock, and I could see them bunched up, mounted. I started to shoot with my rifle right from the saddle. I learned that trick under old Galloping Jim Parker. I was good at it, and they began to scatter like cottonwood fluff. "Now beat it, you guys," I yelled back at them.

WHEN I rode back, Conti was helping Marty. He was a strong guy, Marty. I never could have lifted O'Hara up like that. But Marty did it, and we all galloped off. Maybe that fast shooting of mine did it. Anyways, they only followed us a little distance after that. But they kept firing. I could hear the snap of the slugs going by, and I giggled that old horse of mine plenty. Marty was tagging a little, but doing better than I thought, at that. Well, we kept on. And after a while Marty dropped down to a walk. "Better keep moving," I told him. "They're sly, those spicks."

But Marty wouldn't hurry, and I rode back and saw that he was hit—through the arm. And he was bleeding a lot. Conti and I fixed him up with his first-aid kit, and he let me take Red O'Hara. He had to. A guy with a bullet through his arm can't take it, no matter what these stories about heroes say. You get a shock makes your teeth rattle like beads, and your stomick goes bad on you, to say nothing of the weakness that comes with the loss of blood. So I carried Red for a while.



"Go on, Conti," I said to the wop. I started to shoot right from the saddle, and they began to scatter

When it got near morning, and we were close to Robles, Conti kept saying he'd take Red. I held him out to Conti like I was holding out a big tray.

We rode along, and nobody said a word. But I kept thinking now I had no worry about those spicks, or about Red falling off the saddle. What I was thinking about was what happened on the way down, when we started on patrol toward the river. We'd camped the first night at Robles. It was only twenty miles from the post, but they had water there. Red O'Hara and Marty had a fight there—went at it like two badgers. It was over that Robles girl. Two soldiers fighting wasn't anything to wonder about; but over a skinny little thing like that Robles girl! Most soldiers like a woman filled out. . . . But this Robles kid—thin, and with kind of straggly hair. But she did have big, kind of pretty brown eyes, and a funny nice sort of grin. Men used to ride out to Robles on a Sunday on mounted pass, and I guess that was the way Red and Marty must have met her. I heard the old man used to put out this home-made beer. A dime a bottle! I wouldn't give a dime for a case of that stuff. Muddy, and tasted of yeast to me. But maybe it was this girl they went after, not the beer.

MARTY and Red had been bunkies in the troop for years. But it ended when they saw this Robles girl. They went down to see her separate after they first met her together. And she went most for Red. Red hair seems to get them. I heard all this unofficial after I stopped the fight. And I was kind of embarrassed, at that. Red was out on his feet when I got there. And there was Marty slugging him and cursing him, and this dame screaming at Marty that he was a coward and a beast. But he never looked at her, just kept beating the life out of O'Hara. She kept bawling and wiping the blood off Red after I stopped it, and then her old man came out and gave her hell—dragged her back into the house. He was full of *tequila*—I could smell it like a glue factory. So I made Marty and Red sleep away from each other, and put the guard between, and then we rode away in the morning. I didn't see this Robles girl any more.

Well, they couldn't fight any more, and I was wondering about Marty being so stubborn about bringing Red back. He maybe had a stroke of conscience, I figured, because they had been bunkies so long before they met this little thin dame. I kept thinking this, and then Conti hollered that he could see the ranch ahead. I was riding behind with Marty to see he didn't fall off. He looked pretty bad, and his head was hanging down on his chest.

When we rode into the corral at the ranch, there wasn't anyone around. It was a poor place, and old man Robles only had a few scraggly cattle. No help that I ever saw, except maybe a stray spick worked for his beans. The old man was mostly drunk all the time.

We unsaddled and turned the horses loose in the corral. I didn't care if they did drink out of Robles' lousy water-trough or rub up against his mangy bronc's, because the rest of their lives was velvet. I figured. What was a little risk of distemper or glanders to them now?

Marty was sitting leaning back against a post of the corral. He was all in, and his eyes were closed. "We got to get hot water and look that wound over," I kept thinking. "We can leave him here, and ride in to the post on two of old man Robles' plugs, and send the medico out. But first we got to have some Java."

Conti begun to laugh. "Look," he said, and there was this Robles girl and the sun was up, red and bright, and showed right through her thin dress.

"Shut up!" I went over to this girl and told her. I tried to keep her from walking into the corral, because we had O'Hara there, and we had a horse-blanket over him. But she came right on, and she looked. She lifted the blanket up, never saying a word. She must have guessed, the way women sometimes do. Of course



she saw we only had the three of us. She saw Marty, too. But she only just gave him a short glance, and then she bent down and lifted that blanket. She never let out a yip. She was on her knees there in the dust and manure of the corral. And the sun was shining on her hair, and it looked like gold, almost.

Well, she just knelt there, and then she put her hand on Red's head. His hair was shining too. Like real gold, his was. She pushed her fingers up through it, and me and Conti just stood there looking at her, and not knowing what to say. So I looked over at Marty. His eyes were open now, and he was trying to sit up straight. But she never looked at him. She looked at Conti, and she said: "Thank you for bringing him in." So then I knew she had seen us coming.

She got up from the dirt, and she came over to me. She walked like a cat crossing a wet place. She said: "You are the corporal."



That scratched old phonograph-record was one these medleys of bugle-calls; it ended up with Taps. The girl listened, then nodded. "I don't think he'd mind," she said in a low voice.

dead herself. But they was a hard look in her eye.

"Then I have to take him in."

"What did you do with the others? You didn't take them in."

"That was the fortunes of war, ma'am." I could smell the coffee and I figured it was all boiling to hell. I hate to argue with women. I never do. But here I was stuck.

"Any man can be buried the way he likes. Even a soldier. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," I said. I remembered what Burny Brimmer once said. "Just stick me in a hole," he said. "Where it will be the least trouble for the fatigue detail. I don't want no band playing for me. I was never good enough for that when I was a live buck private." And the Captain heard what his bunkie said about it, and they dug him in right by a rice paddy, way up Tarlac province.

"Well," she says, "he wanted to be buried here. Near me."

"That's a funny one."

She was looking off toward the mountains. Not a tear in her eyes. "Yes, I was the only person he loved. And last night"—her voice kind of choked up a little—"he said he had a hunch. He said times before, in France and with the troops that went after Villa, he'd heard men have a hunch they were going to get killed. And he said it never missed. He was holding his arms around me, telling me, last night out by the pump, when—when Martin came up and struck him."

So that was the low-down? Poor guy! I felt like hitting Marty myself right then, arm or no arm.

But I could smell that coffee overflowing the pot; and in the midst of it all that scratchy phonograph the old man played all the time going full tilt. It was grinding out some jazz tune. And he'd had it going all the night before, till I went in and made him stop it. I felt sorry for that kid, all right. I was going to put her off until I thought things out, but Marty butted in. We'd given him a big drink when we came in from the trough, and it must have made him feel better. And he must have been listening to me and the Robles girl.

WELL, he was standing there kind of weak on his pins, his eyes all red, but he had that stubborn look to him, and he was shooting it right at this girl. "You aint going to plant no bunkie of mine in no lousy border flower garden," he says to her. "I knowed Red before you ever came butting into the picture. I know what he liked and didn't like."

This girl just looked at him. Then she said quiet: "I'm talking to your corporal."

Marty must have been a little delirious with the fever setting into his wound. "He liked a band," he said. "No guy ever liked a band like Red. And he liked the field music and the drums. And parades and guard mount. All them ceremonies better than any trooper I ever seen in all my service. So you aint going to stick him in no border flower garden. He's going to get his squad's three volleys, and his trumpet, like the regulations say. And he's going to get his stone with his name on it, and I know what's going to be written on it. He even told me that once, even if he was kidding at the time."

He stopped then. He was shaking. But that girl looked hard as nails. She said: "And you're the biggest and the strongest of the whole squad, and this little private brings him in. You beat him like a brute last night without even asking a question, and you would have left him for the coyotes!"

Conti and I both started to speak up, but Marty snarled at us.

"Leave her think what she likes," he said, and he walked off toward the house, swaying a little.

I watched him go, and I saw old man Robles come out of the house. He was in his usual state. He was grinning very pleasant, and he offered me a drink, and I took it—the first time I ever drank on duty. It must have been (Please turn to page 80)

"Yes, ma'am."

"I put some coffee on when I saw you coming."

"Thank you, ma'am. If you got some hot water—"

"I want you to help me. I want you to do me a favor—"

I nodded, kind of dumb, like. Well, I felt sort of funny. "I want the funeral to be here," she said, and she pointed, and I saw a funny little white fence I never noticed before. There was a cross set up on it, a white one, and there was the only green grass anywhere around, and some dead-looking flowers. Stuff won't grow in that border sand. "Over there," she said; and then I guessed probably her mother must've been buried there.

"I can't do that. According to regulations I got to bring him in. He can be buried in the post cemetery, or his kinfolks can have the body shipped back home at Government expense."

"He hasn't got any kinfolks." She said it like she was almost

That *Fascinating* Habit~

"AS solid as a rock."

We say it, and we believe it.

We believe it so firmly that all further argument upon the subject seems futile. Until the day we meet a Geologist. Until the day when that Geologist takes us out for a walk. Then we learn that that rock (any old rock, from granite to marble) is but a bit of congealed dust. That it suffers from heat and cold, even as you and I. That it is subject to rain and frost, and as sensitive to their influence as the cows in our pastures or the flowers in our garden. That it lives and prospers and thereafter disintegrates and disappears, like all the rest of creation. And finally, that this solid rock, which is supposed to be an absolutely stationary part of the landscape, is in reality a great traveler and has covered more distance and in a greater variety of different ways, backward and forward and sidewise and upward and downward, and while looping the loop in vast adamantean spirals, than anything else that is part of ordinary everyday Nature.

I have used my old handkerchief-example in one of my books, and I don't like very much to steal from my own little storehouse of learning. But it fits in so beautifully with what I want to say that I might just borrow the idea for this special occasion.

Take a clean handkerchief, and spread it out flat upon your table. Then push all four sides toward the center at one and the same moment (an easy trick after a moment's practice), and see what happens. The handkerchief coils and curls and undulates and wrinkles, and crackles and crinkles and frazzles and frills and corrugates, until its erstwhile flatness has been transformed into an indescribable pattern of miniature summits and chasms and over-

lapping peaks, divided by an irregular system of crisscross valleys and precipices.

Imagine that you had been able to perform this little conjuring trick with your handkerchief on the surface of a large bowl of water that was being hurled around at the rate of several thousand miles per second. The tiny piece of linen (it should cover only one-quarter of the bowl, if we want to stick carefully to the real proportions between land and water on our globe) would have been shaken like a ship in a hurricane. Parts of it would have been submerged deep below the surface of the water, to arise again the next instant, and to reach greater heights than ever before. Indeed, it would have completely changed its aspect with every push of your fingers.

Now that, but on a gigantic scale, is exactly what happened millions of years ago, and what happens today, and what will happen millions of years hence. For the law that underlies the whole of creation is the law of perpetual change. Nothing in this universe of ours is absolutely permanent. Nothing is eternal but creation itself. We use these high-sounding phrases because we are still in the nursery of the human race, and because children love fairy-stories. But when we grow up, we shall discover the true meaning of existence, and then we shall begin to realize that everything, from birth to death, is but the manifestation of the same divine edict which the learned Bacon expressed in the following solemn words:

"The one thing certain in this world of ours is the fact that matter is in a perpetual flux and never at a stop."

This seems rather a heavy bombardment of ponderous theories to prepare the way for a simple little article on the West Indies. But, dear reader, bear with me for just one brief moment, as dear Jane Austen used to say on Page 136 of some trivial explanation about one of her minor characters. Then you will see that there is a certain method in my madness. For you are about to visit the West Indies, and the West Indies are one of the most interesting laboratories for geological and social experiments. If



by

Hendrik
Willem
van Loon

Illustrated by
The Author



the West Indies

you want to use them merely as a convenient place where you can sit in the sun, drink planter's punch (a most noble concoction, I assure you) and do nothing all day long, then don't read this. For it could easily upset your program. You might get so terribly excited about the physical and human scenery around you that you could never return happily to the humdrum normalcy of your own dark and dismal northern clime. But if I can prepare you by slow stages for the marvels you will soon encounter, then I am sure that you will not only go home but will also return to the Caribbean within a reasonable period of time. Partly in order to get a second helping of that marvelous planter's punch, but even more to catch another glimpse of a world that is as strange to you as the farthest confines of Greenland or Thibet. . . .

In the first place, get a firm hold of the truth that the West Indies are not merely a geographical location, but that they are also a habit. A pleasant habit, and on the whole (and this is a very important item these days) a very reasonable one. And when the airplane shall have completely replaced the Atlantic steamer as a fast passenger-carrier, and when all the large luxury liners shall have been turned into comfortable ferry-boats to our geological suburbs, then the West Indies will enter upon a new era of profound prosperity. Not as the world's most important purveyors of cheap sugar and rum, which they have been for so many centuries, but as the winter resort for millions of Americans. And not merely for those Americans who can afford to live in hotels where the barkeepers are almost as important as the guests, being learned professors within their own particular field, but also for those among our fellow-citizens who used to pack the family in the old ancestral Lizzie, and then trek merrily into the unknown void of California or Florida on an allowance of twenty-five cents per day and per kid for both food and drink, and let the dog take whatever was left.

BUT to return to the rocks of my first paragraph: that enormous stretch of territory which today is known as the "West Indies" was once upon a time part of that vast mountain range which reached from Greenland and Labrador in the north to the Straits of Magellan in the southernmost part of South America. In the northern part of our continent this chain ran almost parallel with the Rockies. Today it is the eastern boundary



*Hendrik van Loon's
magic handkerchief
coils and curls, and
frills and wrinkles,
and—presto!—pro-
duces the irresistible
West Indies.*

of the great plain that runs from the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, just as the Rockies are the western boundary. The inland sea which those two mountain ranges enclosed has disappeared. It has been changed into that wide plain which we know as the valley of the Mississippi and the Missouri.

The Rockies of course do not form a straight line. As soon as they have left the territory of the United States, they bend sharply toward the east, and they presently become the narrow isthmus of Panama, which widens out once more as soon as it has touched the mainland of South America, when it becomes that gigantic mountain chain which we call the Andes—a word of obscure Indian origin, and which may mean anything from "the Eastern Ridge" to "the Mountains that are made of Metal." As for the other mountain chain farther toward the east which used to keep the inland sea of the North American continent within bounds, that ran and still runs all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to southern Alabama, where it is lost among the marshy plains of Louisiana and Florida. We know it today as the Alleghenies, and these mountains are among the most ancient geological formations of the entire globe.

Millions of years ago this eastern chain of high peaks must have divided itself into two parts when it reached Cuba and Haiti. For the water between Cuba and Haiti (they are really one island, cut in two by a narrow strait known as the Windward Passage) and Honduras on the Isthmus of Panama is comparatively shallow, and it is dotted with small islands which the tourist trade has not yet touched.

As further evidence of submerged land, there is the Mosquito Bank, which lies just off the coast of Honduras, and which shares its unfortunate name with the entire coastal region of Nicaragua, the ill-famed Mosquito Coast, where the rain raineth to the tune of 297 inches per year, providing convenient little swamps for the ever-industrious members of the Diptera family and making a thriving tourist trade well-nigh impossible. But the remnants of this prehistoric mountain range which survive in the east and are known as the Greater Antilles (Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti and Porto Rico) and the Lesser Antilles (all the smaller islands from the Virgin Islands down to Trinidad) suffer from no such climatic disadvantages. On the contrary, they are blessed with an almost ideal climate. And the same holds true for their near neighbors, those famous coral deposits which we know as the Bermudas and the Bahamas.

We glibly talk of the Bermudas and the Bahamas as if they were just another example of the sort of islands that lie scattered all along the coast of New England. But that is not the way things are done when the humble coral is in charge of the job. The Bahamas, for example, consist of twenty-nine regular islands, 661 keys (the same word as the more familiar *quai*, indicating a small island where a ship under particularly favorable circumstances may find a temporary place of anchorage) and 2,387 rocks, which have no other purpose than to make navigation a little more difficult.

The Bermudas are not quite so complicated, merely a baker's dozen of inhabitable islets, of which Great Bermuda or Main Island (which is fourteen miles long but only one mile wide) is the largest and also the best known. But as the Bermudas are situated so much higher toward the north than the rest of the West Indies (they lie 580 miles due east of Cape Hatteras in North Carolina), they do not offer quite such a favorable breeding-ground for the coral polyps as the Bahamas, which have gradually developed into a vast reef of almost six hundred miles in length, a most welcome barrier that protects the coast of Florida and Cuba from the violence of the Atlantic. . . .

But I must not wander away, although a map is really a delightful excuse for all sorts of pleasant detours. I was talking about

the West Indies, and the real West Indian islands have nothing to do with corals. They are, as I have already told you, merely the summits of an ancient mountain range that were too high to be covered by the waters of the sea when the rest of it was swallowed by the ocean. Don't ask me why or how or when this happened. I don't know. Nobody knows. It was merely part of that continual and uninterrupted process of Bacon's "everlasting flux," which today turns a vast mountain chain into a series of flat plains, and then makes an ancient plain rise until it stands revealed as the Himalayas. We do realize, however, that in this part of the world at least, Nature performed her miracles a very long time ago. For the oldest rocks we have found in the West Indies go all the way back to the days when South America and Africa still formed one continent, when India and Madagascar were part of one enormous island, and when Greenland and North

America had not as yet been separated from each other; when the seas were filled with gigantic sharks, and when the dinosaur, as the unquestioned master of all creation, ruled a world that still had to wait several more millions of years before even the most remote of our human ancestors made his first halting appearance.

We also have positive proof that this part of the world went through some very violent geological experiences. During that very long period of time when the Alps were almost the only piece of dry land that remained above the surface of the sea in central Europe, and when tiny little mammals began their final fight with the giant reptiles of the dinosaurian dynasty for mastery of the world, during all those millions of years, practically all of these West Indian islands among which today you go a-cruising were at the bottom of the ocean.

That, however, was their last ducking. Another million of years, some more cracking and shrinking of the geological handkerchief, and San Domingo and Porto Rico and all the Leeward and Windward islands quietly returned to their former place underneath the sun. And there, but for a few unforeseen incidents, such as an occasional volcanic eruption, they have remained until this very day. Where they will be a million years hence, I could not tell you. For all I know, they may either have drifted eastward to join Madeira or westward into the Gulf of Darien. But

I shall not be there. And heaven knows, I have trouble enough in 1934 not to bother overmuch about the fate of St. Vincent or St. Kitts in the Year of Grace 1,000,000.

I am sure that by now you have begun to understand something of the magnificent magnitude of the stage upon which you enter as soon as you set foot on one of the Antilles. But that is only part of the show. The actual historical performance that has been going on here for almost twenty generations is just as interesting and fascinating as the geographic background that provides us with such a delightful setting. For lest you have forgotten, these islands from the day they were discovered in 1492, until the middle of the last century, have been veritable gold-mines. Not on account of any actual gold that was to be found in the soil, for they are very poor in all sorts of metals. But this ancient mountain range with its equable climate, wherein the locust tree is able to achieve an age of forty centuries or more, and where the weather really never grows either too hot or too cold for almost every sort of flower and plant—these islands were an ideal spot on which to raise sugar in the days when sugar could only be manufactured out of sugar-cane, and not out of the sugar-beet as it is today. Hence they were an object of continual strife between all the nations that competed for the possession of the New World. Hence almost every one of the West Indian islands has changed and rechanged hands so continuously that their historical layers are almost as complicated as that geological (Please turn to page 104)

Next Month

"THAT POWER WAS MINE,"



said Alfred E. Smith, and, in effect, Governor Moore of New Jersey and Governor Ely of Massachusetts, when we asked them to describe how it feels to possess the power of pardon and not to exercise it, to sit by the telephone connecting the governor's mansion with the jail, and not to lift the receiver. . . . They went on, enumerating the reasons which may make a governor turn down the plea of a heartbroken mother. As a result of our conversation with them, they agreed to write on—

"When Your 'No' Means Death"

Soup wise!

American homemaker—1935 model! Her kitchen is as attractive as any room in the house. Bright, colorful, thoroughly up-to-date—but still the kitchen—a place to work.

Not a place to work overtime, however! Not if she has her way—which she usually has. Gone forever are the hours spent over a stove, slowly, painstakingly preparing soup for her family.

She has turned that task over to the master chefs of Campbell's kitchens. Why should she spend precious hours washing, cleaning, paring vegetables when the nearest store can supply Campbell's Vegetable Soup?

She opens a can of Campbell's Vegetable Soup and finds 15 choice, garden-fresh vegetables. Vegetables finer than she can buy in any neighborhood store—blended in rich beef broth. A vegetable soup made just as in her own home kitchen except that the broth is double rich, double strength. So rich that when she adds an equal quantity of water she obtains twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost!

Be soup wise! Today's best recipe for vegetable soup is simply—open a can of Campbell's—add an equal quantity of water—simmer and serve.

21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Beon	Mushroom (Cream of)
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Noodle with chicken
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pao
Chicken-Gumbo	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printonier
Consommé	Tomato
Julienne	Vegetable
Mock Turtle	Vegetable-Beef



Campbell's Soup hot,
Campbell's Soup good,
Campbell's Soup in the pot
Makes real food!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

This "Magic Brain" releases World-Radio's supreme thrills!



RCA Victor now introduces uncanny development—tone of far higher fidelity... far more stations here and abroad... far greater ease, accuracy of tuning... an exclusive "X" band.*

ALL who hear it are agog! All who hear it say, "Never did I think all-wave radio could be so entrancing!" And all who see RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" say, "Well, no wonder these radios outperform!"

Yes, it's this unique "Magic Brain", first developed by RCA

Victor engineers, that puts radio on a new high plane. It is like a master mind placed in the center of the all-wave chassis. There it directs, selects all reception. It reaches out across oceans, continents, seas... to far distant lands. Or gets you favorite domestic stations. Cleverly it shuts out unwanted programs, as cleverly picks up and amplifies four times the sound of the world or domestic broadcast you want!

Since the "Magic Brain" chooses each program with such unerring precision, this higher fidelity tone is fuller, more serene. Annoying buzz, irritating fuzz are gone. Truly it can be said never has radio re-

MODEL 262—5-band "Magic Brain" Superheterodyne, Tone Control, automatic volume control, all short and standard wave broadcasts. De luxe cabinet, \$119.50.



TABLE MODEL 12B, "Magic Brain" Superheterodyne, Domestic, foreign, police, amateur wave bands. Superb cabinetry, \$69.95

WHAT RCA VICTOR'S "MAGIC BRAIN" DOES!

As a maestro leads his symphony orchestra, so "Magic Brain" directs the performance of RCA Victor's all-wave radios. Hansen in its thinking, we compare it to the human brain. You choose the broadcast—from no matter where in the whole world. Then, watchman-like, it keeps out undesired radio signals. It concentrates on that one and makes it four times stronger. Each tone has higher fidelity... and you hear, directed and blended by "Magic Brain", the fullest possible performance from the whole set—in a quality reception heretofore unequalled!

ception and radio enjoyment reached so marked an improvement... as in RCA Victor "Magic Brain" sets!

Added to all this is the exclusive RCA Victor "X" band. This separate wave band brings you complete hourly government weather reports and forecasts... the reports aviators hear as they fly! Think of this thrill! You must, without delay see this achievement in new-day radio. See the "Magic Brain", hear what it does, note the exquisite, modern cabinets... and discover prices are those you can afford!

A radio and a price for everyone! RCA Victor Instruments priced from \$18.75 to \$375.00 including Standard Receivers, Auto Radios, Air-Cell Battery Radios and Radio-Photographs. All RCA Victor Instruments equipped with RCA Micro-Sensitive Radio Tubes. All prices F.O.B. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice. Any short-wave radio performs better with an RCA World-Wide Antenna.

* The "X" band is in all sets of 8 tubes or more.

RCA VICTOR

RCA VICTOR CO., INC., ONE UNIT OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA... THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO ORGANIZATION. OTHER UNITS: NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO., INC.... R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.... RCA RADIODIFFUSION CO., INC.... RADIODOMESTIC CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PLAIN LUCK

(Continued from page 39)

"Any of you want a chance at getting crushed to death or washed overside—come along. I'll order no one with me."

He stepped clear of the alleyway at once. Here he stood for an instant in the ineffectual shelter of the overhang, gauging the wash of the seas that hurtled green and foaming across the *Mantu* to thunder into her empty hold. The shriek of the *pampero* rose to a culminating fury. Two live black beasts went flying past. Death was in their weight. One of them crashed against the far bulwark. The other went spinning upward and flung itself overboard, to disappear at once. Behind the master a square-faced seaman spat on his horny hands.

"May as well drown out there as here," he growled hoarsely.

He sprang down beside Harry Bradley. Another followed. The young master saw them. He turned his head on his shoulder. Good men, these! He felt his power again. Show her, the *Mantu*, show her who was master! He grinned. The sailor at his elbow nodded gravely.

"Only one left," he growled in Harry's ear. "We catch her on the run and leave her over. Say the word when, Cap'n."

"Now!"

They leaped together, waist-deep in the frothing sea.

On the bridge Mr. Dobbett, clinging desperately to a stanchion, looked down on the foredeck. The second officer was at his side, but the third was gone. Schoolship kid, the third. First trip on his brand-new ticket. Then he saw the youngster down there, only his head and his waving arms above the boil of foam, like a swimmer lost in a tide-rip. Mr. Dobbett's lip curled scornfully. Hero stuff! Lucky Harry Bradley'd got him enthralled. Mr. Dobbett saw fully the grim battle below him.

With her engine barely turning, the *Mantu* had no steerage-way. Confounder by the fury and the exploding darkness all about her, she wallowed helplessly in the cavernous troughs of the seas. Tons of water poured aboard, and went spilling in lustrous green cataracts through that gaping wound in her hatch-cover. No ship could outlive that. The weight of water, gathering in her empty hold, ground her down with each dizzy roll till she hung there for throat-catching moments. The oil-drum was a living beast on her deck, clanging and crashing from side to side. It could maim and cripple and kill men as well as a ship, that senseless black brute of a thing. Mr. Dobbett was wise to stay clear of it!

THE *Mantu* plunged down on her beam ends. The oil-drum smashed against the starboard bulwark, just as Harry Bradley led the charge. Had to hold it there and lift. Had to get it clear! It meant the *Mantu*'s life.

"Now!" Bradley roared. "Backs in it! Lift and heave! Quick—before she comes up!"

Waist-deep in the boil, they struggled upward under the dead weight of it. Above the level of the angry water their faces appeared grim and dripping, set in

the strain of their labor in the weird light of the wind-mad night. The ship trembled on her side. She started up, fell back.

"Go—you!" a grizzled sailor snarled. As if he alone had power over that pot-gutted thing, it lifted, touched the bulwark top. Then, careening there as if in defiance for an instant, it went hurtling overside at last just as the *Mantu* lifted herself shudderingly and swept back the seas. The deck was clear!

ONLY then did Harry Bradley notice the third mate at his side, in the thick of it. The youngster's mouth was twisted. There was agony on his face. Blood stained his uniform coat where the drum edge had slashed at him. But his eyes burned with something the chief mate of the *Mantu* had never known. Lucky Harry Bradley had him enthralled, all right. But he'd do that, schoolship kid! He knew what serving a ship meant.

"You—hurt?" the master cracked at him.

"All right, sir. . . . The hatch—"

He staggered to it, mindless of his torn chest. Had to be drum-tight, that hatch, or the *Mantu* was lost. The master led the bos'n and the men in their struggle with the spare tarpaulin. The new covers were in place now, but that canvas thrashed and cracked in the wind, spilling them off their feet as if they had no more weight than paper dolls. And always there was the whine and whistle of the *pampero*, the deep-throated boom of it, and the crashing seas all about. The canvas was down at last. The first bar went in place. The bos'n rammed home the first batten. From under the black shadow of the alleyway overhang, a short, solid man appeared in the wilderness of the foredeck. He had a heavy maul in his hand, and he marched stolidly into the struggle, balancing himself angularly to the steep incline of the deck. His head was bare, his white hair flying in the wind, with a soil of engine-grease marring its snowy dignity. Old Joel Benton meant to have his share of that fight!

He came forward and took his place on the drumming tarpaulin. His maul came up and down. He smashed the battens home one after another, quieting the canvas, covering the wound in the *Mantu*'s deck. There was something serene and noble about him as he stood there solid as a rock in the midst of chaos, his wrinkled face placid with strength, cracking calmly at each wooden batten in turn. Harry Bradley saw him. Something surged in him. Leila Benton's father!

"You," he bellowed, "what are you doing here?"

The words came to old Joel's ears only in ragged tatters. Serenely he turned his head.

"My fault, Harry. 'Twas my engine let you down. Can do no less."

The *Mantu* rolled down on her side. A mountain of water rose towering above her weather rail, its white-plumed crest high above the vessel's deck. Some one shrieked a warning, but his voice

was lost in the clamor. The Chief cracked the last batten home. He turned aft. The sea hurled itself forward, snarling. The wind clipped its top and hurtled the spray aboard like the advance of a cavalry charge. It caught Joel unawares and sent him sprawling across the deck. Harry Bradley leaped to his aid, reached for him blindly through the welter and boil of white water. He found something to hold. He hung on, spluttering. The sea boiled shoulder-high. Half overside, the Chief hung. Bradley braced himself, fighting for a foothold, reaching his other hand for Benton's armpit. Slowly, agonizingly, he hauled him back aboard. . . . A bedraggled panting lot of men went stumbling and staggering for the shelter of the alleyway. The third mate went with his hand on the torn flesh of his chest. The Chief grinned weakly. There was a deep gash on his cheek. The sea-water, dripping from him, was stained an angry red.

On the bridge Mr. Dobbett saw that rescue. He mumbled something under his breath. But the white face of terror had left him. He felt a little more assured. The *Mantu* had a chance for her life now. The deck was free of that mad iron oil-drum, the forechase secure against the murderous sea.

IT was toward noon of the following day that the *Mantu* came limping and crawling back into the harbor of Montevideo. Steam and water spouted from her overboard discharge, giving evidence of her trouble down below. The marks of her trial were on her, on her bent and twisted rails and her smashed winches—and in the blurred stains of blood in the alleyway which the sea had not quite washed free. She let go her anchors behind the breakwater, beneath a bright and brittle blue sky. The bay was calm and untroubled. The little white city beamed out on her. Only far to leeward the sky still bore traces of the night's horror, where strips of ragged storm scud dragged their tails beneath the horizon.

In his cabin under the bridge, Captain Harry Bradley grinned at the Chief and at his bandaged third officer. "Come along, you two. Shore hospital doctors better have a look at you. I don't fancy myself as a surgeon. Mr. Dobbett has a boat alongside for us. You can arrange for your repairs, Chief. And there's a cable I want to send." He fumbled in the locker and put something under his patrol jacket that bulged largely. "I've been thinking, Chief," he went on quietly, "about that house on the Sound you and Leila are going to have. It'll be mighty lonely, Joel, with no engines for you to tend. If she'll have me,"—the master's voice grew gruff for some reason, and the young third mate smiled to himself—"if she'll have me, it's likely in time there'd be a kid to play with. Company for you, Joel. Eh? What do you say? I'll send her a cable today."

Old Joel Benton's wrinkled face creased more deeply.

"Aye, Harry," he said austerely. "I'd teach him what I could."

They went together, the three of them, out on deck and down the ladder into the waiting boat. The officers took their place in the stern-sheets. The craft shoved off, oars digging deep, Captain Harry Bradley at the tiller. He swung clear of the *Mantu's* side and spaced toward her bluff new bows.

"Vast all!" he ordered, and stood up. The *Mantu* lay motionless in the still water, her sides rising sheer above them. The small-boat drifted closer. Harry Bradley reached for the bulge in his pocket and brought out that bottle of *Pedro Demeque*—the finest brandy south of the line.

"Well, old girl," he said firmly, "you almost had your way. Cheated you, they did, with soda-pop, and you've had your blood instead. Take this!"

His arm came back. He hurled the bottle against the *Mantu's* bows. The men on the thwarts looked up, startled. But the third mate grinned. He knew now what the master meant. The glass shattered and fell to the water. But the amber liquid ran dripping down the ship's bow post, showing a stain a little darker than the paint of her hull.

"Now—behave!"

JOEL BENTON, the chief engineer, nodded solemnly with his face upraised. A ship was bound to have her rights. He knew.

"Aye," he said gravely. "Aye, Harry. Knows her master now. She will behave."

The small boat turned toward the harbor quay. The oars dipped and rose,

glittering in the warm and brilliant sunlight. On the *Mantu's* bridge Mr. Dobbert saw it, clear of the vessel's side, growing smaller as it drew away.

"There he goes," he growled to the second mate. "Lucky Harry Bradley—that's him, all right! Be in the New York papers, I guess. Saved the Chief's life now! First thing you know he'll be master of a crack passenger-liner in the North Atlantic trade. Luck; that's what it is, Mister. Just plain luck. He happened to be there and handy, that's all. Luck is a funny thing. Some of us have it and some of us haven't. Blast me if it ain't so!"

The chief mate was right. There wasn't any question of it. Captain Bradley had just happened to be there and handy. That was all there was about it.

LIFE BEGINS AT 60

(Continued from page 53)

There wasn't any next time, not for two long years. But by this time, my Irish was up. I'm a quarter Irish, you know, and there's more of me than there is of most people. I decided to stick it out. For better or for worse, I would cast my lot with pictures. I would stay in Hollywood.

I TOOK a little house on a hillside. From one corner of my second-story veranda I could glimpse the ocean; from the other, I could see acre upon acre of green California grass and bright-hued California flowers. I could watch whole regiments of royal palms march down white avenues to the sea.

I lived on my little porch. I had breakfast there every morning. Afternoons and evenings I played solitaire. I played my piano and sang—occasionally to friends who dropped in, oftener to myself. Without my music, I should have died long ago.

Before long I could see that my friends were sorry for me. They couldn't keep the pity out of their eyes. I have never liked pity, but I had to endure it—to remember that most of it was rooted in affection. I have already told you that I had learned to cast fear out of my life. Now I taught myself to wait gracefully.

I believe there comes a time in life when there is nothing to do but wait. In youth, impatience is a virtue. After fifty, it is a vice. It took me nearly sixty years to learn this, so I don't expect anybody else to accept it on my say-so.

Again my funds sank very low. And again friendship came to my rescue. For years Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Naumberg had been my very good friends. They were people of considerable means. When Mrs. Naumberg heard how things were going with me, she did a rare and beautiful thing. She said: "If I knew I were going to die tomorrow, I should leave Marie a little legacy. Maybe she won't need it tomorrow, but she needs it now. I won't wait."

She sat down and wrote out a check—enough to keep me a year. If it hadn't been for that check, for Lettie Naumberg, I might not have been able to hold on. . . .

And now something quite strange happened—one of life's little ironies. Here

I had given up knocking at stage doors, to wait for an opening wedge in a movie studio. And after a year of fruitless waiting, I got a call to return to the stage as the mother in "The Swan." The salary was one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. I, who for years had drawn twenty-five hundred dollars a week, accepted gratefully. That small part might open the door to opportunity again. And that's just what it did! Almost at once, M-G-M decided to make a movie version of "The Swan," as a starring vehicle for Norma Shearer. I was asked to play the mother on the screen. They called the picture "Let Us Be Gay." It was one of the first successful talkies.

Fate, you see, had dealt a hand in the movie game—a hand that gave most of the high cards to experienced legitimate actors. Talking pictures had sprung into being. Dialogue had come to the screen. Movie moguls belatedly realized what the public had long been ready to accept, namely, that there is more to living and loving than a handsome young man engaged in amorous acrobatics on the parlor sofa with a doll-faced young woman.

Dimly producers began to suspect that movie patrons were onto the fact that life does not end at twenty with a hero and heroine in a clinch. All at once we began to have the same sort of representation of life on the screen that we have on the stage. Broadway successes were eagerly sought and bought.

Hollywood was forced to look around for actors who could read lines. And immediately Humpty-Dumpty fell off his wall. Screen stars whose names had been great box-office draws as long as they kept their mouths shut, suddenly went overboard—some never to rise again. The few who had stage training, and the even smaller group who set about the painful and uphill job of acquiring it, were, of course, the survivors.

And then began the long trek from Broadway to Hollywood.

Several veterans, including Lionel Barrymore and George Arliss, appeared on the screen, and the fans gave them quite a hand. Wally Beery, whose profile is something to remember, discovered that he had a voice as well as a way with him.

About this time Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought the rights to Eugene O'Neill's

"Anna Christie." Frances Marion was asked to make it into a screen play. From the beginning, she saw me as *Marthy*, the old waterfront soak. She built up the part just as she had fattened the part of *Ma Callahan* for me. And again she went to the high money-monks and demanded that I be given the rôle.

They were kind but firm.

"My dear child," said one official reasonably, "we must have actors with a following, people whose names mean something. There is no doubt that Miss Dressler was a great actress in her day. But her day is—past. Nobody has heard of her in ten years."

Not even Frances could contest that final damning statement. But Frances is loyal, and she is stubborn. Don't think for a moment, though, that she would have jeopardized a production in the name of friendship. Not Frances Marion! But, you see, she still believed in me. She remembered me as *Ma Callahan*. She had written the part. Don't forget that. My interpretation of the rôle had meant more to her than it could possibly have meant to anybody else.

But Frances is smart. She couldn't be where she is today if she weren't.

"Perhaps you're right," she said sweetly. "But just give her a test in the part for my sake. If she fails, my conscience will be clear. I'll feel that I've done all I could."

To placate her, they agreed to test me as *Marthy*. They were serene in the confidence that even Frances would see that I was through.

TO everyone's surprise, except Frances Marion's, the test came out favorably. And when the picture was shown, it was an enormous success. At once it established Garbo on a throne which in my mind has never been threatened. She was magnificent. And some of the critics said that an ugly old woman had stolen the show from the beautiful young star!

Of course this was not true. Nobody could steal a show from Garbo. What they meant was this: They were surprised that the part of a homely, drunken old waterfront gaw could be made a living thing that pulled at your heartstrings even while you shuddered at the depths of degradation to which *Marthy* had sunk.

A most important statement
to those who want white,
lustrous teeth:

**5 people out of 7
do not change from
Listerine Tooth Paste**

WE can tell you how costly are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

"Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out."

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable

REGULAR SIZE

25¢

tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

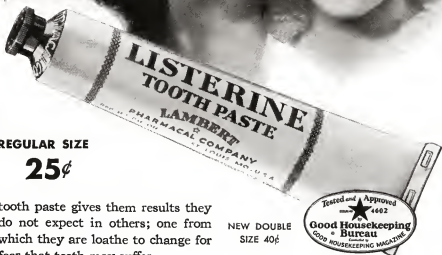
It says, in effect: "At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly."

NEW DOUBLE
SIZE 40¢



If we seem a little enthusiastic about these findings, we hope you will pardon us. They really are something to be proud of.

Why don't you try a tube of this good dentifrice? In two sizes: 25¢ for the regular, 40¢ for the double size. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



I had simply remembered what Robert Grau of the Grau Opera Company had taught me forty years before: "Play every part as if it were your first and last. Temper the enthusiasm of the novice with the fine restraint of the mature artist."

A good way to play one's rôle on the stage of life! But as you know, in real life my enthusiasm sometimes outran my sense of proportion.

Fortunately for me, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer didn't care who stole the show. They were delighted with the success of "Anna Christie." And I? Well, after ten years on the shelf, how do you think I felt?

Letters poured in. People liked me. They wanted to see me again. It didn't matter to the public that I was no longer young. The hurt in my heart was healed.

After "Anna Christie" there was never any question about parts. Metro put me under contract. Our contract is a gentleman's agreement; I have no written one; I don't need it. My word is my bond. And so I met's.

Yes, rôle followed rôle, and picture followed picture. You already know that I woke up one fine morning to learn that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had bestowed its annual award on me. And glory be, the honor had come to me for my work in Frances Marion's picture! If nothing else beautiful ever happened, this was enough, for Frances' faith in me was at last vindicated.

IN many ways this come-back was sweeter than the first big triumph of my youth. There is a vast difference between success at twenty-five and success at sixty. At sixty, nobody envies you. Instead, everybody rejoices generously, sincerely, in your good fortune. Hearing of it is like reading in the papers that more people are living to be a hundred years old. Young people think: "Gosh, life is full of chances." Older ones feel: "It isn't too late to try." Take it from one who has put the ancient bromide to test: *It's never too late.*

I believe that the years after fifty should be the richest, the most fruitful, and satisfying in one's life—particularly in a woman's life. By the time we hit fifty, we have learned our hardest lessons. We have found out that only a few things are really important. We have learned to take life seriously, but never ourselves. In short, we are mellowed. Or we should be.

Too many women feel that when masculine heads no longer turn at their approach, life is over. That is silly. The rapture of first love is fleeting, but the joy of companionship grows and deepens with the years. This makes picking a man at twenty an exciting but hazardous game. That is, if you expect him to furnish both thrills and companionship.

I married at twenty—for thrills. It didn't work out. The thrill soon vanished, and after a year or two we realized there was no basis for companionship. I didn't try marriage again for fifteen years. This time I got both thrills and companionship. Also an incredible amount of joy, compounded largely of sacrifice and serving and suffering. But I have already said that this chapter in my life belongs to me alone.

A lot of water has run under the bridge since little Leila von Koeber defied her father and ran off at fourteen to act on the stage. And Marie Dressler, down-and-out actress of fifty, tramped many a mile spiritually before she made a dent in Hollywood.

STARDOM at sixty!

It would be stupid to pretend that I do not love it: The affectionate I-told-you-so's of the faithful few who believed in me when I dared not believe in myself. The applause of you who pay out money to see me on the screen. It would be equally silly to pretend that success was handed to me on a silver platter. My friends fought to give me breaks. But I worked like a dog to be ready for those breaks. I worked even harder after I got them. *I had to!*

But it was never the acting that was hard for me. It was the waiting and working for a chance to act. I love to act. More particularly, I love to act before the camera. With its eagle eye on you, you can't skimp or fake. Less than your best isn't good enough. You can't say: "I'll pick up at the matinee tomorrow." It's do or die today.

No work is hard if you love it. But working before the camera is always exacting—often exhausting.

I remember one piece of business in which I had to let a folding bed close up on me. We shot that scene exactly seventeen times before we got the result that satisfied both the director and me. And the last time that bed did its stuff, I was too tired to care whether it ever opened again or not.

The most grueling bit of physical labor I ever put in was during the filming of the storm scenes in "Tugboat Annie." One coastwise sailor in the cast told me that in twenty years' experience aboard tramp steamers he had never encountered rougher seas than those manufactured in our studios. They should have been good; Mr. Mayer spent thirty thousand dollars on the dock alone. Able-bodied men were slapped down by waves the script described as mild. There was more than one arm in a sling, and at least one leg in a plaster cast before we got through.

I was able to keep my footing most of the time. Perhaps because I'm used to hard knocks. And right here I want to say that I wouldn't trade the bumps and bruises life has handed me for anything you could name.

"That's all right for you," comes somebody's answer. "You've got something to show for 'em."

True enough. But it would be asinine to pretend that I deserve success above a thousand others who haven't anything but blue spots to show for the hard knocks fate has dealt them. Nobody knows better than I the part that friends and luck have played in my life.

But here's something else: Even if I had failed, I should still have the incomparable satisfaction of knowing that *I had tried*. To know that one has never really tried—that is the living death.

I do not deny that the rewards of success are sweet.

Money is one of them—the one most people think of first in connection with success on the screen, so I'll speak of it first. So much nonsense has been written

about the fabulous incomes of movie stars that perhaps a word from the inside of the lot might not be amiss. It is true, of course, that a handful draw huge salaries; and as a class, movie actors are extremely well paid. But there is one little point which the public is not in a position to know about. It is this: A star is lucky if he gets for his own use one-third of the salary his employer pays him. Most of us are content if we salvage a fourth.

In the first place, not far from half of the star's weekly salary-check is collected by Uncle Sam in income taxes. The agent's commission of ten per cent, plus the salaries of a couple of secretaries to handle the mail, both legitimate and indispensable services, take out another big slice. Then there are certain charities in which a screen star's contribution is taken for granted.

But all of this is just a preface.

A star must maintain a certain standard of living. And he is always between the devil and the deep blue sea as to what the proper standard is. If he runs a big house, keeps a staff of servants and a fleet of motorcars, he puts on side. If he doesn't, he is a tightwad.

In the nature of things, he must undergo a lively and systematic fleecing from tradesmen. They charge him top prices for everything. When he travels, he is informed that only the most expensive suites on boats and in hotels are available.

But these are pin-pricks. A part of the game. Personally, I wouldn't swap places—no, nor hats!—with the Queen of England. And I wouldn't trade my one modest house for all her palaces either!

ALL my life I've longed for a house, one that stayed put. Even as a child, I never lived more than a few months in any one spot. And of course, a trouper's trunk is her home.

Ever since I can remember, I've been saving things to go in a house: Things people have given me, things I've picked up at junk shops and at auctions. One of my dearest treasures is an old crystal lamp I've been carting around for years—an old-fashioned two-burner oil lamp such as used to stand on Grandma's piano. There isn't a stick of furniture in my house that a man couldn't prop his feet on if he wanted to. A house is a place to live in, not a place to live for. I pass this along to wives for what it's worth.

My Georgian house of mellow brick looks as if it belonged against a background of New England elms instead of the exotic palm trees of southern California. It does stand among elms. The man who built the house imported the elms to go with it. That's why I bought the house, I think.

I put in my house the things I had saved, the things I needed to make me comfortable. It is no decorator's dream, but it is my dream—come true. My faithful colored Mamie now has her husband Jerry to help her Hector and boss me and make life altogether delightful.

I ask to my house the people I like. Now and then Mamie will clear out of the kitchen. Then I tie one of her big snowy aprons about my waist and make my steak speciality. Later there is music or bridge. Or maybe just talk.

Over 30—they have the skin of their 20's

*Titled beauties from 3 Nations
examined by Dermatologists . . .*

*say they owe their youthful
skin to the same Cream*



The Countess Howe

—English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes." *London Physician's Report.*



The Duchess of Leinster

—the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness." *London Physician's Report.*



*Her Royal Highness
Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans*

Comtesse de Chaponnay, niece of the late King Albert of Belgium, wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm, clear, fine." *Dermatologist's Report.*

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

Beauties praise this Cream

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves and it nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cold cream an-

swers the three vital needs of the skin:—It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Even blackheads yield to its gentle action. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.

Use it at night—again in the morning—when you freshen up. Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE—Pond's new *Liquidina* Cream contains the same oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. Cleanses—refines—prepares for powder.



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults, prepares for powder

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN? 20? 30?

Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS of the 20's



Blackheads, Large pores, Roughness, Dryness, Laughter lines, Little blemishes

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS of the 30's



Crispy skin, Worry lines, Sallowiness, Discolorations, Sagging tissues

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Street _____

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In my back garden my mutt dog Friday romps gayly with a pedigreed canine aristocrat named Peter. My friends dinged me into acquiring Peter. They think Friday is a disgrace. Peter is all right, but I just can't warm to him as I warm to Friday. Friday and I have been together a lot together. We see eye to eye. . . .

I now come to the end of my story.

Fifty years of ups and downs, of glory and despair, of happiness and grief. Fifty years as an actress. Fifty years as a human being. A late climax and a happy ending. The play that has been my life unfolds before me in memory—a kaleidoscopic parade of moments worth living.

And the best of it is that the parade goes on. Each day brings fresh and precious moments to add to my collection, renewed evidence of friendships I cherish.

After winning the Academy medal, I was feted in New York City by friends to whom my success meant as much as

it did to me. I was driven up Fifth Avenue. The crowds closed in about the car. Friendly faces, and kind. But here and there I could detect a note of stiffness, a suggestion of suspicion. I knew that there were those who wondered if perhaps Marie's head were not turned just a little, if success hadn't made a difference.

It made me a little sad—this feeling of mine.

Then an unforgettable incident occurred to reassure me.

AS we reached Fiftieth Street, a big fellow in a policeman's uniform, with firm pink cheeks and graying hair showing beneath the blue of his official cap, stretched an arm across advancing traffic. Leaning against the open window of my car, he beamed: "Hullo, Marie! How's tricks?"

Bless him for his confidence in a Marie Dressler in whom good fortune or bad could effect no change!

A full life to look back upon—and true friends with whom to pass the time of day. What greater happiness could come to any woman or man?

For fifty years I have made you laugh and cry. I hope that I have succeeded at times in the task which is my own—of sending you out of the theater washed of bitterness, forgetful of sorrow and trouble. This much I hope I have done for you—you who have done so much for me!

You are my friends, you people on the other side of the footlights. If I have done anything worth-while, your laughter and tears, your encouragement and devotion, are responsible. Without you to urge me on, I could have accomplished nothing. Without your quick appreciation, your unfailing loyalty, and your generosity in taking a homely old woman into your hearts, I should never have lived to begin life at sixty!

THE END

MANHATTAN JITTERS

(Continued from page 35)

that tells you about the roselighted elfin world of the theater, where the actors are brilliant and so gay!"

Her involuntary image of distress impelled him to take her in his arms. "You call all the plays wrong, you little fool. I can't see why you want this smoke-writer zooming through your sky. But if that's what you want, you can't snare comets with a lot of humility and this crushed, palpitant stuff. Comets don't rise to it."

"You're telling me?" She laid her head against his shoulder, confining his immediate vision to dark brown hair curled distractingly by damp weather. "I'm supposed to know this town—it can't take me in or get me down. You know my record—hard as manganese, cold as the Arctic gale, undentable as a politician's heart. So here I'm howling on the editor's shoulder because Julie took my guy."

IN one of Julie's plays, he would unquestionably have shaken her. He had quite different impulses. He wanted to sneeze, and there was a sudden violent notion of kissing her. With effort, he avoided both mistakes. "Sure you know the town. And if you don't know actors, you're defrauding Kenby. Listen, the *Globe's* Romeo is due to get unloaded. When Julie's plays go into rehearsal, she starts arranging for publicity. Well, this one's a hit now—God knows why—and Romeo has told the town she's Duse. So in about a week that crawling noise will be the Great Gerald coming back to your doorstep. Julie will be just one of those sudden fits of madness that afflict us great men, Carol dear; and now I'm penitent, can't we go on to something finer? Yeah, and there'll be a line about how much his heart has learned through suffering. He'll be quoting all the hits."

"So what have I got them?" She moved out of his arms, and he yielded to half his impulses—he sneezed. "I've got a guy that an actress threw over. What a town to have a romance in!"

"Know any better town for a romance?"

The misty effect that tears gave her eyes came either from Gerald Boone or

from corryza, but it was distinctly worth while. He forbade himself to resume the effort at consolation. "That country place and the borzoi would have their points," she said. "Get the stage set, Lindsay—rain-swept Rhode Island hills when you look out of the windows, not the offices of a sewer-pipe company." She laughed. "We'd better get some rough tweeds in the props too, and a highly male pipe, and a blackthorn stick."

Lindsay grunted. "You've been reading the Kenby Publications. The *Globe* wouldn't like Rhode Island. How could he hear things for his column?"

Back in his cell, he remembered that he hadn't denounced her for changing that center spread. Oh, well, let it ride. Pictures of Julie Downing were just pictures of Julie Downing. There had been other retarded blondes. They seemed to exist to fascinate dramatic writers from Yale. He signed his initials to the dummy, tossed it in the proper basket and sat down at the typewriter to begin his article on "Lavender for Widows." The people who read *Backdrop* honestly believed that cheese sandwiches like "Lavender for Widows" were important. He saw himself as a glamour-spreader, helping out the public delusion that what happened in and out of theaters was romantic. Spraying glamour on people like Julie—it wasn't glamour; it was just arrested development. That was New York for you. Probably there were things wrong with Hollywood too, but it was three thousand miles from New York, and that counted heavily.

He heard the most charming voice in the newspaper business say, "Hello, sweet, is your boss here?" in the outside room. Another thing about Hollywood, Gerald Boone wouldn't be there. Gerald swept into the cubsicle, radiating magnetism. A whole love-scene in her eyes, Carol tagged along. If the little fool knew her cues, she'd invite him to go to hell. No chance. At this moment she was probably quivering with adoration of that English storm-coat and that exquisite hat.

"I dropped by to speak to Kenby," Gerald said boyishly. "He isn't in. That

gives you a chance to break the idea as something you thought up all alone."

"Kenby will collapse in tears. He gets damn few breaks in this business."

"This is a big one." Gerald was practically singing an aria. He turned to Carol. "Lindsay's got a great act. Ninety years on the big time with his teeth showing, and never bit anybody yet." Here Gerald kissed her forehead and turned on some more charm. "I'll stop in for you at five, sweet." He went out. For some reason, no sirens were blowing.

"There goes a general alarm, sweet," Lindsay said. "And a big break for Kenby and you, sweet. So go back to your office and make a magazine, sweet."

"Lindsay!" Carol seemed to be genuinely astonished. "What is this grouch you've been coddling? Don't blame it on a cold—you've been a cross between sulphuric acid and a hangover for months. What's all the shouting for? Why not kick me and be done with it? Just what about me annoys you so?"

"I can't cast you as a broken reed," Lindsay said with great violence. "You and the world's bright boy gripe me. The rising star with New York in his heart! I can admire the custom-made shoes, but I can't love watching him wipe them on you while you exhibit gratitude for the attention. You clicked better before the metal in your spine turned to sponge rubber. You've ceased to be a girl of the period, Carol. You're just news for a dramatic column."

HE was dropping sparks now, in the old manner.

"So that's what you think of us?"

"Yes!" he shouted. "That's what I think of you. It's impossible to tell you from a half-wit, and in that case you ought to go on the stage. Checked, signed and sealed, L. Snedden, Editor." It was a good rousing climax, but going back to his office, he damaged its effect by an involuntary sneeze.

Irritation blending with the onset of a cold, he finished his review of "Lavender for Widows." He made a few changes and marked it to be set up. He attended

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A new, stronger "strain" of yeast, discovered in a U. S. medical college, speeds digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

troubles and run-down condition. The doctors were amazed. The results were the "talk" of the clinics!

poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin healthier. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

ALREADY the news has cheered millions... amazed doctors. Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them below:—

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It's a totally new "strain" of fresh yeast. Far stronger. It acts *faster* inside you.

2. How was it Discovered?

By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college... after years of research on yeast's action.

3. How was it "Tried Out"?

By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe... on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin

4. How do Doctors explain it?

The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up*!

*This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly*!

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better *almost at once!* You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.

After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

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Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is *also* rich in Vitamins B, D and G... 4 important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY... plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're *thoroughly well*. Get a 3-day supply now! (It is as good as ever for baking, too!)

"Some time ago," writes Barbara Evans, Ridley Park, Pa., "Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the new yeast. It's quicker. I felt better in two days."



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS



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to some other small jobs. He checked off the memoranda for closing day. Everything was okay. The January number was closed. The last number of *Backdrop*, the last issue of a magazine he would ever put out. The realization hit him with a sudden disturbance. He sat down, lighted a cigarette that tasted exactly like burning wool, and stared at nothing in particular. He had to admit that, in spite of the town, he'd had two amusing years on *Backdrop*.

HE wandered into the outside room, Dingy, cluttered, crowded with rickety files and battered tables, it was nevertheless a habitat that had fitted him—as well as any habitat could fit anyone in the world's madhouse. You couldn't ask for anything better in New York. . . . The sky had grown dark outside the window, and the city's lights were diffused by rain. New York was pretty tolerable in this hour, when you'd finished the job and were taking it easy. He'd miss this hour when he got to Hollywood.

Carol said through the closed door: "If that's you on the prowl, Lindsay, don't come in. I'm hiding my bruised heart with black velvet."

She came out a few minutes later, and her effort had been thoroughly successful. If by any chance actresses were ever as pretty as Carol, Lindsay's ex-profession would be more desirable. But he'd been wrong a minute ago: New York was far from tolerable.

She looked critically in a small mirror. "There's a point when coming down with a cold is just as effective for the eyes as belladonna." She sat down and lighted a cigarette. "Closing-day always seems insane, but we always plod through. I lost hope of having a January number, but we've got one. So now we can go gaze on the happy lovers for a while, and then go home and treat ourselves to pneumonia."

"How would you like to edit *Backdrop*?" he asked abruptly.

"Don't I?"

"Well, how would you like to draw the editor's pay-check?"

Carol slowly crushed out her cigarette. "Lindsay, what's up? What are all these dour hints? Are they just part of your grouch? You'd better tell me."

"I took a job in Hollywood this morning. So your sky-sign from Yale wants this job. I'm damned if I'll throw it to him. The job belongs to you."

She looked at him with quite obvious consternation. Yet what seemed to disturb her was the first part of his announcement. "I think you really mean it!" she said. "Lindsay, you can't leave town—you're Father Manhattan in person. You can't go west—the wolves and the Indians would scare you to death."

"I can buy a gun, can't I? Listen, New York's just my padded cell. The sight of a timetable gives me more life than a double Martini."

"That's just your borzoi sleeping by the fire." She went to a window and stood looking at the rain. "Where does this leave New York, Lindsay? Who is going to hold up the bar at Tom's? And just where does it leave me?"

"With about three times the pay you're getting now."

"I'd miss my leg if it was amputated, wouldn't I? After two years of a daily

dog-fight, after being cussed out as the right beginning for every business day—how am I supposed to get along? If this office gets peaceful, it won't be *Backdrop*."

"All right, I'll throw the job to Gerald. Instead of dog-fights, you can hold wedding rehearsals. With Gerald's proprietary smile—"

"Come right down to it," Carol said vehemently, "what's the matter with Gerald?"

Various pressures rose in Lindsay. After consideration he perceived that it was impossible to explain what was the matter with Gerald. "Nothing kills editorial intelligence quicker than romance," he said. "Don't be a fool, Carol. This is a good job. A good salary—nobody interfering with you—make your own hours—say and do what you want—it's a good berth. It keeps you amused. You're part of what's going on. Being editor of *Backdrop* is something."

"What about the ladlefuls of glamour you're always beefing about? What about the elfin personalities of the stage? If it's a swell job, why are you quitting it?"

"Stop talking like a fool—"

"Stop calling me a fool! Is it a wise guy that quits *Backdrop*—"

"I want you to take this job—"

"You don't. You just want to keep Gerald out of it. Lindsay, you're just pig-headed and suffering from delirium—you can't leave New York." Her voice quieted, and her face relaxed. "Look at us! It's illegal to fight more than twenty rounds. We have thousands of rounds, with full sound-effects. We're just automatic."

Right—a serialized battle-scene. He'd miss it, in Hollywood. But his glance fell on the office clock, and he forgot about Hollywood. "Five thirty-five."

Carol followed his glance. "So it is." She sat down. "That's New York for you—a girl gets used to it. Doesn't this frock simply radiate chic, Lindsay?"

THIS cold seemed to have weakened his resistance: not only was the frock radiating chic, but Carol herself was radiating a most disturbing attractiveness. To his surprise, though, she wasn't noticeably drooping. She looked grand.

"Twice in two days!" he said. "What do you do when a great man stands you up twice in a row? How long do you wait writhing on your stem?"

"Just about no longer. Give me credit, Lindsay: I learn slowly, but eventually I get there. At this precise point I renounce romance and go home and treat a cold."

"No. That's another idea gone sour on you."

"No? Have you got some better idea?"

"The cold can wait till a lung collapses." He picked up her coat. "Before you give in to coryza, you get to show yourself at Julie's."

"I see—public exercise in bullet-biting. I think a mustard plaster is more sensible, but if you say hide the heartbreak, I'll hide it."

She put on her hat, readjusted the coloration of her lips, and smiled. Good girl! The luster of that surface was coming back. "Do you want me to congeal Julie with the hauteur of a proud woman untroubled by cardiac distur-

ance? Or are you cueing me to be light and gay and careless—high spirits bubbling through a cold in the head?"

Holding her coat, he was conveniently placed. She smiled as she got into it, and it seemed part of the idea to complete the circle with his arms. He turned her face up and kissed her, which also belonged to the idea. He kissed her again. It was the climax of his editorship. Carol offering no objection, he repeated the experience.

"I don't usually see eye to eye with Julie," Carol said, "but I must admit the woman has her perceptions. Whatever bear there is in you, is just wool. You're therapeutic, Lindsay; you know all the right treatments. Quinine for coryza, moderate show of affection for the wounded heart. Thanks, Doc. Let's go."

A DISMAL wind had been added to the rain. Say what you would, the town looked charming in a rainstorm. In the taxi, green and red and orange lights from street-signs swept across Carol's face. A similar glow from the rotating ads of the cab was also on her—she had never before realized the decorative possibilities of those ads. Carol drew his arm through hers and relaxed against him. "Stop at a florist's for a thorn," she suggested. "Your plan probably calls for me to press my breast against one."

"Oh, Lord!" He turned to her. "I forgot. Max Hurwitz's plate of tripe is opening at the Parrish this evening."

"Tonight Forever." So it is! Carol giggled. "That's not your worry, Lindsay; you've quit the reviewing business. Somebody else gets to be gripped by 'Tonight Forever.'"

He'd forgotten about that. "Your gripe—you're editing *Backdrop*."

"I'm not editing anything. And I'm staying home (tonight with my feet in a hot bath, inhaling menthol and scattering ashes where my heart was. But first—) The cab stopped at Julie's hotel. "But first the bullet-biting. Get some trumpets for the entrance. If I've got to sweep through a crowd giving off *je m'en fiche*, another treatment is probably called for, Doctor." She leaned against him and raised her face. . . . "To give the eyes shine, Lindsay, and bring an exquisite pink to the cheeks."

Julie's suite was crowded. Some day somebody was going to stuff the whole collection and put them under glass. They gathered in groups, which broke up and reformed. They laughed and shrieked and quoted one another. Carefully rehearsed speeches were being made in the hope that they would appear in type tomorrow morning. Carol borne away from him by somebody unidentified, Lindsay waded through the mob. He was an experienced wader; he'd been doing this for years; it was part of his job. After a circuit of the place, he hadn't found Gerald Boone. That was queer: how had anyone been able to detach him from Julie?

Julie, he saw, was standing with Frank Moss at the ornate marble and gold fireplace, centrally spotted. Dozens of people crowded round them, and you could be sure that Julie was tinkling and gurgling. The wench combined all the worst features of a music-box and a lawn-sprinkler. He'd have to go up and say



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MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

[CORK-TIPPED]



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THROAT COMFORT!

Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are mildly mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for
HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

something. He went on looking for the comet. An anonymous pair had Carol in a corner. Carol was smiling. Carol was the best-looking woman outside the Kenby Publications' color-plates.

Genial, alcoholic and rotund, Joe Morton of the *Express* swayed before him. Another dramatic writer, another habitué of Tom's, Joe knew the town as a squirt from Yale could never know it. Joe was another New York item Lindsay would be missing. "So you're going to Hollywood!" Joe said. "Well, when a guy can be talked into going, he's ready to go; he's through here. Hope you didn't close your sheet before this broke."

"Before what broke?"

Joe gulped what was left of a cocktail. "The Downing-Moss nuptials. . . You don't mean I beat you to it? You certainly are washed up in New York—"

Lindsay strode past Joe Morton. Using a crawl-stroke, he made his way through the mob at the fireplace. "Julie," he said, "have you been getting married again?"

Julie gave him both hands. Her eyes deepened, and her voice was a silver bell. "Don't you read the papers, Lindsay? The *Express* even had pictures. Just as we were leaving Tom's, the idea hit both of us at once—why wait any longer? Why not give in to our dreams? We taxied straight to the City Hall. Oh, Lindsay, I'm so happy!" She splashed herself over Frank Moss. The mob vibrated ecstatically.

He'd bet that the taxi ride to City Hall was routed through all the newspaper offices. The publicity end of Julie's emotions was infallible. It was at once clear why Boone was absent.

Lindsay made for Carol. He grabbed her by a shoulder and pulled her toward the door.

"Get your coat. We're on our way." When she protested, he roared, "Do as you're told—once, anyway! When I start out to make dreams come true, I want action."

Her color was high, and her chin was higher when, wrapped in her coat, she rejoined him.

"Are your exquisite manners running away with you, Lindsay?" she demanded.

HE shoved her into an elevator, and kept silence till he had given the address of her apartment to a taxi-driver. Then, more revolving signs brushing lights across her face, he opened up. "Who knows this town? When I miss a bet about an actress or, God help me, about a bright young man, let me know. Did I make a prophecy for you? Unloaded on schedule. Even a little ahead of schedule."

"Is this more delirium? Will you tell me why you're taking me home?"

"Not for a mustard plaster. I'm launching you at glory. Your thwarted life is going to spout stars like a Roman candle. This may look like a taxi. It isn't, Carol. It's a white swan from 'Lohengrin.'"

"Will you," she demanded, "tell me what you're talking about?"

"You report the world of the stage, don't you? You ought to hear things. How can you marry a columnist if your ears are bad? I'm taking you home. I'm dropping you at your own doorstep.

There'll be a white-headed boy waiting on it."

"What has Gerald done now? He wasn't at Julie's."

"Of course he wasn't at Julie's. He was making a better mouse-trap straight to your door. He changes emotions as often as Julie changes pants. But Gerald comes up smiling—nobody gets him down. He'll have an orchid and a tweed shoulder for you."

"How you hate that child, Lindsay! Will you tell me what's happened?"

"The *Express* had it with pictures. You ought to get around more. Julie went out and made good on my prophecy. She and Frank Moss called in the photographers and tripped down to City Hall. That's a lot of display space that doesn't cost a cent."

"Married?" She shook his arm. "This afternoon? Oh. . . Oh!"

SHE relinquished his arm. She sat silent while the revolving ads ticked off their announcements of charged water, corsets, restaurants and laxatives. Well, this was her moment. She probably wouldn't even keep Gerald anxious for a while. Upward and onward. Maybe there was something in this comet business. The boy got what he went out for.

"Lindsay, give me a handkerchief."

"All mine are used up. Save your tears for Gerald's tweeds."

When you touched a damp finger to her, she sizzled. "Will you understand?" She stamped her foot. "Handkerchiefs have other uses than to be cried into. I've used all mine, too." She opened the window and told the driver to go to the Kenby offices.

"No!" Lindsay shouted. "That's another dumb play. Nail him now while he's got a body-wound—before he begins to understand it was his game all along."

"Gerald was just romance—this marriage is business. Our copy hasn't gone in yet; it's still on your desk. We have to tell the customers something sweet and perfumed about the bride. Furthermore, what about 'Tonight Forever'?"

"I keep forgetting it. Let it go. We can see it later on."

"You never missed an opening you could crawl to on all fours."

"Oh, all right, all right! I'll cover the tripe. Hurwitz has only used one show in twenty years. Give me one line, and I could reconstruct the whole thing. But I'll sleep through it while love and Yale make their peace with you."

Laughing immoderately, Carol collapsed against his shoulder. "Lindsay, you fraud! I simply adore you. Saturated with gloom, a billion coryza bugs playing leapfrog in you, you're as excited and eager to see Hurwitz's tripe as any adolescent with a case on Julie. Sure, you think the stage is a lousy business. Sure, actors never take you in. Where did you get this idea you could leave *Backdrop?* Were you drunk?"

He groaned. It was the truth. He'd never try the sunlight in Hollywood. He'd stay in New York, and have cold after cold.

"Right," he admitted gloomily. "No vacancy. That was just a fever."

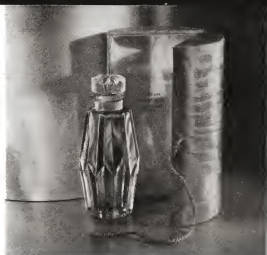
"The idea had a lot of scare in it," she said, more somberly. "That was a bad

Christmas Suggestions

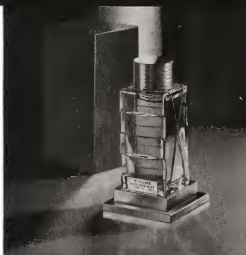
H O U B I G A N T



ESSENCE RARE... *Essence of an essence*, in a gem-faceted bottle \$8.25 to \$150.



PRÉSENCE . . . *The Magnificent*. Houbigant's new perfume, in cut crystal bottle encased in moire. \$16.50.



ETUDE . . . *The spirit of music expressed in a perfume of distinction . . . \$25 to \$45.*



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Discreetly intimate,
— provocative, and
chic. \$2.20 to \$5.50.

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A perfume for the con-
noisseur of fragrance.
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QUELQUES FLEURS... *"A few flowers"*—a Houbigant fragrance that is a world-wide favorite... one of the truly great perfumes of all time . . . \$2.20 to \$30.



BOIS DORMANT...
"Enchanted Wood-
land." Alive with
charm. \$5.50 to \$11.

FESTIVAL... *The per-
fume of gaiety . . . a
continental favor-
ite. \$5.50 to \$27.50.*

PERFUMES AND GIFT SETS AT A VARIETY OF PRICES

You can get a famous Houbigant perfume in a charming presentation package for as little as \$1.10. Or you can be magnificent in the various lordly manners suggested above.

The Houbigant Gift Sets shown below are an especially easy way to solve Christmas problems—even the problem of what to give a man. They are all beautifully boxed for giving.



\$12.50 \$3.00 \$5.00
Luxuriously boxed Houbigant assortments
of perfumes, compacts, eau de toilette, etc.



\$2.75 \$3.75 \$1.65
Gift Sets in the grand manner at modest cost. The
face powder is Houbigant "Dull Finish," of course.



FOR MEN! \$3.75 \$2.00
Men always get in a lather about these
sets of Fougere Royale Shaving Luxuries.

ten minutes in the office. Well, thanks, Doc. You're the right man for an emergency."

The rain was turning to sleet. A mad town! A place where you went through life blowing your nose. Well, he had a life sentence. He might as well admit it. He was Father Manhattan in person, and there was no escape.

Carol was talking again.

"I'll do a lovely paragraph about Julie's bliss. Meanwhile, you get a couple of dozen handkerchiefs. We'll need them. And it may be right to starve a cold, but that idea can be carried too far. We'll have to eat something, if it's only a sandwich."

"Now what's on your mind?"

"You don't think I'd let you go to 'Tonight Forever' alone, do you? I

couldn't trust what you might write about it with a cold in the head."

"Don't be more of a fool than you have to be. There's Gerald—"

"There hasn't been Gerald since you sprang that one about getting out of town," she said angrily. "That called a lot of bluffs, Lindsay. It had authority. I knew why you wanted to leave. And right off, I knew why I wasn't going to let you." She seized his arm again. Her temperature was on the rise. "How many men will I let throw me over in one day? If you think you can, make a trial, darling. Listen—the point is, you'll never get away from New York. I'll never get a borzoi by the fire. To hell with borzois—they're pretty dumb-looking dogs. Taxis are much better for these scenes; taxis are swell. You made a

good start at the office, Lindsay—you might go on from there. Oh, you big dumb dimwit!" Carol said still more angrily. "I don't want any mouse-traps. I wouldn't let Gerald reach me by long distance. What I want is a declaration of editorial policy. Do something about it."

That seemed to explain everything adequately. After all, nobody ever died of a cold in the head. . . . He did something about it.

Five minutes later the cab stopped at the Kenby Publications. Carol said drowsily:

"That's the right policy, I'm certain. And no aliens in this office."

"That play of Hurwitt's is going to be lousy," Lindsay said gloomily. "The poor boob is opening it cold."

CAN AMERICA SPEND ITS WAY INTO RECOVERY?

Yes—by John Maynard Keynes

(Continued from page 24)

unproductive government debt. The residue cannot be very large. Depression is itself the cause of government deficits, resulting from increased expenditure on the support of the unemployed and the falling-off in the yield of taxation. Public debt is inevitable at a time when private expenditure is inadequate; it is better to incur it actively in providing employment and promoting industrial activity than to suffer it passively as a consequence of poverty and inactivity.

So far I have been advocating government expenditure without much reference to the purpose to which the money is devoted. The predominant issue, as I look at the matter, is to get the money spent. But productive and socially useful expenditure is naturally to be preferred to unproductive expenditure. The arguments for expenditure are very much strengthened if the government, by spending a small sum of money, can induce private individuals and corporations to spend a much larger sum. Thus a government guarantee to facilitate the building of houses is, perhaps, the best measure of all.

The government is here operating under the advantage of very considerable leverage; every dollar which there is any risk of the government having to find under its guarantee means a vastly greater number of dollars spent by private persons. There is no better way by which America can spend itself into prosperity than by spending money on building houses. The need is there waiting to be satisfied; the labor and materials are there waiting to be utilized. It will spread employment through every locality. There is no greater social and economic benefit than good houses. There is probably no greater material contribution to civilization and a sound and healthy life which it lies within our power to make. The man who regards all this as a senseless extravagance which will impoverish the nation, as compared with doing nothing and leaving millions unemployed, should be recognized for a lunatic.

I STRESS housing, for this seems to me the happiest of the Administration's schemes. But it is difficult to or-

ganize quickly any one type of scheme on a sufficient scale. Meanwhile other forms of government expenditure, not so desirable in themselves, are not to be despised. Even pure relief expenditure is much better than nothing. The object must be to raise the total expenditure to a figure which is high enough to push the vast machine of American industry into renewed motion. If demand can be raised sufficiently by emergency measures, business men will find that they cannot meet it without repairs and renewals to their plant, and they will then once again take heart of grace to recover the care-free optimism without which none of us ever has the courage to live our lives as they should be lived.

No—by Harold J. Laski

(Continued from page 25)

certainly has so far found herself unable satisfactorily to solve.

It is admitted by those who defend a limited policy of government expenditure that its success in raising the numbers of employed persons is subject to three conditions: (I) The workers must accept all changes in industrial technique which increase efficiency, whatever their effect on vested interests and customary practices; (II) There must not be new wage-demands to offset the increased efficiency secured under (I); and (III) There must be effective organization of the labor-market to secure that mobility of labor which all industrial progress demands. Now, of these demands, the first means that the barriers of craft unionism must be broken down. The second implies that in the period of adjustment trade unions must refrain from seeking wage-increases. The third means drastic government interference with the hiring and firing of labor. If I read aright the temper of American employers and American labor, the political possibility of securing acceptance of these conditions is practically non-existent.

I conclude, therefore, that government spending as anything more than a temporary and limited expedient will necessarily do harm in a capitalist society. At some point, it is a dangerous interference with its characteristic processes of adjustment. It raises grave financial problems;

it may mean inflation, or heavy taxation, or wasteful expenditure, or all of these things; it may mean an unbalanced budget with the disturbance of confidence (an essential condition of recovery) which this implies. It means, also, grave administrative difficulties (already experienced in America under the C. W. A.) which cannot easily be met when a civil service has to be improvised. It means, finally, widespread government interference of a kind and of an intensity alien to the postulates of a capitalist society.

In such a system, a small dose of government expenditure does no harm and may do good. But in such a system also, the prolongation of the dose ultimately means a movement to a planned society in which the control of capital and labor is determined by the state. Experience, I believe, makes it obvious that such a society is incompatible with the principles of capitalism. I think myself that a planned society would be definitely better than the present social order. The problems to which government intervention now gives rise, the disharmonies of class-relations which now cause such difficulties in adjustment, would both, in their present shape, disappear; and the utilization of our full productive power would be a far more feasible operation. But a planned society would have to be based on the public ownership of the means of production. It is to avoid this end that the United States has embarked upon its present experiment.

MY view, therefore, is that the present trend of American policy is unlikely to promote recovery unless it goes very much further. If it does go further, it will be compelled to transform the foundations of the present order; but if, as now, it continues while leaving those foundations unchanged, a bill of staggering dimensions for its present policy will one day have to be met. I find it difficult to believe that the taxpayer will be induced to meet that bill without a sense of outrage, unless he is compensated by a diminution of government expenditure upon those objects of material welfare which mainly affect the interests of the working-class. It is when choices of this kind have to be made, that a political democracy encounters those risks which most threaten its security.

"Test!" SAID SEAGRAM'S *"Yes!"* SAID AMERICA



NOW IT'S AMERICA'S LEADING WHISKEY

YOU WILL ENJOY—
Seagram's
Bottled-in-Bond Whiskies:

SEAGRAM'S V. O.
SEAGRAM'S "83"
SEAGRAM'S "ANCIENT BOTTLE" RYE
SEAGRAM'S BOURBON

SEAGRAM'S CELEBRATED
LONDON DRY GIN
SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR
LONDON DRY GIN

SEAGRAM'S said—"Test it"—and Crown Whiskey became America's favorite in just a few weeks! Moderately priced, *good* whiskey—that was what America was waiting for. That is what they found in Crown Whiskey. Searches ended. Doubts disappeared. Disappointments vanished. That's what happened when thousands tested Crown Whiskey. And why not? Crown Whiskey ought to be good. It is offered to you by the house that holds the world's largest treasure of fully aged Rye and Bourbon whiskey!

Here's How Professionals Test Whiskey

1. Pour a little into a glass. 2. Swish around to moisten inside of glass. 3. Pour whiskey back into bottle. 4. Inhale aroma left in glass.

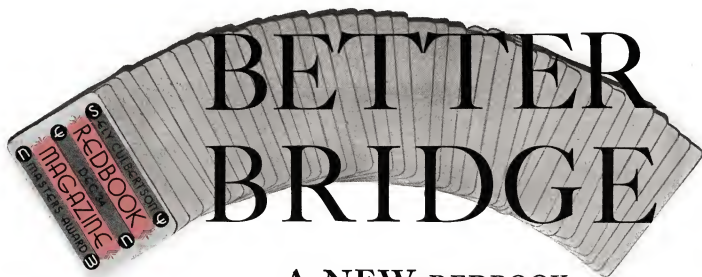
The aroma of Seagram's moderately priced Crown Whiskies will be mellow, warm and smooth—like that of the most expensive whiskies. The aroma of young, green whiskey is usually harsh. *Aroma indicates quality*—as your taste will verify.

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram's
CROWN WHISKIES
Say Seagram's and be Sure



IT is with great pleasure that REDBOOK announces a new series of bridge problems by Mr. Culbertson, and an interesting novelty in the many prizes for successful contestants. This is the third year in which REDBOOK and Mr. Culbertson have conducted a bridge contest; in the last two years many thousands of our readers have found keen enjoyment in competing, and have in addition won prizes; and we are confident that the new contest and its prizes will be even more popular. The problems which Mr. Culbertson writes combine an exciting game with invaluable instructions from one of the world's best-known authorities on the great game. The first of the series follows below, and the contest will continue through the winter and spring. Here Mr. Culbertson tells you all about it.



A NEW REDBOOK CONTRACT BRIDGE CONTEST

directed by Ely Culbertson

PLAYING contract bridge is a matter of solving many problems, one following fast upon the heels of the other. Every time you bid, and every time you play, you are finding the answer to a problem—shall I make this bid, or that bid? Shall I play this card, or that card?

In some cases you will know the solution to the particular problem so well that you do not even pause, but unhesitatingly make your choice.

In other cases, however, the answer is not quite so simple to find, and you must cautiously weigh all the pros and cons before you can decide.

In preparing a new bridge contest for REDBOOK I have kept this important feature of the game in mind. I have written problems which are good examples of puzzling situations with which you will be faced when you are actually playing. They will not be "tricky, double-dummy brain-teasers," with intentional pitfalls to trap the unwary though perhaps excellent player. You will be able, after reasoning out the answer to a question in this contest, to go

straight to a bridge-table and apply the same reasoning to hands which are actually dealt to you.

The prizes, too, will be to your liking. Last year less than one hundred prizes were given altogether. *This year there will be five hundred successful participants every month!* Every one of the five hundred bridge-players who send in the best answers will receive, as a souvenir of his skill, a deck of a special long-lasting kind of playing-cards, which remain new and clean for months.

These playing-cards, besides being suitably engraved to attest to the skill of the winner, will have on their backs a simple code which allows six prepared hands to be dealt—the six finest hands I have encountered since first contract bridge began.

Each winner of a deck of these cards will also receive a booklet which explains just how the hands should be bid and played, and why. Then, after dealing and playing each hand, you can find out whether "we" or "they" bid and played better. These markings in no way interfere with using the

cards for regular playing purposes. And every month five hundred decks will be sent to successful contestants.

Each set of problems will have three parts. The first part will be a complete deal, with the hands of all four players shown. I will tell you the correct bidding and the final contract. Then you will tell me how you think the hand should be played, from the angle of both the declarer and the defense. The problem will be taken from actual play, and your answer must take into consideration the fact that no player can see more than his own hand and the dummy.

In these problems there will be none of the tricks of the unnatural bridge puzzle; every correct play will be based on intelligent inferences rather than upon any knowledge of what other players hold.

The second part will also be a complete deal, but this time you must give the correct bidding. Here again you must not make use of the fact that you know all four hands. You may see that two finesses will work, and a suit will break well, and a

squeeze will ensue—but using such knowledge in your answer is taboo in this contest, exactly as it is impossible in actual bidding.

The third part of each month's set of problems will be of a new and different type. The various forms of "I.Q." (intelligence quotient) tests which are used to examine college students will be used as a basis, transplanted bodily to contract bridge.

A different form of these I.Q. problems will be used every month, but always a few one-word or two-word answers to the questions stated will complete the solver's task.

Just as in last year's contest, a method will be provided so that you can mark your own papers and classify yourself as in a certain expert ranking at bridge. Answers to all the problems will of course be published later in REDBOOK, so that you can see how well you have done, and whether or not you will receive one of the five hundred decks of cards which will be distributed monthly.

The first month's problems follow:

A.—Actual Playing Problem.

North, dealer; neither side vulnerable.

<p>♠ Q 5 ♥ Q 7 6 3 ♦ Q 3 2 ♣ K Q J 8</p>	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>North</td> <td>East</td> </tr> <tr> <td>West</td> <td>South</td> </tr> </table>	North	East	West	South	<p>♠ K J 10 4 ♥ 4 ♦ J 9 8 6 5 ♣ 7 6 5</p>
North	East					
West	South					
<p>♠ 9 6 2 ♥ K 10 8 5 2 ♦ A 10 4 ♣ 10 3</p>						

The bidding has proceeded:

North	East	South	West
1 NT	Pass	2 ♥	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♥	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West has the opening lead. Outline the play of this hand both from the point of view of the declarer and of the defense. A trick-by-trick description of the play is not absolutely essential if your summary brings out clearly all the important points. Remember, do not have South play the hand as if he had peeked into the East and West hands; or, similarly, do not have the defense play in the same manner. This is an actual playing problem, and the correct solution will be the way South should have played the hand if actually playing it in a game, and without any knowledge other than that which is imparted to him by the bidding, the opening lead and a view of the dummy.

B.—Actual Bidding Problem.

South is the dealer; both sides are vulnerable.

<p>♠ K 8 6 5 3 2 ♥ J ♦ 9 2 ♣ J 8 4 3</p>	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>North</td> <td>East</td> </tr> <tr> <td>West</td> <td>South</td> </tr> </table>	North	East	West	South	<p>♠ A Q J ♥ K 3 2 ♦ 10 5 4 3 ♣ Q 10 7</p>
North	East					
West	South					
<p>♠ 9 ♥ A 6 4 3 ♦ A K Q 7 6 ♣ A 6 2</p>						

Bid all four hands until the auction is completed. Again, do not bid on a double-dummy basis as if all four hands were seen. Each player should make his bid only on the basis of his own holding and the previous bids which have been made. Annotate with comments any bids which seem worthy of or in need of explanation.

C.—The bidding by East and West has proceeded:

East	West
1 NT	2 NT
3 NT	

You are North and hold each of the following hands. What card would you lead against the three no-trump contract with each holding? In sending in your solutions, mention the card alongside the proper number.

1. ♠ Jack, Ten, Nine, Five.
♥ Queen, Jack, Five, Four.
♦ King, Seven, Two.
♣ Nine, Three.
2. ♠ Seven, Four.
♥ Ace, King, Eight, Five, Four, Two.
♦ Nine, Seven, Three.
♣ King, Four.
3. ♠ Nine, Seven, Six, Three, Two.
♥ Seven, Five.
♦ Nine, Seven, Three.
♣ Queen, Six, Four.
4. ♠ Ten, Eight, Seven, Two.
♥ Jack, Ten, Five.
♦ Queen, Eight, Six, Three.
♣ Ace, Six.
5. ♠ King, Queen, Jack, Eight.
♥ Seven, Two.
♦ Eight, Two.
♣ Ace, Jack, Ten, Five, Three.
6. ♠ Ace, Nine, Six, Four.
♥ Nine, Seven, Six, Two.
♦ Queen, Ten, Five.
♣ King, Four.
7. ♠ Nine, Five.
♥ Ace, Queen, Five, Three.
♦ King, Seven, Four.
♣ King, Jack, Five, Two.

8. ♠ Ace, Five, Two.
♥ King, Jack, Ten, Nine, Six, Three.
♦ Five, Two.
♣ King, Five.

CONDITIONS OF THE 1934-'35 Contest:

1. Solve each of the three problems on these pages in the manner explained. In problem A, outline the play. Either enumerate it trick by trick, or summarize it, touching on all the important points both from the angle of the declarer and of the defense. Remember, do not answer it on a double-dummy (as if all four hands were exposed) basis. In Problem B, the bidding problem, give the bids of all four players, starting with the dealer, until the auction is completed. Again, do not bid the hands on a double-dummy basis. In Problem C, merely give the answer after each number.

It is not necessary to copy the problem over in sending in your solution. Just give the letter which designates the problem, and then your answer.

2. Send in your solution to: Mr. Ely Culbertson (or Bridge Contest Editor), Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

3. All solutions to this month's hands must be received by December 5. The correct solutions will be printed in the March issue, out February 5.

4. For each of the five hundred best papers answering this month's problems, Redbook will award a deck of the new and long-lasting playing-cards, as pictured on these pages. These cards will be suitably engraved, showing how they were won, and will contain in addition a code on the back enabling you to deal out the six finest hands Mr. Culbertson has encountered. In addition, a booklet will be sent out with each deck of cards analyzing the hands. Five hundred decks will also be given for the best papers in each of the other months of this contest. (There will be five or six in all.)

5. We cannot undertake to return entries or to answer questions about the hands. They will be fully explained and analyzed in a subsequent issue. We suggest that you keep a copy of the solutions you send in, if you wish to judge yourself when the marking system is published with the solutions. Mr. Culbertson and his assistants will be sole judges of correctness and comparative excellence of answers, and all participants must accept their decisions as final.

6. This contest is open to everybody except employees of the McCall Company (publishers of Redbook) and of Mr. Culbertson's *Bridge World*, and their families.

The Redbook code playing-cards, five hundred packs of which will be distributed among our readers each month.



WOMEN must avoid harsh Laxatives



THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works overnight without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOLATED LAXATIVE

TWO KINDS OF LOVE

(Continued from page 59)

awful strong stuff, because it made me feel light in the head and talk a streak. Conti took one too. "You go in and get the Java," I told him. And then I explained to the old man all that had happened. I was kind of surprised when he agreed with his daughter. He looked over toward the little cemetery, and kept rubbing his eyes. "It would be kind of company for her," he said.

The girl came over. "That's the only thing," she said. "About the trumpet and the rifles firing over his grave. Martin was right about that. That's the only thing. But if we sent to the post, they wouldn't let him stay here."

"No, we couldn't do it." But the drink in me on that empty stomach made me feel awful sorry for her.

"But it would be kind of company for Mom," the old man pipes up. And then he kind of brightened. "We got soldiers here with rifles."

"But no trumpet," I said, hoping that would shut him up. But it didn't. Away he went running, and he was back in a second with that scratched old phonograph. The next second there he was cranking her up, and out came one these medleys of bugle-calls. Sure enough it ended up with Taps. That's the call you blow at the grave of a soldier.

I was surprised the girl didn't get sore. But she just listened and then she nodded her head. "I don't think he'd mind," she said in a low, funny kind of voice. "It sounds better than any o' those punk army trumpeters," the old man grunted. "You know who played that?" He peered down at the record, and read off some high-sounding name.

"But we couldn't do it. It would mean a court for me," I said.

CONTI came out with the Java. "He's all—" He looked at the girl, closed one eye, and jerked his head toward the house. "Better go in and look at Mart," he said to me. But that girl was a quick one. She kind of jumped. "What's the matter with him?" she asks, sharp.

"He's wore out," I told her. "We had a long ride, and fighting since noon. And no sleep nor chew."

"Oh," she says. "Well, he's bigger and stronger than either of you."

I started for the house, gulping at my Java. She caught up to me, halfway to the house. "Listen, please!" She had me by the arm. It made me feel funny. She was quite a dame, at that.

"I can't do it, I told you."

"All right. If you don't do it, I'm going to kill myself. I swear to God I'll kill myself. You can keep your stripes and have that on your conscience."

I spilt most of the Java on my breeches. "Hell!" I said.

"You said a soldier can be buried the way he wanted to."

"I don't know how Red wanted to be buried."

"But you can tell them if they ask you. He died right by you, didn't he?"

"I heard it hit him." I could have cut my tongue out, the way she shivered.

"But he never said anything."

"That's what he would have said."

"What about Marty? He'd spill the beans."

She saw I was weakening. I was, too. If you had only seen those big brown eyes on her.

"The other man said he was all in," she gets out, kind of hard. "In the house. Let him sleep. Two rifles are enough. And they're the rifles of men who stuck by him."

"All right. I guess I can lie once more to a captain."

She put my dirty hand against her cheek. It felt funny as hell. I went into the house, and there was Marty, passed out. I worked on him quite awhile. But he didn't know me much. I got him onto a couch. What he needed was sleep—I could see that.

After quite a while when I went out again, the old man and a spick who worked around the place had dug a grave. Conti was asleep on a horse-blanket. The girl was sitting near Red, and she was looking at those mountains. . . .

That burial was the saddest I ever saw. The girl read out of a prayer-book. And she had found one of those cheap cotton flags kids wave on legal holidays. It covered Red's face and a part of his chest. Conti was bawling, but the old man looked pleased to death. He kept singing a hymn under his *tequila* breath. The girl never cried. Well, we unlocked, raised our rifles, and I gave the command. We sent three ball cartridges apiece off in pretty good order. Then the old man turned on the record. The Taps was the last call on it, and he didn't quite get it set onto it. So at first we got a part of Mess Call and then came Taps. It didn't sound bad, at that.

We covered the grave. We left the girl squatting there, because she never made any move to leave with us. We saddled up—two of the old man's plugs. I explained we had to make time back so as to make my report and send a medico down for Marty. He wanted us to stay and make a wake of it. "I didn't know he was hurt," he said. "Well, me and my gal will look out for him."

BEFORE we rode out, I went up to the girl. I told her about Marty, because I see that the old man was determined to have his wake, anyway. She came right up standing. Her face got as white as a saddle-cloth. "You should have told me. You should have told me!"

"And not only that," I said: "Marty was the guy that brought him in. Under fire, back two delaying positions. Red was wounded bad, and Marty wouldn't leave him. And when he was dead, he still wouldn't leave him, and Conti and me both pleaded with him to leave him. And he got wounded bad himself, because he was held back carrying Red. That's why he couldn't finish up with him in his arms like he had him all along."

She run away from us then toward the house. The old man just stood there drinking from his bottle, grinning at the graves, happy-like. "She's got company now, boys," he said.

Well, we rode off, and we got back to the camp in the afternoon. The news

was in ahead of us, because a platoon out of F Troop had come across the bodies, and the lieutenant had telephoned in from Brady's, a ranch near the river. When I got through with my report, I never saw the Captain look so sad. And kind of proud, too. "You'll get a sergancy out of this. And Martin will get your stripes."

I didn't say anything.

"They only found four of them, but about twenty dead Mexicans." I could see he was proud of that. And so was I. "Conti was the only bad shot in the squad, and he made Marksman last season," I said.

"But they didn't find O'Hara." He looked kind of funny when he said that. I guess I did too. Well, on account of Marty being there, I had to tell. So far I'd only said Marty had carried Red back under fire two positions. Well, here went my stripes. I told the captain what had happened at Robles. But I added on the lie, too, about what he had said—Red, I mean, when he got it. But I guess he knew I was lying. Old captains always do. And come to think of it, what dying talk *can* you put out, with every effective firing to beat hell—all that racket?

"You better turn in, Corporal. I think the Colonel will let what you did stand."

I FELT good then, and I saluted and I went for my bunk. I met the top sergeant on the barracks porch. "That was a good out for O'Hara," he said.

"Not my idea; half his head blown away by a Mauser dum-dum."

"It was, though. Just this morning in come a letter from the A. G. O. in Washington. They caught up with him. He was a fraudulent enlistment. Came in first in the Infantry when he was eighteen, under some other name. Killed his own father, guy that lived on a little fruit ranch in California a couple of years later. Then he went over the hill. But they had his fingerprints, like they have all soldiers', and you know they check them in Washington. It may take ten years, but they check them."

"I don't want to hear about it," I said. "Red died decent—like a soldier. I don't believe he ever killed nobody but some of those Mexican rustlers, and maybe a Helme or two in France."

But this top sergeant we had was a gossip guy. "The Captain said if you brought in a good report, he'd let it lie. Get the Colonel to ask them to hush it up in Washington. But they couldn't have given him a military funeral."

I was mad now. "Who else knows this lousy gossip about a brave man?"

"I ain't saying anything. But the troop clerk knows it. No saying who he's told already."

"You stop his mouth, then," I said. But I knew that clerk. Nobody could stop his mouth.

I left him then and I ran over to the post hospital. I got there just as the major medico was setting out with his bag and all, for Robles. He didn't want me to go, but when I told him I had a hunch Marty was going to die, and he was my best friend, he let me. I slept all the way down after the medico tied up my ribs and put iodine and a bandage on them. I forgot to say I got hit right along the side.

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It looked awful quiet when we got to the ranch. Just a few mangy chickens picking around the yard. And our horses looked all right. We got out, and there was the old man singing and sitting under a cottonwood tree. Not noisy, just humming. There wasn't much in the bottle, but I drank what was left. I felt dead on my feet. But most of all I felt sorry for that little Robles girl, because I knew the next day, Sunday, these mounted-pass guys would be riding down to get some of the old man's yeasty beer, and that they'd have the whole story about Red having killed somebody, and that he would have been hung or sent to Leavenworth for life if he hadn't had the luck to get a Mauser slug in his head.

THE medico had gone right into the house. "Tell your daughter I want to see her," I said to the old man.

"Nannie!" he yelled out. She must have thought he wanted more liquor, because she didn't peep. The old man laughed—loud as hell. "You're the best man of the lot. I wouldn't mind her married to a corporal. I can stay here fine now. With Mom out there alone, it would make me feel guilty. But not any more. She's got company now."

"You're crazy as hell." "I've got all I need," he said. "I don't need her any more. I can cook better than her. I wouldn't have to eat regular. It makes me mad to have to eat regular."

"Get her out here. The doctor's in there. I want to talk to her alone." "Did he bring any *spiritus frumenti*?" he asked, looking sly. "They always do. It's part of their kit."

"He's got a gallon of it," I said, so in he went.

She came out in a minute, and I couldn't believe it. She was smiling, and she held out her hand. She even looked happy. "It's turned her head," I said to myself. "It's in the blood. She's took it from the old man." But I said what I had to say. I told her that a guy that was jealous of Red had started that story, and that she might hear it any Sunday now. But that it was all the bunk. Just some guy gone sour who put out this story about how Red had killed his old man and had enlisted fraudulent.

"I've already heard it. More than what you heard."

"What did you hear?" I asked, feeling foolish.

"I heard he came home on his first furlough and found his drunken father beating his mother," she said. "And when he went to interfere, the father shot at him and missed him, and he hit him with a garden rake, and it fractured his skull."

"I don't blame him for that—if it was true."

"It was true. I saw it. I'm his sister." I couldn't say anything.

"You wouldn't expect me to give him away, would you? He didn't know anything but soldiering. When Ma married again, and we came to live here, we didn't know where he was. She brooded and cried about him all the time. And then she died here. And not long after, here he came riding into the yard one Sunday. My stepfather didn't know him. He had no idea we were here. And after that,

he'd come down alone to see me. We'd dig over there and plant flowers."

She began to cry a little, and I felt funny as hell.

"Couldn't you have testified for him? You and your mother?"

"I was little," she answered. "And they didn't like soldiers in that part of California. And he was only a kid. He was afraid."

That photograph started up inside the house. "Marty didn't understand," she said. "We didn't dare to tell him—to tell anyone."

"No," I said. "Soldiers do a lot of talking."

She looked up at me, kind of smiling. "Why didn't you tell me?" she asked.

"Tell you what?"

The old man began yelling out the window. We didn't pay any attention to him. "I want to see Marty," I said.

We went into the house. The Major had Marty all fixed up on the couch. He had a thing as big as your thumb right through Marty's arm, sticking out at both ends. I was glad mine was on the outside of my body. But Marty looked good. "I just had a drink, Steve. First today," Marty said.

"That's good, Marty."

"The Corporal can have one too," the Major said. From the time I first seen him out front the hospital, I liked that man.

This Nannie girl was leaning over. She had an arm around Marty. "You can't have any more, though," she said to Marty. He had one good arm, and he had it around her. And he had his head against her. He said: "I don't want any more, darling." His exact words.

"Well, we better beat it, Major," I said. "I want my girl to marry a corporal," the old man sings out. He was sitting there, rocking in an old chair with tassels on it.

"It looks like you get your wish," I said, and I told Marty what the Old Man said about the stripes. That made Marty feel better than a drink.

So the Major and I left, and it was almost dark. And the last thing I remember thinking about before I went to sleep in that car was—what a hell of a break that mother of Nannie's had had with the guys she'd married!

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THIRD YEAR

(Continued from page 27)

rays seemed to have feeling and art in them, picking out, like a painter, only what was beautiful, modifying the edges which make things definite. But as he came closer, the house seemed suddenly to withdraw even farther, shy of his approach. Then, at the door, under the cool shadow of the full maples, he was conscious of a happiness clinging round it, protecting it: a sense of aged content, of steady, undisturbed thinking back, ignoring all new things.

He stood with his back to the wall, looking down the slope over the rolling pasture across the road, beyond to the yellow bay. He stretched out his arms to feel the rough shingles behind him with the palms of his hands; they were warm from the sun.

"Mine," he said; and after a moment he added: "Ours."

Here he and Joan would grow old, and their children be still young about them. Here they would plant new trees to keep the children company in their growing. Here, finally, they would dream back like the house through full years to the beginning. In such a place you could defy all change, all revolution, all restlessness. From his hands through his body the warmth spread.

He moved behind the house to the old barn, from which, still, there came the faint farm fragrance. Part of the barn was falling away in its disuse. It would be an easy job to fix it. How they would work over it! Perhaps they could begin now in the early summer, before they could actually buy it—come here Sundays, put in long days of planning. There would be something to talk about, sure enough! They would do a lot of the work themselves without carpenters; that would be easy, and fun. Joan could learn. . . . Joan—

Well, that was the real Joan, wasn't it? In the first year she would have reveled in it. Oliver shut his eyes to conjure up her face; he saw it proud, looking up at him; the curve of her jaw was definite, with dark shadow below it; her eyes were a little cool, a little speculative. . . . He turned away from the barn, looked up the slope behind. You could not see over the top of the knoll; when he was a child, he had thought the end of the world might be beyond such a crest.

There on the knoll they could sit in the evenings with infinity behind them and their house ahead, and talk their hearts out. The sun, when it was down, would leave them alone. Altogether alone they would be here, till the kids came.

OLIVER went back again to the front of the house with a full heart. Now the sun was low and the windows were glowing with the red of it. But suddenly in the midst of this beauty, a queer sadness attacked him; he began thinking in separate flashes of vague lost things, of his childhood, of wanton and delicious boy moments, of forgotten beliefs turned deceptive, of first love, of the virgin Joan standing free on a rock with her hair over her shoulders.

Well, he thought abruptly, pulling himself out of it, it was that kind of a night,

and the back-dreaming mood of the house had caught him. Now a breeze moved high in the maples, was talking there. "If you come here, bring only happiness; you must not hurt us." Oliver listened for a while, and went away down the drive by the pond and the willows and then along home.

JOAN was there before him. "Where have you been?" she said. "I thought you'd be here."

He kissed her and asked:

"Did you win?"

"No—yes—we stopped bridge after a while, and played Boodle."

"Played what?"

"Boodle, you know! I won a fortune. Ollie! I won twenty dollars! Imagine! We all got a weensy bit cock-eyed. Make me a drink, darling, before it wears off."

"But Joan, I've got a lot to tell you."

"I can't talk tonight, honestly, darling."

"But you must—I've got such a lot of news."

"All right, sweet, be a good boy and mix me a drink first."

So Oliver went to the pantry, and Delia came with a smile and her "dinner is ready" expression, and Oliver fumbled with his measurements and put in too much vermouth.

"But I must tell her tonight," he thought, carrying out the shaker and the glasses, "before it gets cold. It will be cold tomorrow."

So when the drinks were before them on the low table by the sofa, he said:

"Darling, I had a busy day at the office."

"Oh, Ollie, don't talk about the office."

"But I must. . . . Joan—"

"Aren't you glad I won twenty dollars? I'll bet that's more than you made today. Mary Sykes is going to have a baby; she can't pretend about it any more. But wait, Ollie, wait till you see what I've got. I couldn't wait—I went right down with my twenty dollars and bought it. It cost five—now don't scold, dear, I won the money!"

She took his hand and pulled him up from the sofa.

"Come," she said, "it's in your den. Shut your eyes now, and be surprised. It'll make our fortune! I'm better at it now than anybody in Pine Bay."

She led him into the den and pointed to the corner.

"Now open! There!"

It was the game, the game he had seen in the window of Trowbridge's store.

"Yes," he said.

"Boodle!" said Joan. "Here's how you play it—"

"Yes," said Oliver, "I've seen it. It will be good for parties."

"No, but for ourselves. Ollie! To kill the long dull evenings. Try it, darling."

He shot at one of the balls with the elastic trigger, and it dropped into the hole marked zero.

"Bad luck," said Joan. "You'll learn in no time."

"Yes," said Oliver. "I suppose so. Let's go back and finish the cocktails. I need them tonight; I've had a long walk."

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STAR OF MIDNIGHT

(Continued from page 43)

fitted to be a waitress; I had not been made to work with my hands. Nor had I been made to walk the streets or be kept by some man.

"With twenty dollars in my pocket, I went to the Ministry and by pretending that I had arrived ahead of a party of friends, I got a ringside table. I ordered a pint of champagne. I'd never tasted it in my life before. I looked at the people there. I don't know that I envied them; I wouldn't have taken from them what they had; but I wished I were like them. I wanted the things they had to be given also to me. I drank my champagne; it must have affected me, giving me a boldness I never knew I had. When the orchestra played 'Mountain Rose,' I got up and sang the number. It was the gesture of a frightened, half-starved, unhappy girl who was going to be reckless, do what she wanted, on the night before she died. I could always sing; I had never known that my voice had the peculiar qualities which the critics have praised. Had I known it had all those things, I'd have been afraid to get up. I wasn't trying to get a place in the theater in an unusual way. If I were a man in like circumstances, it could be called bravado, could be said that I was just out to raise the dickens."

For the first time, she laughed. And the infectious quality of her mirth brought answering merriment from Dalzell.

"And the rest is theatrical history, Miss Markham," he said. "And you didn't have your picture taken, because you were afraid you'd be recognized as the missing witness in the Norrone case. I knew, of course, it was something like that; but naturally I couldn't be specific. Go on."

"There isn't much to tell, for three months. I made a success, as you know. I suppose, being rich,—my salary seemed riches to me,—that security should have softened me, that I should have been willing to aid Norrone. But I could never forgive that man. I determined that nothing in the world would ever make me testify in his behalf; and nothing ever will make me, Mr. Dalzell. I would deny ever having admitted to you that I am Mary Markham. I would lie, be guilty of any meanness, sacrifice anything, rather than help that man escape his just deserts. Do you despise me?"

"Only those who hate well can love well," said Dalzell.

She stared at him in amazement.

"I don't love anyone," she said.

"That is the most pleasant news I've ever heard," said Dalzell.

"Are you by any chance flirting with me?" she asked coldly.

"Not by chance; by deliberation."

FOR a moment he thought the storm-clouds in her eyes would break over him. Then she laughed, freely, gayly—as, probably, Dalzell thought, she had not done in months.

"Thank you, Mr. Dalzell. I think I like you."

"It's a good beginning," said Dalzell. "Go on."

"All the time I was in the theater, I was in terror lest some one recognize

me. But it was hardly possible that anyone from Birnet would come to the Prince theater. Few people in Birnet ever have money enough to travel to New York, and that was a risk I must take. I must also take the risk that detectives would see me. But none of them knew me by sight. Nevertheless I took no chances. I was not going to be dragged back to Chicago to testify in Norrone's behalf. And if that's wicked, I'm glad of it. I would give up the success I had achieved before I'd set Norrone free.

"I knew that once I was recognized, so many people would have seen me in 'Star of Midnight' that it would be difficult for me to hide. But if all the time I was Mary Smith of 'Star of Midnight,' I was also somebody else, I'd have a better chance of avoiding a summons as a witness. So I went to a real-estate agent in Greenwich Village and rented the apartment here. I went to a lawyer—"

"His name is Taintor," said Dalzell.

She smiled at him.

"You're miraculous," she said. "Then you know that I established an identity with him, and thus was able to open a bank-account. And I came to this apartment every day. I did the sewing that I love to do, made this my real home, although I slept at the Warman. I was certain that no one could ever discover me. I hadn't reckoned on your genius, Mr. Dalzell."

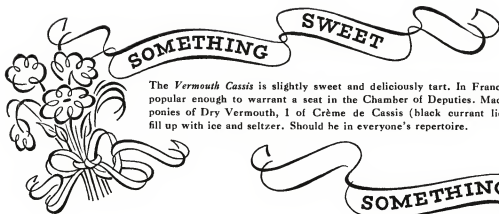
HE bowed. "Call it that if you like; I'm pleased you should think so. You certainly led the life of a nun, Miss Markham."

"Not that exactly. I dined often with Tim Winthrop. But all the time I was alert, ready to disappear. And two nights ago, Tennant sent up his name to me at the Warman. I received him. He was a well-known newspaper man, and I saw no reason to offend him by refusing to see him. Then he told me that he knew who I was, that I was Mary Markham, the missing witness in the Norrone case."

"I asked him how he had discovered this; but he laughed at me, and wouldn't tell me. He told me that he was going to print the story next day. I begged him not to, and he told me not to be silly. He mentioned that he was going to see you, saying that you would get a kick when he told you who I was. He seemed proud of knowing you, wanted me to realize that he was an intimate friend of yours. A boastful, vulgar little man."

"All of that," agreed Dalzell. "But with talent and some good qualities."

"Well, he left me. I was desperate. I telephoned you, begging you to stop him from printing the story, as you remember. I went to the theater, determined to quit after the performance. I knew it was unkind to Mr. Ohlmann, to the rest of the company; but I didn't care. Then, at the end of the first act, I saw Mr. Basson, the Chicago lawyer, sitting in the second row. A very beautiful woman was with him, and the fact that she was brunette like me, seemed somewhat to resemble me, was what made me glance at her companion. I



The *Vermouth Cassis* is slightly sweet and deliciously tart. In France it is popular enough to warrant a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Made of 2 ponies of Dry Vermouth, 1 of Crème de Cassis (black currant liqueur) fill up with ice and seltzer. Should be in everyone's repertoire.

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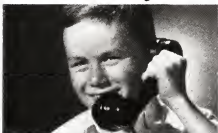
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don't know how I got through the next scene. I was panic-stricken. Basson recognized me; I could tell that by the excitement of his manner, by the way he spoke to the woman with him. And I knew that he, being a lawyer, would tell Norrone's lawyer where I was. I guessed that he might tell the police of New York. I thought that Tennant might have told him, or that he might have told Tennant. Perhaps Basson had been at other performances. Anyway, he would know that I was Mary Markham, the girl who had wanted to sue Norrone, and the girl who was with Norrone the night that Denter was murdered. So I made an excuse to get rid of my maid and slipped out of the theater. I came directly to this apartment. Next morning I drew all my cash from the bank, to have it handy in the event I thought it necessary to leave the city. And that's all, Mr. Dalzell. Now what are you going to do with me?"

"Be your friend, if you'll let me," he smiled.

"And persuade me to help Norrone?" she blazed.

"Persuade you to help yourself," he corrected her. "Norrone doesn't matter. But you're connected with the Tennant case. You must be cleared of that, and hiding won't clear you."

"But I've told you I know nothing about that matter," she protested.

DALZELL frowned. "You don't know anything about it, but you're connected with it," he told her.

"How?" she asked.

"If I knew that, I'd be as miraculous as you so kindly stated I was a few minutes ago," he said. "But Tennant was killed between the time he left you, and the time he was due at my house. Was he killed in order to prevent him from telling me you were Mary Markham?"

"But why? What would anyone care that you knew who I was?"

"I'm trying to figure that one out," he replied. "Today a gangster acquaintance of mine informed me that the mob that killed Tennant were on my trail. Now why? Why should Tennant's murderers want to hurt me? Was Tennant killed to shut his mouth? Are the people who killed him afraid that I know something that Tennant knew? What could I know that Tennant knew, that was of great importance to somebody? Was Tennant killed because he knew that you were Mary Markham, and have his murderers followed me because they think I know who Mary Markham is? Or are they afraid that at any moment I'll discover who Mary Markham is? Why would they care? They couldn't be friends of Norrone's, or else they'd be anxious to find you, grateful to anyone who could put them on your trail. But enemies of Norrone might not want you to testify in his behalf."

He leaped to his feet, and began striding up and down the pretty living-room.

"Maybe that's it!" He stopped short and stared at the girl. "Turn you over to the police? He who dared kill one of the most powerful newspaper men in New York would not be afraid to attack you even if you were surrounded by police! And if they were smart enough, or lucky enough, to find you at the Prince,

they might find you here. What I've done, somebody else could do. I'm not going to turn you over to the police, not until I know who killed Tennant. I'm going to hide you where no one would think of looking for you. That is,"—he looked questioningly at her,—“if you'll trust me.”

"I'll trust you," she said.

He thumbed the pages of a telephone-book, and called a number from a phone on her desk.

"Philip Manter's residence? Tell Mr. Manter that Clay Dalzell wants to speak to him."

He nodded reassuringly at the girl, then spoke again into the phone.

"Mr. Manter? You wanted to be kept in touch. Well, I'm doing it. Want the excitement of hiding the prettiest girl in New York from the police, from the press, from her enemies? It would ruin you as a banker if it ever came out. I want her in your house. No one would dream of looking for her there. Are you game?"

"What do you mean, game? I'll be delighted to entertain my niece," chuckled old Manter.

"She'll be there in twenty minutes," said Dalzell.

He hung up and turned to the girl.

"Pack some bags. Don't forget your money," he smiled. "You're going to the house of one of the biggest bankers in New York, the last place in the world anyone would think of looking for you. Trust him. And trust me."

"I will," she said. "But where are you going? Aren't you coming with me?"

"Philip Manter, — Fifth Avenue, is the address when you're going. Take a bus. A taxi might be traced. Going with you? No. I've something else to do."

"What is it? Where are you going?" she cried.

His gray eyes blazed at her.

"Me? I'm going out to find the man who killed Tennant."

Chapter Fourteen

HIS own excitement was reflected in her black eyes.

"You mean you know?" she asked.

"Not that—yet. But it's in my brain. The pieces are all there, and I know I can fit them together. Don't talk to me! Don't keep me here, when I've other things to do!" The excitement in his eyes resembled anger now.

"You funny man!" she laughed.

"Funny? What's funny about—" His lips curled in mirth. "Forgive me. Guess I was rude. But I'm not always that way." He looked at her coolly. "I'm going to do you a great service, Mary Markham. I'm going to clear you from suspicion. I'm going to give you the chance to go back to Broadway, to resume your rôle in 'Midnight,' to go on to the greatest career that musical comedy has ever known. What are you going to do for me, Mary Markham?"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked. Bewilderment was in her voice.

"What are you willing to do?"

"I'll pay you," she said tentatively. "But I'm not guilty of anything. What are you trying to do to me, Mr. Dalzell? If I go to the police, and say that I was



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From Bond Street to Burma, from Mayfair to Madagascar, you'll find women whose flashing English loveliness varies not a hairbreadth. They form an international aristocracy of beauty with headquarters at 33, Old Bond Street, London. From this charmed (and charming) circle springs the tradition of Yardley gifts at Christmas. For years they have given as they would receive, to suit their own exquisite taste!

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NO NEED for the American gentlewoman (and wise men will also notice!) to trouble many busy days with finding graceful gifts. Yardley gifts could be no more exquisitely thoughtful, more royally welcomed if you'd spent personal centuries (as we have) refining their excellence.

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"QUIET, BUT WITH A STRANGE PERSISTENCE"

with Peter Norrone—that's all there is to it."

"That's true. But I hoped you wouldn't think of that," he smiled. "I wanted you to feel under obligation to me. As a matter of fact, you will be. The people who killed Tennant are eager to kill you. I'm not trying to frighten you. I want you to be cautious. And I want you to know I'll protect you from any danger."

"Even from a danger that perhaps you imagine?" she asked shrewdly. "Are you trying to put me under an obligation, Mr. Dalzell?"

He beamed on her.

"I can't even frighten you into stupidity, can I? That's exactly what I'm trying to do, Mary Markham."

"But why?" she asked.

"I wish I knew," he replied. "An hour or so ago, I met the one woman in the world. For ten years I've thought my heart was broken. She came to me, and suddenly I knew that she wasn't the one woman in the world, that she never had been. And now I see you. Right after the great romance of my life is shattered, I meet you! And I want to put you under obligation to me; I want you to feel gratitude toward me. You're a very brilliant woman, Mary Markham. You know things. Your last two years have taught you a lot, taught you about life; and you can't learn about life, without learning about men. You asked me a little while ago if I were flirting with you. I thought I was. Maybe it's something more than that. I'm wondering if I could have fallen in love with you the night I saw you in 'Star of Midnight'; I'm wondering if I've fallen more deeply in love with you now. Can you tell me?"

Mirth brought dimples to her cheeks.

"Are you always this way, Mr. Dalzell? Or does the excitement of a case inspire these moods?"

"I wouldn't know. But you asked me what I wanted you to do. I want you to give me a chance to know you better, to know you extremely well. If you owe me nothing else, you are in debt to me because I don't notify the police that I have found you. I am saving you from a lot of unpleasantness. That, at least, I am doing for you. In return, when this matter is settled, will you dine with me every night for a week?"

"I think that you are unquestionably the most insane man I have ever met," she said slowly. "And I like it. I think I could make it two weeks, Mr. Dalzell."

"You could have said right off that you'd do anything I wanted you to do," he cried. "Then I wouldn't have wasted these last few minutes. You have Manner's address. Go there—and go the way I told you to go. If anything happens, get in touch with me at my apartment. Good-by."

HE turned abruptly and left the room before she could speak. She stared at the door that had closed behind him. The most attractive man she had ever seen. Quite mad, but charmingly so. To meet a girl under such bizarre circumstances, and talk of love! He spoke of it as though he meant it. She was suddenly conscious of hot blood staining her cheeks and throat. She laughed at herself; she was as mad as the man who had just left her. . . .

From the steps of the Ranelagh, Dalzell looked up and down the street. He crossed the street, walked to the first corner, then retraced his steps past the little apartment-house to the corner beyond. There he surveyed the neighborhood. He had not been traced to this vicinity; no detective, no gangster, had followed him here. Mary Markham was free from any danger of espionage at the moment. That meant that he could feel certain that she would reach Manner's house without interference. To go with her himself, even in a taxi, might not be wise. Thousands of people knew him by sight; for him to be seen with a beautiful brunette, might inspire thought in the minds of those who knew him and who also had read the papers and knew of his slight connection with the Tennant case.

TWILIGHT had come; in another ten minutes or so, darkness would follow. Yes, Mary Markham was as safe as could be hoped for. He hailed a taxi and drove to the Star office. His name procured him immediate entrance to the office where Tennant had turned out his famous column. An extremely blonde young woman, dressed in a black frock that most becomingly displayed her luscious figure, greeted him.

"I didn't see you at the funeral, Mr. Dalzell. I'm Dora Raymond, Mr. Tennant's secretary."

"Sorry I couldn't make it," said Dalzell. "Too busy. But busy trying to find out who killed him. You'll forgive me, as I know that he would. I want to ask you some questions."

She stared at him. Tennant had frequently told her that Dazzling Dalzell could be the greatest beau in New York if he chose to be. She conceded that Tennant had been right. Two columnists had already asked her to take up with them the work she had done for Tennant, and she was debating which offer to accept. But a man like Dalzell ought to have a secretary. Even though he had no regular profession, even though the investigations he undertook were haphazard, he could use an efficient secretary. And secretaryships sometimes led to better things. She smoothed a wrinkle over her chest, aware that the curves below were thus accentuated. Her smile was more than friendly; it was, she hoped, alluring.

"I'll be glad to answer them, Mr. Dalzell. Mr. Tennant spoke so often of you that I feel we aren't strangers. It's a terrible loss, his death. I was almost prostrated, but I feel I ought to carry on. And if I can help in any way—" Her voice died away; she was proud of the husky quality of her tones. Many men who had not surrendered at once to her blonde beauty gave in later to that coo in her voice.

"Did Tennant know a lawyer named Ebor Basson? A Chicago lawyer?"

She nodded assent.

"He put through a long-distance call to him four days ago. How well he knew him, I don't know; very slightly, I'd say."

"What did he say to him?" asked Dalzell eagerly.

"I don't know. He sent me out of the room. Not," she added hastily, "that Mr. Tennant didn't trust me; but he used to say to me that there were lots of times

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WITH FRANKFURTERS"**



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HEINZ
COOKED SPAGHETTI

when it was better that I shouldn't know some of his affairs."

"Of course," agreed Dalzell. "Then you don't know what he had in common with Basson?"

"I couldn't be sorrier. Has it to do with his murder?"

Dalzell shrugged. "I wouldn't say that. But every little thing—you know how it is. Thanks so much."

There was faint dismay in her eyes as he rose.

"Is that all you wanted to know?" she asked.

"At the moment. But I hope you can help me more a little later."

She looked relieved. "I'd love to. You're really investigating the matter, aren't you?"

He shrugged.

"In a sort of way. I hope you won't find it necessary to tell Inspector Loremsu or anyone else that I've questioned you."

"You'll find me very discreet, Mr. Dalzell."

"I'm sure of that, Miss Raymond. Thank you again. Good-by."

OUTSIDE the Star office he hesitated a moment, then made quick decision and told the taxi man he stopped to take him to Kinland's address. During the brief ride he slumped back in the seat, reviewing the sketchy details of the case.

Mary Smith—or Markham—was the one witness who, apparently, could save Peter Norrone from the death penalty for the killing of the Chicago lawyer Denter. Ebor Basson, who knew the missing star of "Star of Midnight," had been retained by Norrone in the latter's defense. Basson's wife had had an affair with Norrone. Would Basson like that? He tried to visualize the features of the attorney from Chicago. He shook his head slowly. Basson wouldn't like it!

Tennant had telephoned Basson the day before Tennant was killed. Tennant knew that Mary Smith was really Mary Markham. Did he know this at the time he telephoned Basson? Did he tell Basson this? Was his telephone-call the reason for Basson's visit to New York, and his attendance at the Prince theater?

Basson must have recognized Mary Smith. The singer herself was certain that he had known who she was. Then why hadn't Basson announced to the police that Mary Smith was Mary Markham? He hadn't done this; had Basson even gone to the police, Loremsu would have told Dalzell. But would he? Loremsu was a little jealous of Dalzell, a little fearful that Dalzell might achieve something that Loremsu couldn't achieve. Still, the newspapers covered Loremsu's every activity. If he'd seen Basson, the papers would have commented on it. At least, it was a fair enough assumption.

He told his taxi man to wait outside Kinland's apartment, and a moment later the racketeer received him. He smiled admiringly upon Dalzell.

"You're slick, Mr. Dalzell. That was a smart gag, leaving your apartment-house in a starter's overcoat. It won't work a second time. And why are you putting me on a spot? I try to protect you. You duck my protection. And if you get rubbed out, I have a long chat

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AND DON'T FORGET
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HEINZ KETCHUP"**



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HEINZ
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There's a real danger to accepting "depression pay" these days. A danger that lower wages will continue to dog you—for no employer will pay more until he is convinced you are worth more. Some day, some way, you've got to convince him. There's no time to lose. The sooner you begin, the better.

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with Uncle Sam. It isn't fair. Give me a break."

"I'll give you a swell break if you'll answer a few questions, Kinland."

"You know I'm no talker," protested Kinland.

"And you know I'm no copper," grinned Dalzell. "I don't want you to talk out of turn. But you can help me. Was it a Chicago mob that settled Tennant?"

Kinland sat gingerly down upon a gilt and brocade chair. He lighted a cigarette, and through a smoke-ring eyed Dalzell.

"Smart. Smart as hell," he commented. "I was a mug ever to talk rough to you. Where do you get your dope?"

"Thanks a lot, Kinland," said Dalzell. "What are you thanking me for? Have I talked?"

"If you have, I don't hear," said Dalzell. "But while I'm on the subject—was it a mob that has as its lawyer—one of its lawyers—Ebor Basson?"

"The way I feel about it," said Kinland, "is that the Princeton team ought to clean up. What I mean, they were good enough to trim everybody last year. They have the same team this fall that beat everyone last year, plus a lot of lads that were freshmen last year. I don't think Harvard has a chance."

"Neither do I," smiled Dalzell. "I'll be sending you those canceled checks, Kinland."

"That's white of you, Mr. Dalzell." Kinland carefully crushed out his cigarette. "You couldn't pin anything on a lad like Basson in fifty years," he said. "If I were you, I wouldn't try. Those Chicago hoods are plenty tough. You're a swell guy, Mr. Dalzell. Take a tip. Lay off."

"In a way, I liked Tennant," said Dalzell.

Kinland threw his hands wide.

"Have it your own way. I'll send plenty flowers. I wish you'd mail those checks to me tonight."

"You'd feel easier, eh?"

"Lots," said Kinland.

"They'll be in the mail the first thing in the morning," promised Dalzell. At the doorway he turned.

"Even if there is occasion to send flowers, Kinland; even if you have those checks, keep away from Donna Martin!"

"You'll come back and haunt me. Is that it?" Kinland laughed pleasantly.

"I'm smart too, Mr. Dalzell. I could have burned you down cheerfully the other night. But that was the other night. If a dame doesn't want me, I don't want the dame."

"You couldn't be wiser. I wish I had had that philosophy ten years ago," said Dalzell.

Kinland emitted a loud guffaw.

"As if any girl ever aired you! Well, good luck to you!"

"The same to you," said Dalzell.

In the street he found his taxi; at the moment, there was nothing to do except try to put the pieces of the puzzle together. That required concentration and seclusion. Over dinner and a highball at home he would try to achieve a solution of the mystery. He gave the chauffeur his address.

The mystery of Mary Smith's disappearance has been solved; the mystery of Tennant's murder seems about to be explained; but a still greater and eternal mystery, the way of a maid with a man, lends additional interest to the great climax of this fine novel—in our January issue, of course.

DEAD MEN PAY NO BILLS

(Continued from page 31)

were tangled now. He saw pictures in swift succession: That tall, worried-faced young Angus, going about the camp, trying to seem mature, experienced—sitting alone nights in his adobe hut, making his reports, reading his few books; going each night into Jo Connelly's place for the single drink he permitted himself.

He told himself he went to mingle with the men, to rub against that intangible barrier between them. Yes, that had been part of it: He had been hungry for the companionship that the isolation of his position forbade, that the austerity of his life denied. But he had been hungrier for the flash of that red satin skirt, the defiant blaze of those dark eyes.

God, how he had wanted that girl! She had been a fever in his blood. She knew it, too—under her flaunting indifference there was challenge in every move of her. But he had set himself a standard, and he would not deviate. He thought of her as a scarlet woman.

She was one of a group, the Hurdy-gurdy Girls, who had drifted into camp in the casual way of the times, and she had stayed to deal faro in Jo Connelly's place. She had not taken up with any man yet, though Jo and Whitey were both hot after her. She drank with the men but never too much; sometimes she

played the accordion, going from table to table for the gold and silver tossed her; sometimes she sang. Then it was that the child in her, the wild, rash, untutored child, seemed closest to betrayal.

He could remember the sweetness of her voice, the throbbing of the pulse in her throat, the way she had of setting a hand upon her hip and tilting back her head, the lightness of her walk, as if she were blown along the ground. He remembered how she had passed and repassed his open door, one day, her arm about the waist of another girl, till it seemed as if he could not keep himself from jumping up and talking to them.

IT had been a bitter relief to learn that that night she had gone to live in Whitey's hut. She needed a protector, he told himself grimly. She seemed happy in the union, for she was always hanging about Whitey in his sight. Then Whitey was killed by a mule.

There had been a funeral of sorts; he had read aloud some passages from his mother's Bible over the mound of stones the men had piled to keep the coyotes away, and the miners had filed solemnly about the mound, murmuring "Amen." Cherry had not been at the grave, and afterward he had gone to Whitey's house.



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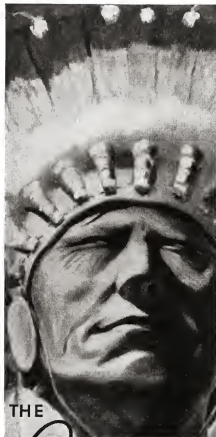
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She had come to the door in the blue cotton dress that she wore when not in costume, her dark hair disordered, her face streaked with crying. Stumblingly he began to speak: "If there is anything I can do—"

Her eyes blazed at him. "What'd ya think you can do—*now*?" And with a choking sob, "Oh, you—you—" she ran into the hut and slammed the door.

A miner, passing, chuckled appreciatively. "Better give her time, boss," he drawled. "Give the blankets time to cool."

The next day Angus, indignation-fired, marched up to her, where she was standing with some other girls, and spoke out clearly. "I just wanted you to know I came out of sympathy last night. I—I wouldn't want to have you misunderstood."

Her wise, wicked little smile, whipping up the corners of her mouth, flouted him. "Oh, I ain't misunderstanding you, Christ! I'm the dirt under your feet."

"Oh, no, Cherry!" He could see himself standing there, a stiff, troubled young man, hat in hand, facing the girl before those others. He recaptured his dignity. "I thought that—that if you wanted to go away anywhere, I could arrange the money."

"You can't run me out of this man's town," she told him. "It suits me to stay. I guess I can run Jo Connelly's faro game without asking the superintendent."

"But I," he blurted unaccountably, "I—don't want you to stay."

"Now, ain't that too bad?"

Well, he could keep out of Connelly's place, he told himself—but that would focus attention. No, he'd be damned if he'd let her budge him from his routine. She was nothing to him. He had other things to think about than a faro-girl's mockery. He had the mine to worry over, and the mine owners.

A QUEER crowd, those directors back in New York, sitting in easy chairs, watching their stocks shoot up, making money hand over fist. You'd have thought they'd have paid some attention to their responsibilities to him.

He never failed them. Every week a well-guarded train of fifty or sixty burros brought out to Bound Brook fifty or sixty hundred pounds of concentrates or pigs, as the molds were called—all the stuff that was the basis for those shooting stocks back there in New York.

Every month he rode on mule-back the seventy miles to the settlement, to bring back the gold and silver for the wages and expenses. The mine boarded the men at four dollars a day; the food was good, for freight-charges from the railroad were so high,—twenty-five cents a pound,—that only the best was bought. He always brought back something over thirty thousand dollars, with no guard but his own guns; he was never molested, for though the highwaymen would have swooped down on the mine's burro-train, they would hesitate about taking money that belonged to the miners. Those miners would have been after them like hornets. . . .

He couldn't understand how the directors could fail to have that money there on time, but fail they did. . . . Smoking their fat cigars, watching their paper profits! . . . One day he had to ride

back empty-handed, worrying all those seventy miles.

A tough crowd to face. He made his explanation frankly, begged for patience. The money would surely come. They heard him sullenly, disbanding to form again in muttering groups. For three days he felt the storm gathering about him; then, that night, a half-drunken crowd broke into his hut, demanded the money which they accused him of stealing, dragged him out and strung him up by the neck, so that his feet left the ground.

Three times they hoisted him like that; then, when the searching-party reported no money hidden, they let him down and went off, not yet nerved to murder, but riotously mutinous. . . .

His cigar had gone out again. As he lighted it, a wry smile pricked at his lips, as he reflected how some of his present-day competitors would relish the spectacle of that young Angus McGregor yanked ignominiously at the tail of a rope, his gullet strangling.

He had been surprised at his own coolness and reasonableness. It was due, he thought, to his gratitude at being alive at all. They were so crazy drunk that his death must have seemed a very trivial thing. But to him, it was not in the least trivial; he was extremely anxious to stay alive, so after that he carried two guns and never slept without one within reach.

Curiously enough, the work went on. But the miners were ugly-tempered, refusing to notice him as he went among them. Back again to the settlement he rode, for there was a telegraph there, and urgently he wired the company. No answer came. In another week he rode out and wired again, without result. Another week went by, a week in which he fairly felt the flesh forsaking his anxious bones.

Then the trouble came: John, the foreman, reported that Surly Jim, out at Number Eight, refused to work on top, unless he got pay for work in the levels. Level wages were eight dollars a day; top wages were six. Four other miners with him were following his example.

His heart tight, Angus rode out on a mule, the foreman walking beside him, voluble now about Surly Jim's mutinous ways, and his trouble-making with the men. "You sure are in for it," John said, cheerfully relieved of responsibility, exhilarated at the excitement. Angus remembered his own feeling of doom. . . .

His daughter was back at the table now, the others with her; there was an ordering of more champagne. The program was continuing; a juggler began doing tricks with lighted balls, and Angus feigned absorption in the act.

HE saw a small mine-shaft just off the road, a hollowed-out circle behind it where the ore was piled, waiting to be carried to the stamp-mill. He saw Surly Jim sitting back of the shaft on an overturned bucket, the four miners beside him. He saw himself getting off the mule and walking forward.

He heard his voice, with its forced, hearty unconcern: "What's the trouble, boys?"

Surly Jim growled back: "We want level pay for top work, and we're going to get it, by God!"

He remembered how he had stood there staring at that ugly, contemptuous face; then, as if his fingers had found a thing to do without his mind's direction, he took out his watch, his father's watch in a thin gold case, and held it open in his left hand, with his gun in his right.

"You are wrong, and you know it," he told them. "Level wages are for level work. If you want them, work in the levels. . . . I'll give you just three minutes to say what you will do."

Silence. Hard, estimating eyes upon him. He said, "One minute gone, Jim," and tried to make his voice steadily quiet and persuasive. Perhaps it was too much so, for Jim roared out, "You lie, you scut! It's five minutes,"—and he sprang across the shaft mouth toward him.

McGregor's shot caught him in midair. Jim's body twisted, fell across the windlass, then dropped from sight down the shaft. The other men's hands went to their guns, but McGregor warned: "I have four more shots. The first man who points a muzzle dies like Jim. Understand?"

At their irresolution he turned his back and walked down the road to his office.

THE very foolhardiness of it worked; they had a grim respect for pluck. Even John the foreman, breathlessly hurrying after with the mule, muttered: "God Almighty, boss!" But at that moment he was not concerned with whether they would send a bullet into his back or not; the mind of that young Angus McGregor was soberly, fearfully occupied with weighing the rightness of his deed.

Once he had killed a man in a stage, but that had been unavoidable. He told himself that this was unavoidable too. Yet he might have grappled with Jim, knocked him out. But if he had not, if he had lost? His authority had hung on a hair. Yes, he had had to do what he had done. The superintendent was judge, jury and executioner in these camps; as long as he could enforce the law, he stood for the law.

But would the men accept it? They would at any other time; but now, with their pay withheld, their suspicions roused, resentment smoldering—

"Going to light out, boss?"

From that question of John's, he knew what the foreman foreboded for him. He shook his head, and the two men went into the office where the Mormon assayer was at work. Briefly he told him the facts. "Well, did I do right?" he asked the two men.

"Sure—he'd have plugged you," said John easily. "But with the men so close right now—"

The Mormon said it was murder, deliberate murder, if you asked him. The men would think so too. . . . Heartening, thought Angus. . . .

"Want to go on?" Gwen's voice was vaguely restless, but at his headshake she smiled. "Dad's waiting for more Westerns," she told the others. Staying in one place seemed to necessitate explanation. She drifted away, dancing. . . . His youngest girl. Probably going to marry that fellow she was two-stepping with. He hardly knew the fellow. Nice-seeming, but untried. They all needed trying out, this generation; they needed sobering down, shouldering responsibility. They

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looked at you out of wise, superior young eyes, and didn't know a damn' thing.

They didn't know what that young Angus McGregor had gone through, taking supper with the men as usual, sitting at the head of that long table in the silence that made the place a death-house. No one had responded to his, "Good evening, boys." When they spoke, it was to each other, in undertones.

He could not eat; he had to stow his food away, unobserved, in his shirt, so they would not guess the failure of his appetite. He said, "Good night, boys," and went away.

TO his hut later came the foreman, agreeably excited, announcing that the ringleaders among the trouble-makers were at Jo Connelly's place drinking with all the girls. "Looks like you'd better vamoose."

"I'm going up," he said crisply. Waiting had grown intolerable. He tightened his belt over that hollow feeling in his stomach, and went up.

Before Jo's place a group of men parted silently to let him through. Within, the room was crowded; there must have been about a hundred, counting the girls, bunched about the bar or along the wooden benches on the walls; some were even sprawled on the pool-table, conferring in low tones. Every voice stopped at his entrance; not a sound answered his, "Good evening, boys and girls,"—but every face turned toward him with that hard frost-bitten attentiveness.

He spoke again with desperate heartiness, "Nice night, isn't it?" and then fought the silence with a, "Let's all have a drink."

They lined up; if they expected to hang a man the next moment, they'd have a drink on him first. Jo set out the bottles.

It took time for a hundred people to have a drink, but they didn't mind that; they had all the time in the world. When their attention was distracted, he spilled his whisky on his shirt; he wanted his head clear.

"Let's have another," he suggested then; and to Connelly: "Just chalk up that first round."

The second round of drinks took place. He could feel no thawing in the crowd; warming he was only inflaming them, warming them to action. They seemed looking away from him now. . . . The girl Cherry was there, boisterously joking across the counter with Jo. The camp was betting whether Jo would get her, now.

"Another drink," he called out; and to the barkeeper: "And charge that other one, will you, Jo?"

He thought Jo hesitated. But Jo hardly dared refuse; he set out the bottles for the third round. A third time that roomful drank. A third time he told Connelly to chalk it up. He had to stop there. Jo wouldn't charge indefinitely. He couldn't ever pay too big a bill.

Suddenly he turned on that crowd, just turning away from the bar. His voice was taut as a stretched banjo-string as he flung at them: "Well, boys—did I do right today?"

He caught them unprepared. They seemed to stiffen, to freeze, and the silence was like a pall over him.

"Boys, did I do right?" he repeated,

desperation edging the appeal. He couldn't stir them. Wordlessly they seemed waiting on their own heavy-tilted animosity to act.

He swung about to the bar-man, keyed to the value of a leader for this mob. "Jo, you'd say I did right, wouldn't you?"

Jo hung irresolute.

"Jo, you know I did right—why the hell don't you say so?"

Jo was silent as doom. This was bad—bad. The refusal of acquittal. Condemnation! The crowd was beginning to mutter.

Then a girl's laugh rang out. Cherry, sitting on the bar, swinging her shameless legs, tilted up her head with a peal of mockery, and burst into a snatch of song.

"For dead men pay no bills," she sang loudly. And to the bar-man: "You want your money, don't you, Jo?" Jo, quickened, gave her shoulders a sudden hug, and yelled: "Sure, you done right!"

Pandemonium! The men who, at the shifting of the balance, would have joyfully tied a rope around his neck, now beat jovially upon his shoulders, echoing: "Sure, you done right!" Greasy arms hugged him; girls rushed up, hysterically offering kisses. He loathed the whole stupid, maudlin crowd, but he suffered them grimly.

Only Cherry did not come to him; she sat on the bar, drinking the whisky Jo had poured out, grinning impishly, her arm about his bending neck. Going to spend the money she had reminded the bar-man not to lose, Angus thought bitterly. But by God, he was grateful for her callous thought! . . .

Now the woman was in the spotlight again. "Here's Dad's Western," Gwendolyn breathed, and he felt a quick antagonism to her light words. It was all a legend to her—that raw world when life hung literally on the turn of a die. When his life had hung on a girl's trilling a snatch of song.

HE had not been down with jeopardy that night. Later, much later, a knock had brought him out of bed. He was ready dressed, gun in hand. It was Cherry's voice at the door, Cherry who stole in, a blanket over her nightdress, her hair about her shoulders.

"They're at Jo's—getting more whisky. They're coming for you."

Quickly enough, his first preoccupation was that she had stayed at Jo's, to have overheard them. Swiftly she flung the facts at him. They had found a store of gold in Surly Jim's possession—loot from some past robbery, perhaps; and now the story was that he and the superintendent had been in cahoots, hiding the stolen wages, and McGregor had taken advantage of the mine dispute to shoot him down and silence him.

"They'll string you up, this time. I've brought the mule—you ride like hell," she panted. "They mean business."

He was gathering a few possessions. "Got any money?" she asked, and at his head-shake thrust a bag into his hands. "I kept this under my bed. For Christ's sake, get along."

But wonder held him. "Cherry, I thought you hated—"

"Didn't I sing the song? Didn't I get

"I'd like to meet that man. . .



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it to Jo? What do you think I stayed with him for? So's he wouldn't guess I done it for you." She was crying now. "You always knew I wanted you, you damn fool!"

Yes, he had known. And he would have wanted her. He wanted her now. Something seemed choking him. He got out: "Cherry, you come with me. I'll marry you. I'll take you far away—"

She tore herself from his arms. "That mule can't carry two."

She thrust him to the door, then clung for one last kiss.

The perfect Western fade-out, his daughter would say. The young man riding for his life through the night, the kiss of the girl of sin upon his lips.

By God, what was that woman singing? He hadn't been attending, but now the words caught at him.

*The storekeeper said, "You started the strife,
With words that were false and ill.*

You ought to swallow the point of my knife

*But you owe money to my store's till,
And because you owe money, I'll spare your life,*

For dead men pay no bills!"

And that gesture! That sudden shaking back of her hair, the hand upon her hip, against the tight-laced waist!

Gwendolyn was asking: "Want her to come over to the table and sing? They do that, you know."

He shook his head. He had no wish for recognition, or for the story of the struggle that had dragged her through mining camps to the spotlight of a New York café. . . . Cherry, at fifty-seven, trying to look thirty-five. . . . No, he didn't want to see any closer that face, time-worn, under dyed hair.

Better that deep, remembered beat of her heart against his as she thrust him from her, to the mule that could not carry two. . . . Better the picture of her, on that bar, singing out that snatch of song to save his life: "For dead men pay no bills!"

Ah, but don't they? There were ways of sending her something anonymously. . . . He had paid his debt to Jo, but Cherry had already left camp. . . . Now he could pay, this man who was dead to her, but to whom she had given his life—pay, and pay well.

But oh, to live it all again, to swing her recklessly on the saddle before him, to know for once the deep thrill of young desire fulfilled! To have brought that wild, wayward, desperate child to the safety he had won!

He looked at Gwendolyn, and grinned.

FREE NIGHT

(Continued from page 49)

and these Americans aren't just visitors. They're engineers working here, and the one from Chikment has done a splendid job. I'd like to have you come. Maybe you'd learn how to dance."

That was too much. "My God," cried Alexei, "what creatures women are! Don't you understand, Katya, that I've got to work tomorrow? I work all week, and then my Free Day comes, and I have to work even harder. And you talking about going out to night-clubs, or whatever they call them, and dancing with foreigners! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

There came a spark in the young woman's eye. "Very well, Alyosha," she said. "You mean I'm just a renegade. I understand more than you think. You mean that if I was a good Soviet citizen, I'd immediately marry you and come to live in a place like this. I'd do nothing but work all the time. If it won't burst your eardrums to hear it, I might tell you we already have too many programs in this country, and new subways and industrializations, and what not. What you need is a rest. Look at those spots on your face—and your eyes so tired! If you had any sense, you'd spend tomorrow with me on the river, go up to Sparrow Hills and then later in the evening see the fireworks at the Park of Culture and Rest. But of course not. You'll be down in the subway all day carrying sacks of sand or wheeling barrows, because a lot of lazy workmen get behind their schedule, then in the evening be too tired to do anything—just want to go to bed. I may not be a Party member, but at least I've got some sense. If I didn't like you, Alyosha, I wouldn't put my foot in this pigsty again. Just look at it."

The place was uninviting. It had been the hall of a five-room apartment in the section of Moscow formerly inhabited by

small retired business men and well-to-do employees. Four families now lived in the apartment; two crowded into what had been the bedrooms—the others in the library and dining-room. They all shared bathroom and kitchen—twenty-three persons in the five-room home where once had lived a Moscow lawyer and his wife, whose three servants occupied an attic under the roof. In this apartment today there was no thought or chance of privacy; and past the boy and girl who were sitting on a window-seat in the dingy hall encumbered with trunks and bags and a baby carriage and a bicycle and a dozen skis tied together, the other residents had been going in a continuous stream. Always the night before Free Day there was a furor in the kitchen, where six primus stoves roared and spluttered simultaneously, and a constant procession to the bathroom, with loud protests because some hard-pressed mother of a young family had used the bath to wash the baby's diaper.

"But I love you, Katya. Don't you understand that? If people love each other, nothing else matters. Don't you know that?"

Her eyes softened. "Love is one thing," she said, "but sharing one room with your father and mother and that dreadful old uncle is another. And so are subways and Five Year Plans."

Alexei thrust his fingers impatiently through his thick blond hair, and his eyes were very blue as he looked at Katya, who defied and exasperated him with such a strong attraction. He adored the way her red curls flowed down over her white forehead; and her nose was so straight and short, her mouth so red, her chin so round. Why couldn't she understand that sacrifice and devotion to the Party were better and bigger than selfish things?

Or why couldn't he have fallen in love with one of the Comrades—some girl who saw it all as he did, who was ready to break her back carrying bricks in the subway, if it would serve the Cause!

"I told you I'd get a room next month," he said. "You do like me, don't you? Why can't you do what I want?"

"Because you're unreasonable, Alyosha. I've told you I'll get registered with you when you have the room. But this is a free country nowadays, and women have rights. Is that true or not?"

"Of course it's true, but—"

"Very well, then; it's just as you please. But I'm going with Nadya tonight to the Metropole. We'll have a table to ourselves; we'll pay our own way; and if you care to come, we'll be very glad. And it might be good for you to meet these American engineers—they both talk Russian—who are perhaps doing more for this country than a thousand silly boys digging in the subway. If Aaron Moisevitch would talk as he did to Ordjonikidze, Mr. Curtis might have some lessons for you to learn. Don't forget that we haven't yet caught up and surpassed America."

There was a note in her voice that Alexei could not mistake.

"All right," he said, "I'll see. I'm not so narrow and stupid as you think, Katya, and I know that the smelter at Chimkent is one of the biggest things in the new Plan. But I have my duty to my comrades in the section. Perhaps I might come for a little while, though—if I don't stay too late."

Katya smiled and went her way, with a warm feeling of triumph in her heart.

MOSCOW'S Hotel Metropole the night before Free Day: Through the revolving door from the Theater Square up marble steps into the lobby with marble columns, red plush chairs and settees—it might at first sight be any big hotel in New York or London. But over the porters' counter on the left there is leaning a tall Kirghis with Mongol features and huge lambskin headgear, like the bushies of the English guards, only white, which the Tartars of Tamerlane brought across into Central Asia six hundred years ago. On the right at the travel-desk is a little group of men wearing high boots, white or khaki breeches, and shirts of white or khaki buttoned up to the neck. They are delegates to some Moscow conference, from Siberia or the Ukraine or the Caucasus, arguing noisily about trains, and "hard" and "soft" cars—a strange contrast to the two American girls escorted by embassy attachés in evening dress, who have just come from the opera. There is a constant stream of people through the lobby into the restaurant, a vast ugly room which has reminded many a foreign visitor of the Pennsylvania Station in New York—a wealth of marble and shining lights, and in the middle, instead of the Pennsylvania's information bureau, a fishpond, around which they dance, and into which, it has happened, some of the dancers fall as the night grows late. The orchestra, forty or fifty strong, is seated on a dais to the right of the door. On the left a bar where Comrade Ivan Petrovich is working feverishly to install the new colored lights by midnight. In the restaurant hundreds of small tables, some grouped in fours around the massive pil-



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Thomas I. Parkinson, President

lars that support the lights, others in a circle around the narrow ring bordering the fish-pond. Every table is crowded as midnight approaches, and the waiters in their white coats and trousers find it hard to get through with plates and bottles. The din is terrific—the noise of the loud-est orchestra in Europe, and a thousand people shouting to hear themselves above it, echoes and reverberates from the glass roof in fantastic crescendo. In the heated atmosphere the throb and beating of the jazz music gains double effect, and the mob of dancers on the narrow floor is so dense that at times they seem not to be moving, but merely vibrating in rhythm to the waves of sound.

At a table on the far side of the room there is a diplomatic party, the women in evening dress, the men in dinner-coats. A few other foreigners wear dress clothes, but most of the people who occupy the hall and have overflowed into the corridor beyond are Russians, representing, as Sherman had said, the new "white-collar" class, office-workers and officials earning anything from five hundred to a thousand rubles a month, mostly youngsters who have not been embittered by the fight against Czarist tyranny, and are glad to spend half a week's salary in one evening of enjoyment. The women wear colored cotton or chiffon frocks of Soviet manufacture and design. Sometimes the cut or fashion of their clothes is awkward, but the strong athletic girls of New Russia carry themselves with a swing and vigor that atones for much. The men mostly wear white drill or linen or thin alpaca. All seem gay and care-free. The prevailing note, it seems, is amusement. They tie small scraps of paper to rubber balloons, and light them so that they will burst as they reach the ceiling. Each time this happens, there is a roar of laughter and applause, in which the packed dancers swaying perilously around the fish-pond join heartily. In short, it is the Metropole restaurant on the night before Free Day.

NADYA and Katya were at a little table just beyond the entrance to the bar, and with them was the disconsolate Alyosha. Both the girls were radiant, Nadya in a simple white linen gown, and Katya in a ruffled chiffon, her blue eyes shining. Alyosha looked and felt glum. The collar of his shirt was open at the throat, and he wore long brown linen trousers and clumsy shoes. His attitude was that of one who has attended under protest a function he detests. In this world of gayety and color he was a drah and reluctant note.

Sherman and Curtis had a table inside at the bar. "That orchestra is too loud," Sherman said, "even here where we don't get as much of it as in the restaurant. The service is so slow, anyway, that it doesn't matter if you wait twenty minutes or half an hour for your soup or fish. . . . Well now, what do you say, Bill, that we go out to the big room and see if Nadya is there with this girl she said she'd bring. She said she's awfully pretty."

"It's all right with me. God, this looks like New York, after Chinkent. And say, it's good to get some real Scotch again. . . . Well, here's how! And now bring on your Russian beauties. Why not get them to come in here and sit with us?"



"What's that fellow bawling out, Redcap?"

"He say, Ma'am, dat de average age ob **GOLDEN WEDDING RYE** am 4 yeahs old, Ma'am."

"Humph, he might as well save his breath — — everybody knows that!"



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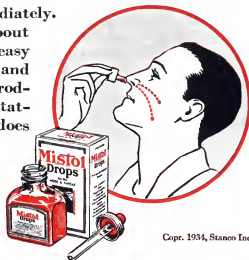
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"Oh, I expect they will. But mind you, these girls have good jobs. They're not the sort that run around hotels—you know what I mean. If they like you, that's one thing. They've got no silly ideas about what's proper or not; but from what I've seen of this new generation of Russians, they're pretty good. You can't buy them, and you can't treat them rough, so don't try any of your cave-man tactics from Turkestan."

"Hell, Jack, you know me. I never was a cave man unless I thought they wanted it; and what's more, I'm sober. But I will say this is good whisky."

FIFTEEN minutes later they were all at the round table at the corner of the bar. The orchestra, in compliment to America, had just played "Lazy Bones" more loudly than ever. The two Russian girls had learned the art of dancing with men who can keep step and steer dexterously through the crowd around the fish-pond. Alyosha was gloomier than ever. His highball tasted to him like bad medicine. No wonder the capitalist world was a hell if they liked drinks like this! And Katya seemed much too interested in the tall good-looking American from Chimgent. Worse yet, the American was so friendly and talked about his work on the smelter with real enthusiasm.

"You're a Party member, aren't you, Citizen Mitkin?" he said. "Well, I want to tell you that we had some Komsomol boys down there that you couldn't beat back home! They worked like tigers to get the job finished on time. We had one week when everything seemed to be going wrong, and I tell you those kids just stuck to it day and night. We had one stretch of forty-eight hours without a break except to grab some food and tea."

"But why did you do that?" asked Alexei rather stiffly. "Surely your contract didn't call for forty-eight hours' continuous work at any time. I thought you had new laws in America which make more than forty hours a week illegal."

Curtis laughed uproariously. "Hell, boy," he said, "I'm an engineer. We had to get that plant built on time, and let me tell you there's no labor dispute or forty-hour week with the gang down in Chimgent! The boss himself said we couldn't finish it, but I told the boys, 'Well, let's try; nothing's impossible,—and we did it. And a pretty sweet piece of work she is. And don't you need her! They've got copper deposits down there that are as rich as any in the world, but why transport the stuff all the way up to the north? Why, within three months that plant will be running two hundred tons of copper a week. Don't tell me the Russians can't work when they want to.'"

Despite himself, the young Russian was stirred; but before he could answer, the tall American grasped Katya and went off to dance again. . . . She came back glowing, and Alexei was more than ever conscious of his clumsy boots, like the peacock in the Persian proverb which grieves over its ugly feet while the world admires its wondrous tail. He felt mean and frustrated; yet he knew inside himself that he was right, that the Cause he worked for meant ten times more than the professional interest of this American in his salaried job. He hadn't learned, poor Alyosha, that the job itself counts

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL

more than what you're paid for it, or even the motive for which you did it.

"Come on, Katya," he said. "I've got to go home. It's nearly midnight now, and I must be at the subway shaft by six. Come—you've danced enough."

"Not half enough," said Katya gayly. "Mr. Bill, what is this time they play?"

But Bill Curtis was no longer at the table. He was standing at the bar talking earnestly to a thick-set Russian mechanic who was fixing some electric wires.

"Yes," said Ivan Petrovitch, "you're quite right, Mister. We're short of copper. This stuff ought to have been delivered yesterday morning. If it had been, I shouldn't be working here the night before Free Day; but the copper shortage delayed delivery. When America recognized this country, we thought we'd get copper from there. I've heard you've got more than you can use. But we didn't. And our home production is far below schedule. I would like to see some of these people in the Non-Ferrous Metal Trust shot—that's what I'd like."

"Now, wait a bit," said Curtis. "I'm working for the Non-Ferrous Metal Trust myself, and I can tell you something. I suppose you think copper grows on trees, and all you got to do is pick it off and ship it up to Moscow. Well, you're wrong. I've just come back from Central Asia where the copper does grow, deep down in the ground, and then you have to dig it out, and then you have to smelt it, and then you have to ship it. And before you can do this, you have to have smelters and railroads, and to build a smelter is a hell of a business. I know, because I've been doing it for the last two years."

HE turned as Katya touched his arm. "Won't you dance?" she said.

"Listen, darling, take this one with the boy friend. I'm talking with the Comrade here; we're both interested in copper."

"As I was saying," he went on, "you'll get the copper, all right—I mean the stuff there, and mine isn't the only smelter, don't forget."

Ivan Petrovitch shrugged his shoulders. "That's the trouble with this country. It's always 'boodit' (it will be) and 'zaf-tra' (tomorrow). How can we run our Electrozavod if the damn Copper Trust doesn't supply material on time?"

The old quarrel was on, the one that constantly rages in the congresses of the Bolshevik Party and the Soviet Government, or between the factory and the producer of raw material, in which as usual they both ended up by laying the blame on transport. "These damned railroads!" said Curtis.

"Yes, they need shooting, anyway," Ivan Petrovitch responded.

Then the colored lights blazed through the bar one minute before midnight struck, and Curtis, with a friendly pat on the arm of his fellow-laborer in the Soviet vineyard, turned back to his table. "Say, Jack," he said, "where's the little girl?"

Sherman looked up from his talk with Nadya Petrovna. "Sit down, Bill, and don't make so much noise," he said. "If you will get into an argument with the *tovarish* who is fixing the electric lights, you can't expect girls to wait for you. She's gone off with her boy friend. It seems he's got to work tomorrow."

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THAT FASCINATING HABIT

(Continued from page 62)

base upon which Spaniards and Portuguese and English and Dutch and Danes and afterward Americans fought each other so long and bitterly for the mastery of these highly valuable bits of floating real estate.

Including Cuba and Haiti and Porto Rico, the West Indies do not cover more than one hundred thousand square miles of dry land, and their total population even today is less than nine million people. Nevertheless, they were a most desirable possession, and that may explain why they had been several times invaded and conquered long before Columbus set foot on Watling Island, which the natives called Guanahani, and decided that he had reached the Antilles. That name, by the way, has a very curious history: It appeared upon the maps of Europe long before anyone had dreamed of crossing the ocean. It was then given to a spot of land that was supposed to be situated halfway between the Azores and the Indies. According to a very hazy tradition, it had been first seen in the year 734 by a Moslem navigator. He had called it the Island of the Dragons, but European scholars had immediately associated it with Plato's long-lost Atlantis. When Columbus established the highly unwelcome fact that this was not a single and fairly large-sized island but a whole group of pestiferous little islets, keys and rocks, none of which had anything at all to do with the direct route to the Indies, the ancient name of Atilla was changed into the plural form of the Antillas or Antilles.

It seems a little topsy-turvy to name islands long before you have discovered them. But remember that you are now in the West Indies, where nothing is ever done on a purely rational basis. This is the land of incongruities, as you will notice the moment you land in Barbados or in Guadalupe or on one of the Virgin Islands. You will at once be struck by the fact that this is not a white man's land. On all sides you will find yourself surrounded by people who bear an outward resemblance to our own negroes. But they look and behave as if they had always been there, as if they were the direct descendants of the aborigines who had welcomed Columbus on that ever-memorable morning of the twelfth of October of the year 1492.

BUT these good people are as much strangers in these regions as you and I. Nothing remains today of the original Caribbean stock, and even the Caribs themselves had been recent arrivals. For they had come from the American mainland at just about the same time the Spaniards had arrived from the east, and they were busily exterminating the Arawaks, who had preceded them by a couple of centuries when the European arquebuses caught them in the rear.

The white man with his gunpowder made very short work of both groups, and the original settlers have now completely disappeared, bestowing upon us as a dying gift four of the most popular words of our own language: *tobacco, potato, tomato and hammock*. . . .

In the days before the wholesale introduction of machinery, a piece of land

without people to work it was as useless as an automobile without gasoline. As the Indians preferred plain ordinary dying to working indently long hours on some Spanish sugar plantation or in a Spanish mine, it was necessary to find other supplies of cheap labor. A charitably inclined Spanish priest thereupon suggested that African negroes be imported to do the heavy work for which the Indians seemed to be so pathetically unfit. And Columbus was hardly in his grave when the first shipload of African blacks was dumped upon the soil of San Domingo to take the place of the rapidly vanishing Caribs and Arawaks. Today on some of the islands, such as Martinique and Guadalupe, only one per cent of the populace is white. In Haiti, except for some ten per cent composed of mulattoes, the entire population is pitch-black. In Barbados there are eight blacks for every white. In Jamaica the proportion is even less favorable, for there the fifteen thousand whites have nine hundred thousand colored neighbors. In Curaçao and in the other Dutch islands of the Leeward group (those nearest to the coast of South America), the proportion is slightly more favorable for the whites; but then, these islands were never so much used for the purpose of raising sugar-cane as for the more profitable purpose of high-jacking the treasure-ships of the Spaniards.

YOU will be surprised, when you visit the West Indies, at the number of old cannon that follow you wherever you go, cannon that are used to protect your car from leaving the roadbed and toppling into the ocean, cannon that are used as anchorages for ships, cannon that perform all sorts of imaginable and unimaginable little services. Well, they are relics from the days when these islands were merely floating fortresses, the rallying points for the ships of the English and the Dutch that preyed upon the trade of Spain with the eagerness and persistence of wolves watching a herd of caribou.

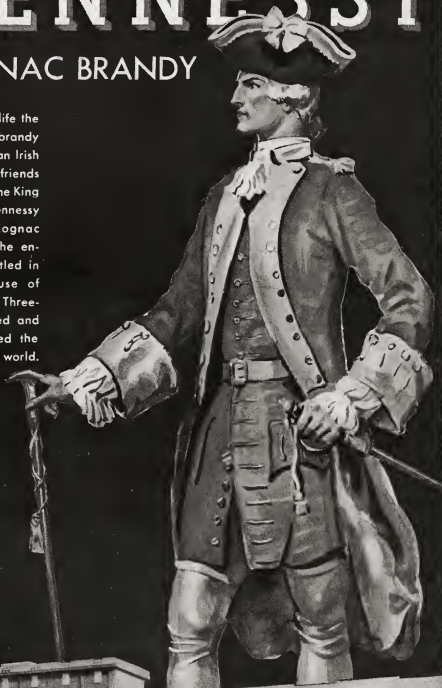
You may well ask, what did the Spanish Main (the name of the mainland of South America bordering the Caribbean Sea) produce that was so valuable? But it was not products of the Spanish Main that made the Dutch company pay an annual dividend of twenty-one per cent. It was a strange kink in the Spanish colonial mind that made them do everything in the most complicated fashion possible, and that turned the inconveniently located ports of Panama and Cartagena into points of assembly for all the treasures of both Asia and America.

It sounds incredible, but the Spaniards never used the direct route from China and Japan to Europe, or from the east coast of South America to Spain, when transporting their merchandise from Manila or Buenos Aires to the mother country. Not only did they transport the five billion dollars' worth of silver they took out of the mines of Peru to Europe by way of the Caribbean (that unfortunate silver that caused such an economic upheaval in Europe that it took about a century before the poor continent recovered from its depression), but everything

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World's
Standard

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that came from China and Japan was first of all carried in ships across the Pacific Ocean, was then transferred across the twenty-four miles of the Isthmus of Panama to the Gulf of Darien, and thence sent to Seville in vessels that had to run the gantlet of all of the Lesser Antilles.

But that was only part of the story. Even the products of the Argentine were never sent home directly. They were first carried across the Andes to Chile (even on the railroad today, you will experience serious difficulties in breathing while crossing that very high mountain chain). Next they were transported by ships from Chile to Panama. Next they were carried by Indians and mules (the Indians were cheaper) to the coast of the Caribbean and were then forwarded to Seville by way of the Leeward and Windward Islands.

As soon as this strange procedure had been observed by the English and the Dutch, those honest merchants recognized the immense profits that were to be derived from high-jacking a few of the Spanish treasure-ships. With the shrewdness of spiders, they established themselves on such islands as Curaçao and Grenada and St. Lucia and Nevis, and from behind a chain of strongly fortified castles, their ships were forever watching for a first glimpse of those well-known lateen sails which predicted the coming of yet another "silver fleet."

We hear a great deal of romantic nonsense about the famous buccaneers of the Seventeenth Century. They were but pikers, sheer amateurs—compared to the organized efforts of the English and Dutch, who maintained regular navies for the intercepting and plundering of the heavily laden galleons that flew the flag of the Spanish Habsburgs.

BUT all this, so you may well argue, happened long ago! Why tell you about these historical incidents, when you have merely gone southward in search of a pleasant climate and some mild form of entertainment, something to break the monotony of a life of daily chores and insatiable furnaces?

I will tell you why. No matter where you go within the delectable realm of the West Indies, these ancient adventurers will cross your path. And they will add immensely to the interest of your trip. There is a great deal of pleasurable excitement to be derived from the knowledge that you are standing on the exact spot where grouchy old Pieter Stuyvesant lost his leg while commanding the siege of the island of San Martin, a few years before he was appointed governor-general of the New Netherlands and built himself a vegetable garden on the Bowery. You can spend a very happy morning, smoking your cigarette along the waterfront of the small harbor of Bridgetown (your modern ship is much too large and has to remain outside), to know that only a century and a half ago, it was here that Lord Nelson learned his trade. And what are Haiti and Cuba without Toussaint l'Ouverture (the George Washington of the black world), or without the white walls of Morro Castle, the living reminder of that system of cruelty and exploitation which in Spain went by the flattering name of "colonial administration"?

And when the moon shines down upon the crumbling portals of the cathedral in

the city called after the patron saint of the father of Columbus, you will easily overlook the fact that over ninety per cent of the people of the sovereign republic of San Domingo are absolutely illiterate, and you will only remember that for two centuries and a half this was the last resting-place of that poor wanderer who gave us a new world, and who even in death could not find a decent burial-place where-in he might sleep without disturbance.

And there is La Ferrière! Climb up to it in the cool of the morning or in the cool of evening (you had better avoid the heat of the afternoon), and sit ye down amidst these grotesque ruins which might have been constructed by some mighty monarch of the Holy Roman Empire, but which are really the work of a black man, a former slave who rose to be the duly crowned king of the entire Haitian nation, and who drove a bullet through his poor befuddled brain the moment he realized his short-lived glory had come to an end.

Or if you are lucky, spend a few hours in St. Eustatius and wander quietly among the deserted warehouses from which the armies of George Washington, Esq., derived those supplies of shot and powder without which the Revolution would have come to an ignominious end. Or go to Martinique, where beneath the heavy layer of lava that covers fully one tenth of the island is the grave of the forty thousand people killed by the last eruption of Mt. Pelée, where lie the ruins of a house that once harbored the lovely Josephine, the beautiful but not so very intelligent wife of another famous islander, a certain Napoleon Bonaparte, who came from Corsica in the Mediterranean.

Or listen to the softly spoken Papament of the natives in Willemstad, that curious tongue composed of Spanish, Portuguese, Carib, English and Dutch, which is known all over the island of Curaçao, and which dates back to the days when the governors of the Leeward Islands were also (as a mere detail of their official position) the rulers of that vast territory in northern America which today we know as the State of New York.

Or if you like to meditate underneath the American flag, spend an afternoon on the battlements of Bluebeard's castle and try to recapture the days when no honest passenger bound for this part of the world knew the fate that might await him at the hands of those despicable naval gangsters who as buccaneers or filibusters have gained a picturesque renown—though their prosaic contemporaries used to hang every one of them from the yardarm of his own ship exactly five minutes after he had been captured.

But why go on? What I say here can serve only as an appetizer. The real meal will depend entirely upon your own tastes and preferences.

WHEN all is said and done, the human element is still the most important article in anyone's personal baggage. What is moonlight on the delta to one man is merely a badly illuminated and mosquito-infested lagoon to the next. Ten persons may claim that all the darkies in the West Indies are the most charming and delightful creatures they have ever encountered. And the next ten will curse them just as cordially for being brazen and fresh and arrogant exponents of all the self-confi-

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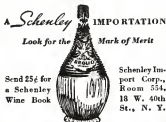
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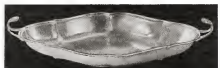
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dence that comes from being able to write the proud title of "British citizen" behind one's name. And I personally may like every new fruit and flower of the vast tropical garden of the Antilles, and you may with equal right claim that they lack the fragrance and the taste of their northern brothers and sisters.

In the last analysis, man always remains true to himself, and when we go forth to visit distant lands, we shall only find there what we have carried there ourselves. But the advantage of travel lies in the fact that we can enact our own little comedy or tragedy against a different background and underneath a different sky from the old familiar one of the old and familiar home town. In the case of the West Indies, that different sky and that different background, in an infinite variety of colors and hues and tastes and smells, lies not a thousand miles away but almost within hailing-distance of our own front gate.

Let me give you a final word of warning. The West Indies are not part of the ancient Paradise of which you read in the book of Genesis. They are not the long-lost Islands of the Blest. They are hu-

man, sometimes almost too human in many of their more primitive aspects. They know the meaning of such words as "storm" and "rain" and "hurricane," and the darksies do not always arrange themselves in picturesque groups, chanting becomingly about Massa being in the cold, cold ground. On the contrary, the natives in several of the islands will hastily and firmly convert you into an ardent admirer of that great "Pax Britannica" which ruleth white and black with the stern justice of absolute impartiality, and does not draw the color-line before the door of the local jail. And there will be days when you will begin to wonder whether the rain will ever cease or whether you had better build yourself an ark.

But all these considerations are quite unimportant. They are negligible details which you can discuss at leisure when you are back home, toasting your toes before the domestic hearth. And in the meantime, there remains the positive and absolute reality of one of the world's most interesting geographic and historical playgrounds that is nearer to us today than New York was to Boston only a hundred years ago.

I DREAMT LAST NIGHT

(Continued from page 17)

"Then give it to me," I said, "in simple charity! Just leave it here. Forget it when you go out."

"Death is God's affair," she said, and added in a whisper: "If that were not so—how could one bear to be here?"

At ten-thirty it was so bad I could no longer look on. I had to do something, and suddenly I realized what it was.

How I got out of the room I no longer remember, nor how I discovered in which room the girl was. Luckily no one saw me on the way. What I said at the door I no longer recall, but the girl must have understood, for she came with me without questioning.

She knelt by Brockman's bed and lifted his damp hands. I saw her shudder as she did it, but she did not draw back. And the thing that I scarcely still hoped for—now that she was there—happened: Gerhart became quieter. To be sure, the rattle in his throat continued, but no longer so painfully. . . .

At twelve the night nurse came in. She was fat, and the only one of the nurses whom everyone hated. She recalled a step when she saw the girl. I attempted to explain it all to her. But she only shook her head. The hospital was Catholic, and these things were taken very seriously. For the nurse, it was an everyday occurrence for some one to die; it was much more startling in her eyes that a girl should be with us during the night. "The young woman cannot remain," she said, and glared at me.

"But—" I said, and motioned toward the bed.

"He's quiet enough," she pronounced impatiently. "The young woman must go! At once! She isn't a relative."

The girl blushed. She let go his hands and started to get up. But a gurgling sound came from Gerhart's lips, his face was contorted with terror—and as I later believed—he cried: "Anna!"

"Stay here," I said wildly, and placed myself between the girl and the nurse. Now it did not matter to me what happened.

The nurse quivered with indignation. She faced the girl. "Leave the room, young woman. I myself will stay with the patient."

"That's not necessary," I asserted roughly. "He has been plagued by you often enough as it is."

She shot to the door. "Then I must report this affair. I am going to the director at once."

"Go to the devil, old night-owl!" I shouted after her.

Tense and excited, I waited to see what would happen next. I was determined not to let anyone else in. This was a matter between Gerhart and me. No one else had anything to do with it.

But, by the same token, no one else came. . . .

Gerhart died on the morning of the day after Christmas. He died easily, and at the end passed over in his sleep. The girl stayed with him until it was over. Afterward we went silently through the corridor in the pale light reflected from the snow. Now that it was all over, the dispute with the nurse lay on my conscience. The hospital was strict and intolerant in these matters. To me, it made no difference; but it might well be that the girl would be forced to leave.

"I hope you won't get too severe a punishment," I said, feeling oppressed.

She made an abrupt gesture, and looked straight at me.

"After all, that doesn't matter; on the contrary—"

I looked at her. Her face had changed completely. The evening before, when she was with her class, it had been the face of a girl—now it was the earnest, composed face of a human being who knows much and is acquainted with sorrow.

I thought of it again and again, as I went back alone, and it was a curious thing: now as the bells began to ring for early mass, I experienced, for the first time since I had become a soldier, a feeling of peace; I recognized that something had been completed, and that it was good; I knew once more that beyond and above war and destruction there was something else, and that it would return again. Quiet and confident, I went back to my room, which was filled with the gray and gold of the early light. Over there on the bed lay, not the contingent soldier Gerhart Brockman; there lay the eternal comrade. And his death was no longer a horror—it was a testament and a promise. Comforted and secure, I lay down beside him.

ONE FULL HOUR

(Continued from page 55)

Metropolitan Opera Company; and Nathaniel Shilkret continues to direct the music. . . .

Walter O'Keefe describes himself as Mike O'Keefe's oldest boy—the one who's working. Right now he is working as master of ceremonies on the Camel Caravan Program at Columbia, as writer of his own scripts, as singer of his own songs, and as comedian. That should make it about even for the O'Keefe family, even if there should be six or seven unemployed younger boys. . . .

Jack Benny doesn't have to worry about his pocket-money for a long, long time. He had hardly said his farewells on the General Tire program this fall, when he was back in front of the microphone for General Foods. And after that engagement is over, Jack will go back to the former sponsor for another series. And, when that is completed, Mr. Benny will rejoin General Foods. This is a bit confusing, but it should be obvious to any income-tax collector that the comedian is a juicy morsel to look forward to. . . .

The drama, the pathos and the happiness which make up the human background of life-insurance records is being offered to the radio public by the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia this fall. Each play consists of a dramatized version of an actual case taken from the files of the company. "The Story Behind the Claim" is heard over a coast-to-coast NBC network on Tuesday evenings. . . .

"Music by Gershwin," sponsored by Feenamint, marked the return of the popular young composer to the air-waves this fall. Together with a twenty-five-piece orchestra, Gershwin broadcasts over a CBS national network every Sunday evening. A feature of the programs is the appearance each week of a guest conductor interpreting his own compositions. Lucille Peterson, Rhoda Arnold and Dick Robertson are the vocalists. . . .

Composer of more than two hundred songs, Carson Robison is an authority on the type of American music offered on his programs over Columbia. Brought up as a cowboy in Oklahoma and Kansas, he learned the music of that part of the country from his father, who was known in the Southwest as the champion cowboy fiddler of his time. The sponsor of these programs is Dillard's Aspergum.



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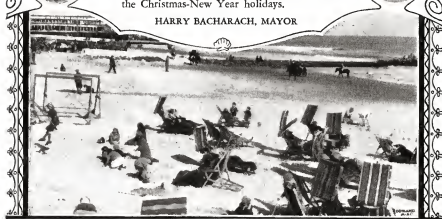
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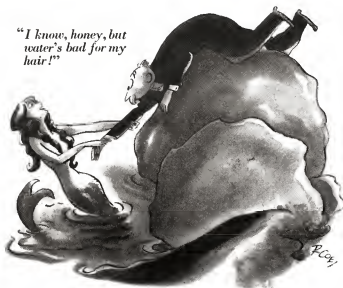
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A FEW FOOLISH ONES

(Continued from page 23)

red and then black, her spinning-wheel and her rugs into which she had hooked the Civil War uniforms of Silas, Paul, Albert and Edward, her ginger-jar full of buttons, and her cookstove. She liked to bake her own bannock and stew her own beans, carrying water up and down the back stairs, and throwing her waste out of the window into the chicken-yard. Hannah was well and strong at eighty, and kept busy. All day at her spinning, her quick, short steps went back and forth, back and forth; and when it grew too dark for her to see, she felt about for her knitting-needles. Hannah could knit a mitten or a stocking in one evening and get seventy-five cents a pair for them. She was never without coins in her bureau-drawer, or peppermints in her pocket. Sarey, in the kitchen below, jerking feathers out of fowl or working butter, often felt resentful that she had neither leisure to earn money in such pleasant ways, nor privilege to put it to such self-indulgent uses.

BUT the small house continued to stretch until when Stephen Brown approached it that night in the fall of ninety-five, it had seven rooms, also a back entry and a sink-room, and in the long front hall a curving staircase with black walnut newel post and banister. It was sufficiently furnished, chairs, tables, and beds enough for all who lived there or ever came, dishes and rag rugs enough, lamps instead of candles, three pictures and a looking-glass and the clock which had been a present from Roxanna. The woodwork was painted and the walls papered, and the outside covered with three coats of white. Green shutters set off the windows to advantage, and a porch ran the whole length of the south side of the ell. Gus had put a chain pump in his well and made a neat pile of what wood was left over after his shed had been filled for the winter. Maple trees, twenty years old now, lined the driveway; and the woodbine Sarey had planted sheltered the porch, her lilac bushes beat about in the wind, and last summer her roses had bloomed all across the east end of the house, gracing the front door. The shed was stocked with tools as well as wood; the cellar held vegetables and apples, cider, vinegar, salt pork, and all kinds of canned stuff. Three hundred fowl had gone to roost in the henhouse. Three hogs and a litter of seven pigs snored and snorted under the barn. Above them stood five cows, a bull, a yoke of steers, a horse, and enough hay to feed the creatures until spring; grain in the chest and sawdust in the corner. Gus' and Sarey's fences closed in forty acres now; Gus owned seven woodlots; and every one of the three notes he had signed had been bought back and burned. It was a good deal they had accomplished already, and they meant to do more.

But Stephen, taking no account of these things, thought only of Kate. Through the window he could see her standing alone in the kitchen.

The stove which Gus had bought for a dollar twenty-five years before was on

one side of the room, a low, very black stove, shining from polish, but so cracked that the flames showed through. On another side sat the lounge Gus had built and Sarey padded and covered, and the big dropleaf table where the Bragtons ate their meals. There was the yellow oak clock on the mantelpiece, and a set of hanging shelves full of almanacs, town reports, old letters and pencils. Kate stood beside a small table which held a pile of papers and the lamp. The soft, reddish light seemed to cluster about the outline of her face, slender and dark and intent on the bundle she was tying. Stephen paused to study her with the critical delight a Blaine of many generations back might have lavished on a Raphael.

Kate was tall, her body good in the lean but soundly built style of peasant women: small, high, firm breasts, muscles stirring easily as she worked; broad, capable hands; a slim throat, her long, full head resting lightly on it like a bird's; deep brown hair pinned on her neck but cut in a curly fringe across her forehead; eyes gray, long and narrow, nearly bare of lashes, calculating and cold to meet, but warm and tender to know; nose too large for beauty; teeth large too, she showed them as she bit the string; mouth thin and red, the only color in her face; chin strong and thrust outwards, would have been more becoming in a man. Kate was handsome, rather frightening, grave and sincere; over all she wore an air of feeling herself a stranger, unknown and unknowing, traveling alone through a world whose wonders and terrors she could not describe if she would, and in any case, would not.

Having proudly named her familiar points to himself, Stephen crossed the porch and rapped on the door.

"YOU goin' some'eres, Kate?" Gus asked, seeing her take off her apron and hang it on a nail and put her hands to her hair.

He lay on the lounge,—had been asleep but now slid into waking,—his hands clasped over his chest, his body stretched flat and hard, and the toes of his boots turned up. His mother sat by the stove with her feet in the oven, clicking her needles faster and faster.

"Mother wanted me to come over to Grammum's when I got my work done up," said Kate. "You want anything before I go?"

"Want anything? No, I don't want anything. . . . Ye'll find ye'll need plenty on ye. Close down to zero to-night."

"November's giving us quite a try," said Kate.

She shook out her pins and took a steel comb from behind the clock; it sang as she drew it through her hair. She bent low from the waist, combing up from the nape of her neck, then backward from the parting behind her bangs.

"When I was your age, I couldn't ha' stooped over that fur to put a comb to my head, or my hair would 'a' been moppin' up the floor," said Hannah. "I had a master great head of hair."

"Mine's not that long," Kate said, setting pins. "It all runs to thickness."

"Mine's finer'n yours, too, old as I be," said Hannah.



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Kate said: "Yes. Mine's like Father's."

"Might be," Hannah admitted grudgingly. "Your mother's nothin' near so fine as mine is, though. Her'n is growin' gray too. Aint you noticed? It's all them drugs she takes. Here be I, eighty years old, and not a gray spear to my head."

It was true. She sat by the stove like a withered brown nut, her small body bent almost double, but her hair dark as Kate's own, her neck strong, and her crooked fingers nimble.

"If it wa'n't for these chilblains," she said, "I'd be smart as ever I was."

You ought to keep your mind on seeing there's hot rocks in your bed these cold nights," said Kate. "You don't take any care of your feet."

"Time they learnt how to take keer of themselves," said Hannah.

She drew them suddenly out of the oven and let them fall to the floor. It was a gesture, and the jar sent a pang through her knees and hips, but her expression did not change; she knitted rapidly, four and two, four and two. Hannah Bragdon had been known for many years as the fastest knitter on York Road. She could knit a stocking in an evening! So never a stocking must be started after supper but it was made by bedtime. When she could not keep her own pace, she would be old. Four and two, four and two, four and two.

"By the time you git there, they'll all be to bed," said Gus.

He sat up on the side of the lounge and began unlacing his boots. At forty-five his hair, too, like his mother's, was untouched by age, but a pale color, and crisp. His mutton-chop whiskers lay like small fringed rugs on either side of his thin mouth and rounded, out-thrust chin.

"No. Grammum goes to bed late when she has company. They set up and read out loud to each other."

"Anything to use up wood and kerosene," said Gus.

"Well, when wa'n't that allus like Grays' folks?" Hannah demanded. "That time Asa Cheney went in thar and took 'em a present of a bag of meal when everybody knowed they hadn't had a mite of bread since Thanksgivin', and here 'twas Christmas, and wa'n't Mindwell a-settin' a-playin' over hymns, and they'd had a traveler come in and tune up that thar organ for 'em and paid him fifty cents! Asa, he said Mindwell said they thought it was the best Christmas they could have, so they got it. And there they was without a mite of meal in the house! I don't know, some folks!"

HANNAH wanted to stay; she liked it here with Gus and Kate. Tomorrow Sarey would be back from her visit to her mother's, and bring the other young ones with her, Ben and Lovice and Jeff. When Sarey was at home, Hannah kept to her own part, and many long winter evenings lay ahead of her. But she stuffed her yarn and needles into the pocket in the folds of her skirt and trudged off up the stairs, her small lamp in both hands. Gus should see his mother knew enough to go to bed at bedtime. She could put on a jacket and finish this stocking in the dark. One that knew how to handle needles like Hannah Bragdon didn't need

a light. Burning pains shot through her feet, and she kicked angrily against the stairs as she climbed. She had forgotten her hot rocks again. Plague take her feet! Four and two, four and two. . .

"Your mother comin' home tomorrow, is she?" Gus asked.

He had put his shoes under the side of the lounge and sat studying the cracks in the floor-boards. A man ought to have hard wood for a woman like Sarey to do her scrubbing on. Pine would always crack and shrink, and the way she dug and tore at it worked the splinters up.

KATE, bringing plants in from the window-sills, said: "Yes. We'll all be back in the morning. She just wanted to be with Grammum through Thanksgiving. They get lonesome over holidays."

"Never could see what thar is to holidays," said Gus, "different from any other time. Sun comes up, or else it don't, whatever day it is, and after a while it gits dark ag'in."

"Well, they make a lot of them when they all get up there to Grammum's. Easter she paints up eggs, all colors, and Christmas we hang stockings, all of Aunt Roxan's and us, everybody, even Grammum. And Thanksgiving she sets a plate for each of us in the family, so if we aint there, she feels it. She always lays a place for Grandfather, too."

"That must be so they'll have something to take on about," said Gus. "Your mother and her folks always had to git in a good cry, or they didn't have no kind of a time at all."

Something in the nature of a twinkle passed between them, but they did not smile. Gus went to the stove and took off the cover to scratch among the coals, closed the drafts and opened the oven door to let what heat there was into the room. Kate brought a roll of striped outing flannel, her nightgown, from the stairway and spread out newspaper to wrap it in; a crumpled paper, used before for wrapping, and would be again; they did not often have one.

"Granny'll get you mush and milk for breakfast. That do you all right?"

"Aint nothin' better," Gus said. "You blow out your light when you start."

She heard him open the sitting-room door and close it behind him, heard his stocking feet padding across the corner to his bedroom. He and Sarey still slept in the little downstairs chamber. He rarely saw the upstairs of his house. A room to eat in and one to sleep in were all he had a use for. Whatever else he did was done outside. The bedroom door closed. The buckles of his suspenders clinked against the footboard of his bedstead, and the corksucks of the mattress rustled as he climbed in and lay among them. Here he would sleep, and wake to hear the clock striking two and three; a time to figure and scheme, his eyes blinking thoughtfully in the dark. If he dropped off again, his roosters would wake him, and he would be out in his yard by five o'clock. Earlier than that it was too dark, this time of year, for a man to accomplish anything. Only in summer he had light long enough to get in a good day's work; in July and August he could always be at something by three. In winter a man who farmed it had to make up his mind to lay by. . .

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Then 1 jigger, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces,
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I shake with cracked ice.



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Alone, in this minute or two, Kate thought of many things, her thoughts explaining what she was, how young and how old, how much Bragdon and how much Gray, where she was hard to the touch and where yielding, what she loved and hoped for and believed in; but none of this showed in her face. There was to be seen from the outside only what Stephen saw, her features and figure, what she was doing and how she did it, neatly, capably. No wonder he did not know Kate Bragdon. She raised her head at his knock, paused for an instant to listen, and moved to the door as if she had a premonition who it would be.

"Stephen Blaine!"

HIS hat came off, and he laid it against his chest, making her one of his stiff, slight bows. No other man along York Road or the Lane could have done it so. It was Stephen back again, with the moonrise brightening behind his head, and his eyes laughing at her. This time she had counted on his staying; they had talked it over together, and he had promised; this time he would stay until the job was finished and show his boss how quick and sure he was with his hands, how he always knew where a bolt was needed, and could match two pieces of wood until no one could tell they had not grown so. Stephen would work hard and faithfully in Cambridge, while Kate here at home kept at her quilting and her hemming, Sarey pinched closer than ever on her eggs and butter to have the more to sell, and Hannah upstairs wove cloth for sheeting as she had once woven her own. And in the spring—

"You're right. That's the name."

He took her and kissed her swiftly, her throat and mouth, and hair.

"Oh—Stephen—"

Tonight it was a silver sky and bare branches behind his head. Other times it had been blue sky, or warm twilight, or birches bowed to the ground with ice. He had been hers since they began to grow up, though she was two years older, and anywhere that she could go alone, about her father's place or between York Road and the mountain, she had been with him in one season or another. All her senses quickened at the touch of him. Now she smelled only cold air and wood-smoke from the chimney, but once there had been the fragrance of sun on new wood as they stood among the stacks of shingles bought to roof the shed, once that of a spruce tree in the corner of the schoolroom as they decorated it for a Christmas concert, many times the smell of mayflowers and the musty odor of a deserted Frenchman's shanty as they sat in its doorway to tie up their noses with vines. Tonight it was still; but he had kissed her with the sound of water trickling past, or frogs singing, or nuts dropping, or other Bragdons, the Seldens, Joys and Hamiltons calling down that they had reached the top of the hill, and where were Kate and Stevie. Kate-and-Stevie, people said, running their names together.

"Stephen, I—"

He did not listen to her until he chose, and she had no spirit to force him. It was Stephen back again, his thin, hard face, his eyelashes, his breath, his hands upon her.

At last he said: "You might ask me in."

"Yes. Come in."

He stood by the stove and spread his hands above it. Not much heat came up. Kate stayed just inside the door, her eyes on him. His still laughed. He seemed to dare her to find fault with him.

"You've grown taller, Katie. And your hair's curlier."

"No, I haven't. And it isn't. It can't be."

"Why not? Are you the Great Rock, that you can't change?"

"No, but it takes me time. You aint been gone long enough for me to change any, Steve."

He slapped his thigh with one hand and reached for her with the other.

"Good! I'm tickled to death. I want you to stay just the same. Your hair was always curly enough, and if you put on another inch, you'll catch up with me. That wouldn't do, would it?"

She did not go to him, but stood looking at him. He came to her, and she moved away, taking up her bundle from the table. He laughed.

"All right, Katie. Let's get it over. What's the matter? We'll sit down here and have a nice fight. I told me to stay away until spring, and I—"

"I don't want to fight with you, Steve," Kate said. She almost laughed herself, her mouth softening. The yielding to him filled her eyes with sudden tears. Gus would have stared to see her. "I don't know *what* to do with you. You're so—you're so—"

"Yes, I am so, aint I?"

"Stephen, don't! I can't. I'm in a hurry. I've got to go up to Gram'm's tonight. Mother's there, and Lovey and them, and they're expecting me. *Really*, Stephen—"

"All right, Katie. You're the boss. I'll walk along with you."

"Not all the way."

"Well, to the pasture fence. How old will you have to be before your grandmother'll think you're grown-up enough to have a beau right out in public?"

"I don't know. She don't seem to think girls ought to—"

"Funny how a woman like that ever got grandchildren!"

"Yes, 'tis—why, Stephen Blaine!"

"Guilty."

"Will I need a jacket underneath my cape?"

"Yes, and your earlappers pulled away down and buttoned."

"Is it really so cold?"

"Colder'n the old Harry."

"Just think. And 'taint December yet."

KATE blew out the light and pulled her cape around her. Stephen let them out the entry and turned the key in the lock. Gus, come morning, would have to go in and out by way of the shed-room. Now he slept soundly on his stretched ropes and cornhusk pad, covered with comforters Sarey had made the winter they had stayed at his mother's, before Benjamin was born. Upstairs, Hannah had finished her stocking and laid it away in the dark. Her back ached, and her feet were stiff with cold; her fingers fumbled as she put her great ruffled white nightgown over her head and struggled from the depths of it to let

out her buttons and slip her underclothing to the floor. Emerging, she peered once out of the window to make a guess at tomorrow's weather, and saw two figures turning into the shortcut through the woods to Mindwell Gray's place. The moon was high enough to make the fields quite light now, and she saw them clearly, a sturdy young woman in a heavy cape and hood, and a young man beside her in a trim topcoat with a derby hat on his head.

"So he's back again," she grumbled. "Another great start and a morsel of an endin'. Well, when wa'n't that allus the way with them Blaines? Lingisters, all of 'em, a-winin' and a-dinin', and now see where they've got to by it! Kate must think a lot of herself to cotton up to him."

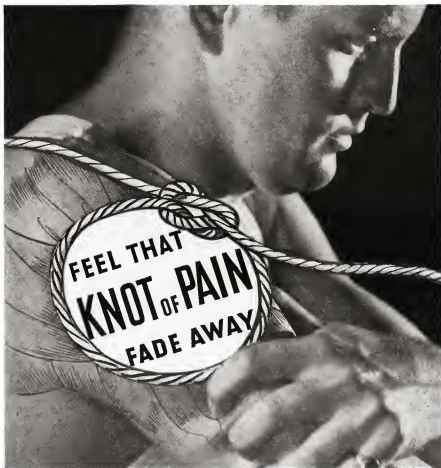
She looked again.

"Kind of a little runt, too. Aaron was a head taller'n him before he got bowed over. Seems like they don't grow so big now as they used. Suthin' stunts 'em. Aaron, now, he was six foot three."

SHE crawled between the blankets, chewing her tongue to keep from groaning with the cold, and thinking of Aaron and his brothers, how tall they were, and how stout, which one could throw another quickest when they used to come around her father's house in the evening and wrestle on the grass. Aaron was slower than some, but when it came to building, he could handle the biggest logs. Isaac was a good chopper, but he couldn't beat Aaron; Aaron didn't hit so often, but every blow brought a chip. Yes, they had come tall in Hannah's time, tall and stout and willing to go at life with an ax and a gun. An ax and a gun and a woman, and some way they made out not to starve, and kept from freezing, and raised up young ones tough as little polecats. Yes, six foot three it was Aaron had stood when he and Hannah were married. . . .

Mindwell Gray's place was on a hill, not more than fifteen acres, pasture and all, and most of it ledgy, with a brook cutting its way down through from the mountain to the river. The house, one of the little old ones, stood only a story high, a kitchen to right of the chimney, a parlor to left, and three small bedrooms along the back, their windows darkened by evergreen trees and grapevine. A lane straggled up to it from the main road, picking its way among the rocks and keeping close to the brook, but the approach most traveled of late years was a path across Mindwell's pasture and Gus Bragdon's, a very narrow path, made mostly by Mindwell's and Sarey's distorted, plodding feet.

Tonight Mindwell and all her descendants except Kate were under the Elder's roof, and all the youngest sound asleep, but the older ones still clustered around the stove. Mindwell herself, a stout woman now, and well on in years, but with the same fresh, cool, somehow sanctified face of her youth, appeared as if enthroned in the cushioned, straight-backed chair the Elder had built for her before he died; it had a wider seat than ordinary, and shorter legs, and she occupied it solidly, her feet set square on the floor, one plump hand with its broad, chaste wedding-band dangling from the



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end of the chair-arm, and the other holding a book on her narrow shelf of lap. She did not speak often, but watched and listened with a mildly judicial air.

Roxanna, in black wool skirt, crimson velvet waist and big gilded buckle, sat near her mother, her ruffles sweeping the floor and her fingers flying at their tating. As she talked, she kept glancing up to laugh, a fine-looking woman with sound white teeth and good color in her cheeks. The pinched, ageless little figure in the rocker was Sarey, huddled over patchwork, her face gone flabby and old and chalk-white, her eyes still blue but now sharp and certain, darting almost viciously in first one direction and then another. She said little. Her second daughter, Lovice, on the rug by Roxanna, seemed lost in watching the pretty mystery of the shuttle; she was another Sarey, as Sarey had once been, timid and dreamy, but in better health and more aware of her own charms; it was plain she copied Roxanna in the way she sat and held her head and placed her hands. But she did not talk. Benjamin, her older brother, lying on the couch with his long, thin arms under his head and his eyes staring at the ceiling, was most likely to be the one to answer Roxanna, when she needed answering.

"YOU ought to come pay me a visit. Lovice," she said. "It's as much as two or three years since you was there. You'd be a young lady now, and get asked out. I could get Cyril Bannister to take you over to the Town Hall a Saturday night. How'd that suit you?"

Lovice could only catch her breath and flush. Cyril Bannister was the clerk in Drury's dry-goods store, and she remembered the way he had looked at her when she went in to buy black cotton gloves for Sarey, the day before a baby sister's funeral many years before. As a little girl wrapped in a Paisley shawl and set down off the top of the cart in which Gus had driven to the village through the early spring slush, she had made her way to the door between the two Drury signs and opened it into a dim, still room with counters running the length of each side and the walls covered with shelves of white boxes. Cyril Bannister had come toward her softly, facing her inquiringly, but saying nothing. The place smelled of new cloth and strange dyes.

"I wanted to get a pair of black cotton gloves, size five and one half," whispered Lovice. He turned and looked through several boxes, his hands very white, and his nails clean and rounded off short. At last he laid a pair before her. She knew she should finger them, but did not dare. "If they ain't all right, can I have the money back?" she whispered. She could not lift her glance as far as his face. His voice came down to her coldly: "Why shouldn't they be all right? They're black cotton gloves, size five and a half. Just what you asked for." His voice terrified her. She was feeling giddy from the smell of so much that was new. She could think of no reason why the gloves should not be all right, but she had been instructed what to say. She shrank into the folds of her shawl, staring at the floor, and said thickly: "I guess they'll be all right. But if they ain't all right, can I get the money

back?" She heard him putting the boxes away, and feared he had lost patience and the gloves were gone from her forever. Her mother must have gloves, for the baby's funeral tomorrow.

"Oh, let me have 'em," Lovice implored him. Her glance flew upward, and seeing the gloves still on the counter, she snatched them to her and promised, trembling: "I won't find no fault, if you'll let me have 'em. Here's your money." Trembling, she pushed a twenty-dollar bill across to him, and wondered why he looked at it and then at her so oddly. "Aint it enough?" she asked him, frightened. It was the first bill she had ever handled, and she had no idea of the cost of gloves.

He laughed and said: "Plenty. A little lady like you shouldn't be buying cotton gloves. I've got some fine silk ones, and some beautiful kid—". But Lovice had gone running out of the store with her change in one hand and the gloves in the other, and hid in the cart until her father came and turned the horse toward home. . . .

"He works in at Drury's, don't he?" Benjamin asked.

"Yes. He's a fine hand at waitin' on folks. Everybody likes him. Smart as a trap, too. Nobody sees why he don't get married. He must be—why, he must be thirty-five years old, anyway. He looked as old as he does now when he come there, and I know that was before Minnie was born, because I was into the store once when Josie Merrifield come in and bought some baby's stockings of him, and I know I didn't have any young ones of my own at the time, because I thought I bet she wisht she could spend that money on something for herself. I didn't realize then how a mother feels about doin' for 'em, after she gets 'em. . . . But I know Cyril was clerkin' there at that time."

"He must have saved up a very good sum of money by now," Benjamin said. He added quickly: "Though there are other good uses for money besides saving it."

"That's what I always say," Roxanna agreed. "It's a slow way to get ahead, to be always saving your money. Now, I suppose if you had a good job, Benny, you'd buy yourself an education with it. Then in time you'd be the minister in a big church with a big salary, and plenty of chance then to do your savin'."

"SERVANTS of the Lord don't work for pay, Roxanna," Mindwell interposed in her deliberate voice. "Benjamin won't never find a place that needs him an; more than this does, nor wouldn't, however fur he wandered. Where else in the civilized world is there a church that aint been open for fifteen years, night-about?"

"Grammum is determined not to see it my way, Aunt Roxanna," Benjamin said bitterly. "I'm past expecting her to. Religion means too much to me for me to never go forth to preach it until I have learned the words to use. Who am I, to preach? A man who never sat in Sunday school in his childhood, nor heard anyone speak with an inspired mouth all through his youth! I'd never have seen the inside of a church except that I unlocked the door with her key

and crept in to pray alone in the cold. I have never been trained as a minister, nor even as a parishioner. I never heard a sermon; how could I deliver one?"

"If you've read your Bible," Mindwell said, "you've done all you could, and that's enough. That's all the education your grandfather had, and he brought a many souls to his Master before he took to his bed. You've got a build like his, and a voice like his; and I'll believe to my dyin' day you was meant and appointed to take up his work where he laid it down. But you aint done it."

BENJAMIN sprang to his feet. "And why haven't I done it? Why haven't I done it? Because I'm tied hand and foot. I love the Lord Jesus Christ. I am consecrated to His service. But He has told me I must not represent Him until I am ready. I must read, and study, and travel up and down the highways. And I must not undertake to lead a church until I have been ordained. He has told me. It is His will. I have known it from the summer when I was fourteen. One night I slept out in the woods beside the pond, and He came and told me. Do you think I would disregard His command—His personal command to me?"

Benjamin's hot eyes scared his grandmother.

"Yes. He said to prepare myself. But how am I to prepare? Nothing to enroll in a school with, nothing to get there with, nothing to live on while I'm there. And why is there nothing? Because my father is a poor man with a starving family? No; because my father is one who digs and saves and hoards, and would rather have deeds and bank-books and silver pieces in the chest under his bed than a son in the service of his Maker. I am not free even to read my Bible and the few books I have collected, without being sought out and growled at and given more to do than my shoulders can hold up under. There's never one day I can call my own, nor one night when my lamp can burn and I don't hear about it, one way or another."

He turned to the window and stood looking out.

"How in the world did it happen Kate went down to the academy?" asked Roxanna, not so impressed as she might have been. She could not keep her mind so long on one problem. "I never was clear about that."

"How did she happen to go?" repeated Benjamin. He turned again into the room, his face long and dark, his eyes hot. "How did she happen to go, the two years she did go? Well, I'll tell you, Aunt Roxanna: She went because my mother put her shoulder to the wheel and sent her there. Between them they raked and scraped for every penny she had, and Mother did the work for the two of them. And she could do it, because Kate was a girl—she couldn't do it for me. I never could be spared, and I never have been spared. But I want you to know if it had been in the power of my mother, I should have gone, and I have faith God will hold it to her credit."

He came and stood beside Sarey, who looked up at him in a small flurry of pleasure and embarrassment.

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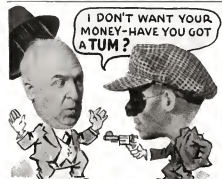
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"She's not well," he said gently. "You can see to look at her what she's been through since she left her mother's house. Nobody will ever know better than I do what she's had to bear. Driving year in and year out, a good deal of the time without fit food for her to eat, always being ridiculed and criticized and made to look small. She's like a bird that somebody has fastened a turtle-shell over; and they keep hitting the turtle-shell so she has to stay in it to live at all. But unless something happens so she is let out to fly and sing, she—I don't know as we'll any of us have her very long."

He glanced sharply from one to another of their startled faces, bent to kiss his mother, and left the room going up the stairs to the bed he and Jeff shared in the loft.

"Mother!" Lovice cried. She left Roxanna, running to crouch before Sarey and bury her face on Sarey's small bony knees. "Whatever does Ben mean? He sounds so awful!"

"There, I don't know," said Sarey, as bewildered as the others, but not so frightened, for she had heard a good deal of Benjamin's strange-sounding talk, and never seen it come to much. "It's suthin' more out of his books, I s'pose. He's an awful deep-thinkin' boy, and nobody can make out what he's gettin' at sometimes. He takes right after Father that way, sartin'."

"What he don't have," said Mindwell, "he don't have his grandfather's git-up-'n'-git. If only Benjamin could do as well as he can talk—like your father could!"

"Well, Sarey, you do look poorly," Roxan said. "Your eyes look as if they was goin' to pop right out of your head. I don't doubt you're draggin' yourself to death and gittin' no thanks for your pains. You never ought to have been in any such place. It wa'n't as if I didn't warn you how wrapped up Gus Bragdon was in himself, and wouldn't have eyes for how you fared. Yes, I do declare, Marm, I never see Sed look so poorly."

"I know it," Mindwell answered. She sighed. "She's thin as a rail. She ought to have suthin' to build her up, but I don't know what 'twould be, I'm sure. Seems as if she's took everything anybody ever heard was good."

Mindwell's and Roxanna's eyes rested anxiously on Sarey. Lovice raised her head, bursting into tears.

"Well, she needs a rest," she sobbed, "and she won't take it. She could if she would. She don't need to work the way she does, with two great girls around the house. Kate and I've both tried to get her to give up, and she won't. She's—she's gittin' all wore out—"

"There," said Sarey, "don't take on so, Lovice. You'll be sick out of it. I'll live till my time comes, like everybody else." She chuckled suddenly. "Why, I feel as if I'd got that house built right onto me, and if I was to crawl out from under it, it would tumble down into the cellar square on top of Gus and the young ones and Granny Bragdon and all of 'em!"

SO much attention had put new life into her. She glanced across at Roxanna's shuttle and tangled Ross thread. "That looks like awful pretty work to do, Roxan," she said. "Who learnt it to ye?"

"Why, everybody's at it down to the village," Roxanna answered. "We all do it at club meetin's. It's no trick at all."

"Lovice, you'd better try to pick it up," Sarey suggested. "It would make an awful handsome aidgein' for some petticoats. You'd ought to be gettin' ye a few pretties together, you and Kate, both of ye, aginst your gittin' married. It'll be all I can do to stodge and twotch up comforters enough to keep ye warm into bed. I never was no hand at fancy stitches, but land, what chance did I ever have to study 'em out?"

"Married!" Lovice sniffed. "Who'd I marry? Harvey Lencott?"

"You know that's a comical thing," chuckled Sarey, "the way Harvey Lencott has took to tendin' on Lovice. That's Jed's grandson; you mind, Roxan—Ketury's boy."

ROXANNA looked up quickly.

"Sarey Gray! You aint tellin' me you'd let Lovey have anything to do with a Len—"

"No!" Lovice exclaimed heatedly. "I wouldn't *anyway*!"

"No," Sarey agreed, "she don't go no-where with him; but there aint no reason she can't treat him polite when he stops in. He don't 'pear to want nothin' better than just to look at her, and I'm sure that don't hurt her none. Gus says he's an awful worker in the woods. He follers the sawmills, you know. He's very neat and clean, too. He don't hang around with the rest of the tribe much. He wa'n't so dretful smart in school, Kate said, but that's the most I ever heard aginst him; he's several cuts above the rest of 'em. I don't think of any young feller around that's any steeper."

Roxanna broke in indignantly: "That's all right, Sarey. That's the way you look at it. But you never could see further'n the end of your nose in such things. Look what you done for yourself! Now you're fixin' to let your girls git right into the same ditch. What I say, I say no young one is any better than them that went before him; and if Ene Blaine was the one Ketury had, as folks all thought, bein' as Catherine was always so strait-laced with him that whole year they was goin' together—if Lencott and washed-out Blaine is all there to this Harvey—"

"There now, Roxan, that'll do," said Mindwell, for the first time stirring in her chair. "I've heard enough 'n' more'n enough from ye, the both of ye. This aint fit talk to have over before Lovice, and you know it. Everything ye've said shows ye're thinkin' of Lovice as a woman, when she aint nothin' but a little girl. I hope she can manage, in spite of ye, to keep sech ideas out of her head for ten years yet; that's what I hope. I hope her mother's poor example will mean more to her than anybody's light talk; that's what I hope for ye, Lovey."

Lovice hung her head, twisting her handkerchief in the agonized embarrassment of any sensitive child who hears other children scolded. The other children, Roxanna and Sarey, bent guiltily to their work. The room grew quiet.

At last Sarey spoke again in a low, firm voice:

"One thing I will say, whether anybody wants to hear it or not. I will say I aint done so bad for myself as you always try

to make out. I've been drove, but I've drove myself; aint nobody had to drive me; I aint the kind to hang back. Gus is hard, but he aint bad, an' you aint never heard me say I knowed of anybody else I'd rather had. I guess life aint easy anywheres you live it; I never heard of anybody's that was. I aint gone cold nor hungry neither, and whatever aint been spent on finfinin' has gone where Gus thinks it'll do the most good in the end. It aint been squandered."

"You're hittin' out at me," Roxanna said bitterly, "about how Fred spends on horses. Just because Gus had to pay that one note for him—"

"No, I aint," Sarey answered. "I aint hittin' out at nobody. I'm just sayin' I don't want so much hittin' out at Gus. There's good things ye could say about him, or ye could say nothin'. Ye both claim to think so much of Lovice, ye might think whether it's good for her to hear her father run down. I guess all of us Grays will do well to guard our out-speakin' a little mite. That's all I've got to say, and I'm done."

"Let's—couldn't we sing?" asked Lovice anxiously.

"It would be a good thing," said Mindwell. She hitched forward and raised herself by the strength of her hands on the ends of the chair-arms. "We'll have no arguin' and quarrelin' under your grandfather's roof. I still think what I think, but I'll hold my tongue. What d'you want to sing, Lovice?"

Lovice thought she liked "He's the Lily of the Valley" the best of all.

"'Tis a good one," Mindwell said. The organ stood in the corner between the dish-cupboard and the cellar door, as accessible to her as her bed or her provisions, and used more often than either. She let herself down onto the fringed stool before it with a puff of relief. "Number Seventy-eight, girls. Come."

"I'll be right there," Sarey answered cheerfully. "Didn't Benny say that's what I need—singin'? I guess likely I do. Sometimes after I've let my voice out, I feel ten years younger."

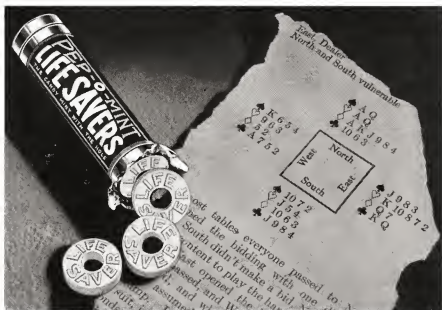
As they crossed the room to where Mindwell sat and Lovice stood holding the lamp, Roxanna murmured: "You don't need to worry about that fifty dollars, Sarey. You nor Gus neither. I shouldn't never have asked ye for it if we'd had any other way to turn, the day we got that letter. Fred'll pay you back the first free money he gets hold of. It's six weeks now since the last funeral, and hacks is all that's been out of the shed. It keeps us awful close."

"Say no more about it, Rox," Sarey answered cordially. "You take care of it when it comes handy and not a minute sooner. I had quite a time a-gettin' of it, but Gus haint said a word about it since, so don't you spare yourself short."

"He's the Lily of the Valley," Mindwell sang in her strong alto, not so deep and rich as it once had been, but still true. Sarey's and Lovice's soprano, and Roxanna's contralto joined her:—"the bright and shining star. He's the fairest of ten thousand—"

AS they swung into the second verse, Kate came in quietly and sang from where she took off her hood and cape, rubbers and leggings at the end of the

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"But I won't let her go beggin'!" Stephen said, throwing his long body into it. "Catherine!" roared Enoch.

"I'm a-comin'!" Catherine's voice answered. "Do you think I'm stone deaf? What's the matter with Steve, that he's back here so quick? I s'pose he's—"

"Well, sir, now it's good to have the boy back, aint it, Ene?" Thoc insisted, beaming around on the whole group. "I got some idea, too, how hungry he is. I was younger'n he is now by a long sight, the first time I walked down to Poachmuth and back again. Brother Gilbert, he was with me. I was eight or ten, and he might have been a dozen, and we struck off one morning across lots through the woods. Wet? My soul, we was as wet to the knees before we'd gone a mile, as if we'd walked into a river to push off a boat.

"There's an old Scotch sayin' that Father used to get off a good many times: 'You have to get up airy if you want to walk with God'; and I thought of it that mornin' as I walked over Oak Hill with Gilly. Oak Hill, you mind, was where the Cochrans, the Children of Nature, used to have their meetin's years ago. Father recalled them. He used to tell how they'd build up a great bonfire over there, and dance around and around it without a stitch on, singin' and makin' a great to-do, and anybody that was converted to 'em had to go dressed and dance with 'em, a-pullin' off one garment at a time and throwin' it on the fire until they'd sacrificed 'em all and was purified. I recall thinkin' that over that mornin' we was walkin' to Poachmuth, and won-

derin' what them fine red oak trees thought of such foolish goin'-on."

"Well, whatever they thought," said Berias, "they had to think quick, because even then Gus Bragdon was a-beggin' to be born, so he could hustle over there with a pick and shovel, and dig 'em up while they was still worth somethin'."

There was loud laughter at this, and the room shone with merriment and good-fellowship when Catherine came into it, a tall, gaunt woman in a hastily buttoned blue flannel wrapper, and her hair in a braid, her eyes sunk deep and black under her bushy eyebrows, and all the bones of her thin, square face protruding powerfully. She scuffed the heels of her shoes threateningly across the floor-boards as she came toward Stephen; but she could not work up fury against him as she could have against another; if her life had gone for anything at all, this boy was it.

"Stephen, what you here for? Be you sick, or anything?"

"Hullo, there. Ma! Sick? Why, no. Starved to death, that's all. Could you get me just a bite? . . . Gosh, Uncle Berias, that's a good one. I never heard that one before. Did you ever see another man in your life go hell-bent for work the way Gus Bragdon does? Say, if he heard anybody was payin' a cent a carload for old shoestrings, he'd start savin' his up, and tie his boots with marsh hay. . . . Well, go on, Uncle Thoc. What was doin' along the river the mornin' you and Uncle Gilly struck out for Poachmuth?"

With grimly resigned face Catherine set about preparing a meal in the midst of

story-telling. It was not a new experience for her, and she had no qualms about her interruptions. Her pans and dishes rattled, doors banged, and he who did not keep his feet under his chair would get them stepped on, as he well knew.

"Oh, the river was full of craft that mornin'," Thoc resumed. "Full of craft. Some anchored and some moored to the several wharves. Gilly and I recognized 'em all right off quick. Father learnt us boats if nothin' else. We see sloops that day—all, with rakin' masts,—pink-stern schooners, a fore-and-aft, brig, both square-rigged and he-maphrodite, and I recollect Captain Staples' full-rigger was just into Rand's wharf from China with a cargo of tea. Gilly saw right away she'd got a new foremast. He was great for—"

"Move over, Thoc!" snapped Catherine. "I've got to get into that woodbox."

"Have ye, Catherine?" asked Thoc mildly. "Ye have! Well, now, I don't see how you're goin' to do it. That box aint an inch over three feet long—"

"Oh, stop your nonsense!" she told him. "Clear out of my way. The fire's down till I don't know whether it'll fry anything or not. I wish I had somebody could keep me stocked with dry wood. I'm sick to death of burnin' this green stuff, and the chimney's well-nigh plugged up with it. Move, can't you!"

"Catherine," said Thoc kindly, "was born with a very small ticklish spot in her, and aint nobody found out where it is yet; but when they do, she'll go right off into laughing, fit to give her a pain in her side. . . . Well, all else I want to

(Please turn to page 127)

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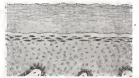
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Some Cheerful Results *of the Great Depression*

BY JESSICA E. COSGRAVE, A.B., LL.B.

IN addition to the many distressing consequences of the Great Depression there are several results which are distinctly cheering to those of us who have to do with young people either as parents or as educators. Among these cheerful results I would select the following as among the most encouraging:

In the first place, it seems to me that a tremendous economic and political education has gone on among the elders which has without doubt reached the young people of high school and college age. This includes a realistic outlook upon the relations of countries to each other and the impossibility of creating money out of money instead of from productive labor. There are fewer young men planning to be bond salesmen and fewer girls looking forward to marrying bond salesmen who would expect to be in receipt of large incomes long before they could possibly bring about such a result through journalism or architecture, law, medicine or engineering.

In the second place, realizing that it will be far more difficult than in the past to obtain happiness through material things, young people with their marvelous adaptability have begun to admit that after all it is the possession of inner resources which yields the truest and the most lasting happiness. The love of literature and other forms of art as well as creative ability and interests which may be called hobbies—all these things will yield a rich harvest of joy in the future if they are cultivated in youth.

Third, I feel sure that all those who deal with young people in their late teens or early twenties have noticed that there has been an extraordinary change in the attitude toward family life. Young people seem to have discovered that the right sort of a home is the nearest thing to heaven on earth that we have

achieved, especially if that home has its full complement of children; that such a home requires two intelligent, competent parents who attend strictly to the business of being parents in order that the children may grow to be the type of citizens who can solve the problems of our increasingly complex civilization.

Fourth, since there seem to be hardly places enough for competent workers in these days, there is certainly no room for the incompetent, and therefore young people, and particularly girls, are more willing than ever to go on preparing themselves for some kind of useful work realizing that the stronger the foundation, the higher the structure that can be reared upon it. Under ideal conditions this vocation will be allowed to lie somewhat fallow after marriage until later in life when the children are out of the nursery and it may be resumed with renewed vigor and wisdom.

Fifth, undoubtedly one always sees what one wishes to see, and I am anxious to believe that I see a turning from material values to spiritual. Periods of great prosperity have always been characterized by an undue emphasis upon material things; and periods of adversity coincide with a resurgence of interest in spiritual matters. It may be possible that materialism has always accompanied prosperity because that prosperity was wrongly founded; and if we could use our magnificent scientific advancement together with the natural resources of such a country as ours to bring about a more widely distributed prosperity, perhaps we might preserve the spiritual values even when we are not chastened by adversity. If these things are true, and I for one think they are, we can safely trust youth to find a solution to the many problems that seem almost too difficult for an older generation.

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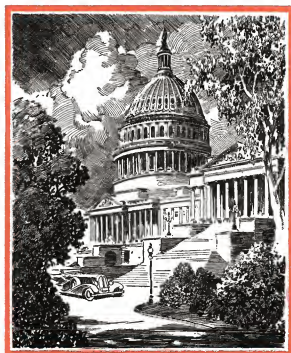
A WOMAN OF WASHINGTON

An Anticipation of a Future That May Be Upon Us

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

who wrote "A Farewell to Fifth Avenue"

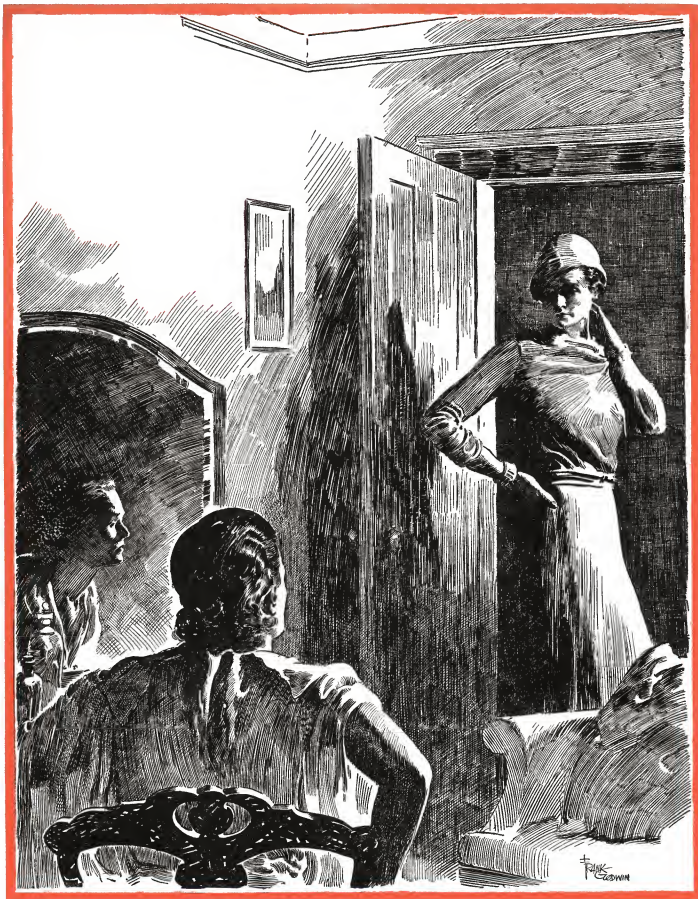
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



A NOVEL OF THE NATIONAL
CAPITAL OF TOMORROW, AND
OF A WIDOW WHO IS JUDGED
BY THE BRAND OF CHAMPAGNE
SHE SERVES, NOT BY THE ACHIEVE-
MENTS OF HER LATE HUSBAND.

This novel, like all other novels printed in Redbook, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events.

A COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL—OVER 50,000 WORDS



The unholiness of Joan Glenarm's formerly haunted, now bold and sneering green eyes was hypnotizing. They were rendering Constance helpless. Joan talked in terse phrases generously sprinkled with profanity. Her English was bad, her smile cynical, her laughter unbearable. She looked more like a woman loitering in the neighborhood of the Navy Yards than a woman with friends and influence It was as if a mask had suddenly fallen off her face, and disclosed a monster.

A WOMAN OF WASHINGTON

An Anticipation of a Future That May Be Upon Us

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

"PREPOSTEROUS! The very idea! Fancy your thanking me for coming, when I should thank you on my knees for inviting me, my dear Mrs. Glenarm! I adore your parties. I wouldn't dream of missing a single one of them. They are every bit as entertaining as this marvelous Government of ours, though not nearly as dangerous."

The speaker took a deep breath through her long, sharp nose and waited for a laugh. A wiry woman, a faint air of untidiness around her thickly powdered shaggy neck, she seemed to have been created for the express purpose of accentuating the radiant beauty of her tall auburn-haired hostess.

Mrs. Glenarm smiled politely. Six years on Massachusetts Avenue had taught her that one either laughed at Mrs. Snowdridge's well-worn jokes, or incurred her undying hatred.

"Naughty," she said. "Just for that, I shall make you dance with Senator Harrow. Old Deal's Sharpest Tongue, Waltzing with New Deal's Most Radical Champion! How is that for a headline in our gossip columns?"

"Perfect, my dear. Too gorgeous for words. Nothing would please me more than to tell the Don Quixote of the Prairies what I think of him and his asinine ideas. Oh, if he were only here!"

"But he is here, and you shall meet him right away." "Impossible, my child. In the first place, the old fool never goes to parties. Why, he even had the unearthly cheek to turn down my invitation. And in the second place, of all nights, tonight he is sure to be in his padded cell at the New Willard, working on that greatly publicized speech of his. Have you forgotten, my dear, what day tomorrow is?"

"Follow me," said Mrs. Glenarm, and led the way into the crowded ballroom. She felt grateful for the hellish din made by the celebrated colored band. It spared her the pain of hearing Mrs. Snowdridge's machine-gun voice. "What a repulsive creature!" she thought as they moved by inches through the jam of white ties and velvet frocks.

"Just because her uncle was a great man, she imagines that everybody else is a half-wit. As if there were anyone in Washington who doesn't know what is going to happen tomorrow! As if I needed this old she-cat to come and tell me about Senator Harrow!"

The music broke off. Over the salvo of hand-clapping and laughter came that irritating, breath-swallowing voice:

"—and I hope I can make him realize that his Public Utilities Bill is nothing short of Bolshevism. If it goes through, we will have to tear down the Washington Monument and erect a statue to Comrade Stalin."

Mrs. Glenarm glanced around impatiently. "I see his wife and his son," she began. "Perhaps they can tell us—"

Just then she noticed Senator Harrow. He was sitting where she had left him two hours ago, in a large armchair in the adjoining drawing-room. His grizzled head hanging low, his long thin legs crossed, he failed to hear the sound of their approaching steps.

"Music has no charm for the sons of a wild jackass," whispered Mrs. Snowdridge; and moving forward resolutely, she put her hand on the dreamer's shoulder. "Well, Senator, at last!" she proclaimed dramatically.

Harrow raised his head slowly.

"I beg your pardon—"

There was a look of sincere puzzlement in his pale blue eyes. Mrs. Glenarm laughed constrainedly, but before she could explain the meaning of that "at last," the machine-gun began barking:

"I am Margaret Snowdridge, Senator. It is high time you and I met. It was not very nice of you not to come to my dinner, but I forgive you. What else can I do with a wild Westerner? My poor uncle always said: 'Peggy, you must make certain allowances for wild Westerners. You are just the type of woman their mothers tell them to beware of. They never go for panthers, only for helpless kittens.' He was a grand person, was my uncle; but you should not be afraid of me, Senator. The truth is, I am a well-trained panther—"

She stopped to catch her breath, which was a cue for the Senator to laugh: people always—at least for the last thirty years—laughed when Margaret Snowdridge introduced herself as a "well-trained panther." But not a sound came out of the Senator's tightly-closed mouth.

"What Mrs. Snowdridge really means, Senator," Mrs. Glenarm hastened to translate, "is that although she disagrees with your political opinions, she admires you immensely."

Harrow bowed gravely but said nothing. He did not need to. For the next half-hour, all talking was to be done by the well-trained panther.

"Oh, I know you and your kind, Senator. I have watched you closely. Long before you came to Washington, I was one of those very few who said: 'Look out for that big bad Westerner. He is a hundred times more dangerous than William Jennings Bryan ever was.' Yes, indeed, I could never agree with the people who dismissed your theories with a yawn and a shrug of the shoulders. You have made a great mistake, Senator, not to confide in me, not to have called on me the moment you checked your bag at your hotel. I would have told you right away what's what in this part of the world. Even my poor uncle always said: 'Peggy, when it comes to practical politics, you combine the best features of a Disraeli and a Tammany sachem.'"

"Now mark my words, Senator, this ludicrous bill of yours will be the ruination of this country. No one is in greater sympathy with sane radicalism than I am, but when I say sane radicalism, I mean *sane*. S-A-N-E. And yours is utterly insane radicalism, my dear man. According to that bill of yours, some five hundred million dollars invested by thousands of thrifty Americans in operating companies in the West would have to be wiped out. And why? May I ask you this simple question—why? Ah, you are hesitating, you do not know how to answer me. . . . Well, I do not blame you."

HARROW was not hesitating. He stared at her with vacant eyes. It was clear to Mrs. Glenarm that he was not listening.

"Will you excuse me, Margaret?" she said. "I must go and see if my guests are being taken care of. I don't think either one of you needs my assistance in this very interesting dispute."

The well-trained panther ignored her departure. Shaking her red-nailed finger at the immovable figure in the chair, she accelerated her delivery to at least two hundred words per minute:

"Woe to him, I say, who dares put the Government in business! Heaven help us all, if we are to live to see the day when a bureaucrat seated in his office on Pennsylvania Avenue will be selling electric power to the farmers of the West. I know my American farmer. Yes, my friend, whether you like it or not, I do know my American farmer. No good your making faces at me—"

HARROW was not making faces. His head turned, his eyes half-closed, he was watching the dancers in the ballroom. The battle would begin tomorrow. The battle—the word thrilled him. Yes, it was going to be the battle. Not one of those other numberless losing battles with the odds against him and the dice loaded, but the battle of his career, with victory certain and the rout of his foes imminent! Tomorrow. . . . His ears rang. It was fantastic; it was unbelievable that in less than twelve hours now, the Vice-President of the United States would bring down his gavel and say in those dry staccato tones of his: "The Chair recognizes Senator Harrow, who will introduce his bill proposing public operation of certain utility companies in several Western States."

"Senator" Harrow! God was his witness that he had not solicited that honor. For forty long years he had been satisfied to stay in the background, to remain just a small-town lawyer fighting off foreclosure suits and following his luckless leaders. Throughout his many campaigns for William Jennings Bryan and the senior LaFollette, for Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas, it simply never dawned on him that he himself might some day become a candidate for a high political office. Always it was some one else for whom he went on the stump, harangued indifferent crowds and made lengthy speeches which no paper ever bothered to print in full. Always it was some one else whom he presented to the State convention as That Fearless Warrior of Unimpeachable Character. Always it was some one else who took a Washington-bound train at the end of November, leaving him to his law practice among the dispossessed farmers. This had gone on for forty years. And then a wholly unexpected thing happened.

How well he remembered that morning! What a peculiar coincidence that it should have fallen on his sixty-second birthday! He woke up as usual at six and went in the kitchen to make his coffee—it had been years and years since his wife stopped preparing his breakfast—when the telephone rang. It had been a telegram from the Governor. The Fearless Leader elected by his party to the U. S. Senate but two weeks ago had died from heart failure the night before, and the Governor was about to appoint him—him, William W. Harrow, to the now vacant seat! Had he been told that the U. S. Steel Corporation was anxious to enlist his services as their chief counsel, he would have been less stunned. After forty years of shadow-boxing and sleeping with clenched fists, he was to go to Washington, to be told the nation at large how it should handle the public utilities octopus!

"Would you like us to mail the wire, Senator?" "Never mind mailing it—" His voice did break then. "Till come to get it myself." The twelve-mile ride to the telegraph office. Not until he was handed that slip of yellow paper, not until he had read it dozens of times, did he believe that the thing had really happened. He did not return home until long past midday. It took him five hours to word his answer to the Governor. No mere acceptance was his answer, but a twenty-thousand-word denunciation of the public utility companies, the railroads and the Farm Board officials. That was his way of acknowledging a belated honor, "the way of the Don Quixote of the Prairies," said a wise-cracking Chicago paper.

He did not mind the ridicule; he was prepared for it. What he did mind was the dangerous, the puzzling behavior of his family. It was their fault that instead of putting the finishing touches on his speech, he was sitting now in a swanky house on Massachusetts Avenue, dressed in what he'd always considered a uniform for head-waiters. Had anyone told him but a month ago that on the eve of the greatest battle of his career he would be spending the night listening to savage music and silly

chatter, he would have laughed derisively. The idea of his even considering the invitation of Mrs. Joan Glenarm would have struck him as a notion too ludicrous to warrant an answer. Anyone who knew anything at all about him and his life would have understood that there could be nothing in common between a man who had dedicated his life to the denunciation of the rich, and a young beautiful woman who wore on her arms and fingers the price of many a hundred foreclosed farm mortgages. Whatever else she might be, she was wealthy, fabulously wealthy; and this in itself was sufficient to make him classify her with his natural enemies.

"Your colleagues aren't nearly so particular," said his wife. "All of them are fighting for an invitation to Mrs. Glenarm's." What did he care about his colleagues, those dyed-in-the-wool professional politicians who suddenly

turned radical after three decades of peaceful slumber on Capitol Hill, those spick-and-span Groton- and Harvard-bred men who experimented on the farmer as they would on a guinea pig, those repenting millionaires who waited for the collapse to discover that there are a few Americans living west of the Hudson River? They were not his colleagues; they were strangers. Every one of them was a stranger—even his own heavily built wife, who was now dancing with that slick-haired, blue-chinned South American fellow. Even his own formerly sensible son, who was now standing, glass in hand, in the buffet, towering over the blonde head of that cold-eyed cynical Constance Bacon! How tragic, how infinitely tragic it was, that instead of giving his whole self to that which really mattered, he should worry lest the personal ambitions of his own family involve him in some sort of mess. One could not be too careful when dealing with these strange people. The enemy's country! Yes, Bryan was right: Washington was the enemy's country. He nodded his head, and a feeling of acute lonesomeness mixed with bitterness came over him.

"Who are all those people?" he suddenly asked aloud.

MRS. SNOWDRIDGE interrupted her long speech none too readily.

"But I've just told you, Senator! What is the matter with you? Are you dreaming? Those people are the one hundred and twenty-five million Americans who will never forgive you for the crime you are about to perpetrate in their name."

"Never mind that," said Harrow impatiently. "What I asked you was, who are those strange people dancing in that ballroom and drinking in that buffet?"

Mrs. Snowdridge laughed contentedly. "Ah," she said, half closing her eyes, "you could not have found a better person to describe them to you. I could write a whole encyclopedia about them! New Dealers and Old Dealers, radical professors and Wall Street, Rue de la Paix and Main Street, black-haired South American diplomats, and gray-haired fat-bellied Tammany politicians, visiting Governors and Dupont Circle dowagers, code-makers and lobbyists, the hordes set and the admirals, kept men and kept women—all Washington is here, Senator. It always is, at our beautiful Joan's parties."

"Why?" asked Harrow bluntly.

"How deliciously naive you are!" giggled Mrs. Snowdridge, slapping the Senator's veined wrist playfully. "They are here for one thousand and one reasons. The Brain Trust is here because they have just enough brains to know where the best champagne and the best food are being served. The Old Dealers are here because they like to meet the New Dealers on neutral ground. The dowagers are here because—"

But Harrow was not listening any more.

"Who is Constance Bacon?" he asked.

Mrs. Snowdridge beamed. "Far be it from me," she said, "to repeat malicious rumors. I loathe and despise gossip. My poor old uncle always said: 'Peggy, I wish you were more of a gossip and less of a philosopher.'"

"So, who is she?" interrupted Harrow.

"Well, really, Senator!" said Mrs. Snowdridge with great dignity. "You sound as if I were a witness appearing before the Investigating Committee. But then I realize



MRS. HARROW

how you must feel. When it comes to our children, I suppose we are all the same."

She waited for a moment, but as the Senator did not volunteer a comment, she continued in a hurt voice:

"You needn't be so reticent with me, Senator. After all, it is no secret to anyone in the know that your very tall and very handsome son is about to present you with a daughter-in-law. I do not blame him in the least. Constance is a delightful girl, even if she is a bit hard-boiled. You know, of course, what people say about the real nature of her relationship with Joan?"

"No," said Harrow. "I do not. I have been told by my son that she is Mrs. Glenarm's private secretary."

Mrs. Snowdridge smiled wisely. "Have you ever heard, Senator, of a woman who would present her private secretary with some fifty thousand dollars' worth of clothes and jewelry?"

"It was my understanding," said Harrow dryly, "that aside from being Mrs. Glenarm's secretary, Miss Bacon is her ward. Isn't it true that her late parents were Mrs. Glenarm's best friends?"

"Look," whispered Mrs. Snowdridge, pointing toward the buffet.

The Senator looked.

He saw Mrs. Glenarm standing in a group with his son, Constance Bacon and the young South American diplomat who had danced a short while ago with his wife.

"Well?"

"Can't you see? Can't you see, you naïve Westerner?"

"See what?"

"Joan and Constance—their startling resemblance. It may be customary in your part of the world for secretaries to look exactly like their employers, but we Washingtonians find it somewhat strange."

Harrow looked again. The well-trained panther was grinning triumphantly.

"Check and double-check," she said. "Hair—auburn in both cases. Eyes—green in both cases. They even use the same shade of eye-shadow to create that quasi-Oriental effect. As for their noses, note carefully the slight tilt. See?"

Harrow lifted his long thin frame out of the chair slowly. Gaunt, emaciated, his narrow bony shoulders protruding through his ill-fitting, ready-made clothes, he did suggest Don Quixote at that moment.

"You will excuse me," he said evenly, but his parchment-skinned face was set, and his pale blue eyes were burning with an icy fire. "It is after one o'clock. I must find my wife at once and go home. Tomorrow is an important day for me."

And he walked away rapidly, leaving Mrs. Snowdridge standing in the center of the deserted *petit salon*.

Neither of them noticed that all during their conversation their beautiful hostess had been watching them intently through the open doors of the buffet. Neither of them suspected that Senator William W. Harrow was not the only man in Washington that night who awaited the arrival of the next day with a leaping heart and frenzied misgivings.

Chapter Two

CONSTANCE BACON and Jim Harrow were dancing. They were dancing every dance. They clapped their hands and stamped impatiently when the music stopped. For reasons of their own, each preferred not to talk too much tonight, each wanted to think, and it was easier to think while the saxophones were moaning and the crooners crooning.

For the first time in his life Jim Harrow was short of words—he who had known every precinct leader by his first name at the age of fifteen. He who had canvassed a whole State at seventeen. He who had left college in his freshman year because the chairman of the State committee thought that the Progressive Party needed him more than the Alma Mater. He who felt a stranger among the boys of his own age, because they stared and blinked when he tried to explain to them why no intelligent person should ever vote a "straight" ticket. He who took complete charge of his father's affairs the moment they arrived in Washington. But all of that was politics; and whatever he had learned from politics was of no help now. To tackle a carload of job-seekers on Capitol Hill and

send every one of them home with a smile, was nothing at all compared to the task of telling this sarcastic girl what he had wanted to tell her ever since he first met her in his father's office two months ago.

How did one go about proposing to a girl who began her acquaintance by asking whether one could provide her with a copy of, "The People of the United States vs. Public Utility Magnates," a formidable dust-covered volume published in the year 1896 in the City of Omaha, Nebraska, at the expense of its then youthful author, William W. Harrow? Girls at home were never like that. None of them knew that Father had written a book. None cared. None possessed such an adorable combination of long firm chin, soft warm mouth and clear green eyes. Even now, after two months of lunches, dinners and dances, Jim still could not understand why on earth a girl who waltzed as divinely and laughed as contagiously as Connie, should be interested in Father's fight with the big operating companies. But just the same, whatever the peculiar reason may have been, Jim Harrow blessed his stars daily that he did have a copy of that awesome book. How otherwise would he have met Connie again? How otherwise would he have been invited to Mrs. Glenarm's house?

INSTEAD of frowning and crouching in that chair, Father should be grateful to him for having made that valuable connection. Not every Senator was invited by Joan, not by a long shot! On top of being a Senator, one had to be a social somebody to dine at Number Blank Massachusetts Avenue; and God knows Father possessed no social graces. To think of the fight he'd had to put up to make the old man buy that tail-coat and a white tie! Mother was never threatened with an overabundance of brilliance, and had still less opportunity to learn good manners, slaving as she had for twenty-five long years in her dilapidated kitchen; but she at least was quick to grasp her chance and appreciated in full the many kindnesses of Mrs. Glenarm. If she would only stop powdering her ruddled face in front of everybody with that ridiculous fluffy puff bought at a five-and-ten!

"Thinking hard?" smiled Constance as the music stopped for a moment to let the sax-players catch their breath.

"I am. About you."

"What's the verdict?"

"You will hear it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow. It's going to be the most important day in my life. I hope in yours too."

"I am afraid so."

She sounded serious, almost solemn. He thought he saw her blush.

"What do you mean, you are afraid? Why be afraid?"

But the crooner was already complaining about the smoke that was getting in his eyes.

"You are holding up traffic, young man," said the short fat Brain Truster dancing next to them with a pale, diminutive girl whose silver pumps bore the imprint of a heavy pair of professional feet.

They went on dancing, and Constance wished Jim would stop seeking her eyes. She wished several more things, all of them unobtainable. She wished she had never met him. She wished she had not fallen in love with him. She wished she had never consented to go to his father's office and use that ludicrous old book as a means toward bringing the Senator into Joan's house. She wished that Joan were what her friends thought her to be, a woman of wealth and leisure, instead of— She hated to criticize Joan. She knew she had no right to. After all, where would she be now, had it not been for Joan? Her own mother could not have been more kind or more generous to her. She owed everything to Joan: Her education, her sense of security, her clothes, her jewels. Everything, everything she possessed or achieved or hoped to reach, she owed to Joan. Was it Joan's fault that of the thousands of men, wealthy, handsome, powerful, famous men who came to the house, she should fall in love with a boy from nowhere?

In all fairness she could not blame Joan for sending her on that peculiar errand to Senator Harrow's office. She had gone there with wide-open eyes. She had suspected from the very beginning that something infinitely more ominous than a childish desire to cause heartbreak to Mrs.

Snowdrige made Joan persist in her efforts to gain the old Don Quixote's friendship. She suspected it, and yet she had gone, gone gladly, her vanity tickled that Joan entrusted her with a mission of such a delicate nature. She should have told Joan that she had failed, but instead she rushed home, wreathed in smiles, choking with pride at having made fast friends with the Senator's son. Friends! Up to the very last moment, when it was too late, when the damage had been done, she was fooling herself into believing that it was simply a case of friendship. Not until this morning, when she overheard that significant telephone conversation between Joan and her—whatever that man was to Joan—had Constance realized that she was in love with Jim, that she would have to choose between her love for him and her loyalty to Joan. . . .

"Is there anything wrong with my face?"

"Wrong? Why, Connie?"

Jim released his hold on her, and stopped still, much to the chagrin of the fat Brain Truster and his long-suffering lady.

"I wish you would stop staring at me."

Tears were choking her. Before Jim had a chance to answer or make a move, she rushed away. Pushing through the thick *mélée* of dancers, stepping on the toes of white-haired Senators and beribboned South American diplomats, she ran out of the ballroom and dashed up the two flights of blue-carpeted stairs. When she reached the door of her bedroom, she was out of breath. She felt a salty taste in her mouth. Over and above the shrieking violins and moaning saxes, she could still hear the triumphant laugh with which Joan had told Stanley Rutherford over the telephone that morning that their worries were about over, that the Harrow Public Operation Bill was as good as dead, that tomorrow was going to be the greatest day in their lives.

Chapter Three

CHATTER—chatter—chatter:

Standing in the doorway of the huge gilded ballroom and straining his eyes in search of his wife, Senator Harrow was listening grimly to the buzz and chatter of the dancers.

"And he would have been allotted three million dollars of the P.W.A. funds, had it not been for the Ickes' Checka."

"Have you heard her latest? It's a peach. 'After having tried for twenty-five years to live up to Father, I must try not to live down to Cousin Franklin.'"

"If he doesn't get impeached before the end of his first term, I'd be willing to twist Mussolini's beak."

"He may be a celebrated sociologist to you, but he is just another cheap skunk to me. After eating my food and drinking my wine for the last six months, he dares—"

"Did you notice her chinchilla wrap? Not bad for the wife of a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year Congressman."

"With his three sons and two daughters on the Government payroll, he can well afford to preach rugged honesty."

"Politics had nothing to do with it. He was simply caught playing footie-under-the-table with the Ambassador's wife."

"If we keep him in Europe one year longer, we'll have to send the Marines to rescue him from the irate native husbands."

"Clever? The fellow is a genius. First he buys their stock for a song, and then he makes the Government grant them a juicy subsidy."

"Capone is a sap. With half of his ingenuity, I'd be running an alphabet agency."

"He wouldn't know wheat from corn, but his wife has nice legs, and his cook is an artist, so they made him a member of that new board."

Harrow felt nauseated. It was his first party in Washington. He fervently hoped it was going to be his last. One minute more, and he would have left by himself. Then he heard a voice which sounded familiar, although its intonations were new and strange.

"I've no use for our men. They are so rude, so disappointing. Nothing interests them but politics and business. I do wish I were married to a European."

Harrow stepped forward. For the first time in the twenty-five years of his married life, he was seized by an

almost uncontrollable desire to slap his wife's unattractive, thickly powdered face. He had long known that she was a garrulous, gossip, brainless creature, and he despised her in a cool detached way; but now he hated her. She was as horrible as Washington. She was as low as those foul whirling chatters.

"T'S time to go home, Mary," he said in muffled tones, his hands trembling. He ignored the bow of her slick-haired partner; he brushed him aside and stood still, impervious to the whispering around him, paying no attention to the puzzled looks of the other dancers, who stopped to watch Senator William W. Harrow in action.

The pouches under her heavily made-up eyes grew larger, but she followed him without a murmur. Not a word was said between them until they reached the cloakroom on the second floor.

"Where is yours?" he asked, looking helplessly at the rows of wraps and fur coats laid out in flat formation on the chairs and on the floor.

"You needn't bother," she said, and the evenness of her voice amazed him. "I am not going home."

"Now, Mary—" he began.

"Then she let go. The very first word that came out of her mouth brought the colored maid who had been dozing peacefully in the corner up to her feet, but nothing could have stopped Mrs. Harrow by then.

"You fool," she hissed, "you conceited, cruel old jackass! Do you imagine that just because I let you wipe your feet on me in the presence of my friends, you can take me back to that hotel room of yours which you please to call home? I've had enough of you and your homes! For twenty-five years I slaved and cooked and scrubbed floors and washed dishes, so that you could make an ass out of yourself at the State conventions, so that you could continue assaulting gentlemen and fraternizing with bums. . . . But I won't do it any more. I won't, I won't! . . . Do you hear me, you idiot? I won't. . . ."

"For twenty-five years I had to buy my clothes from the mail-order houses, so that the wives of your fearless warriors—fearless crooks, I call them—could travel in private cars and buy their underwear in Paris and send their sons to Harvard and drive around in platinum-hooded cars. . . . I've never doubted that you were insane, but now I know it. . . . Who else but a maniac would attack millionaires and defend dirty-faced bolsheviks? Who else but a hopeless fool would do what you are about to do? I don't read many books, and I don't know much about politics, but so help me God, if I let you spoil the only chance I and my son ever had! Public Utilities Octopus! Octopus, my eyes! They are decent people, good Americans, substantial citizens. They've more brains in one little finger of theirs than you've got in your whole damn head."

THE colored maid never took her bulging eyes off Mrs. Harrow. She was listening to her with obvious fascination. It was as if she felt convinced that the Senator was not worth watching.

Harrow stood crestfallen. When he finally spoke up, his voice was thick and his intonations uncertain.

"Are you or are you not going home, Mary? Don't you realize what an important day tomorrow is for me?"

"For you? And how about me? And how about that poor boy of mine?"

"You are right," agreed Harrow. "The outcome of tomorrow's battle is most important for all three of us. If the Senate approves—"

"Who is talking about the Senate? What do I care about the Senate?"

"But don't you know—"

"All I know is that Mrs. Glenarm has promised to take me to the dinner at the British Embassy tomorrow, and that Jim expects to propose tomorrow to Connie."

Harrow could not believe his ears.

"Is that the only reason you are so anxious about tomorrow?"

She raised her voice again.

"Don't you dare sneer at me, Bill Harrow! It takes a fool like you not to understand what it means for a woman to be received in the British Embassy. And as for Jim and Connie—"

She did not finish. The Senator turned his head and saw Mrs. Glenarm in the doorway.

"I was looking for you two all over the house. Don't tell me that you are leaving? It's strictly against the rules, Senator, to leave this house before sunrise," said Mrs. Glenarm in a bantering tone.

The Senator looked at her hard, but she met his stare with her usual smile of quiet friendliness. Nothing in her beautiful face indicated whether she had been standing behind the door during the stormy scene.

"Mrs. Harrow may stay if she wishes to," muttered Harrow, "but I really must go."

"I understand, Senator." She closed her long thin fingers over his veined hand and pressed it warmly. "I would never have insisted on making you fritter away your precious time in this silly house had it not been for a rather weighty reason. Would your charming wife be awfully jealous if I asked you to give me a few minutes in private?"

"You can have him from now on," beamed Mrs. Harrow.

"Always a darling!" said Mrs. Glenarm. "Now you run along and dance with that adorable count, while your husband and I plot against you."

She winked at the Senator as if to say: "Let's humor her. It's easier that way." Harrow smiled grudgingly. He had never met Mrs. Glenarm until a few hours ago, and he saw no reason why she should be this friendly with him, but he felt oddly disarmed. If she was one of the enemies, she was a very charming enemy indeed.

Chapter Four

HAD anyone called the Weymouth and asked to be connected with the apartment of Mr. Stanley B. Rutherford, the telephone-operator of that very fashionable, perhaps the most fashionable, Washington hostelry would have answered in all sincerity that "the party" was not registered there. Had anyone gone to the trouble of looking up the Directory of Directors, it would have been labor wasted and time lost; for there never was even the slightest mention of Mr. Stanley B. Rutherford among America's glorious "R's." Had anyone walked through the doors of the N-V-T Corporation, on Wall Street in New York, and expressed a desire to see Mr. Stanley B. Rutherford, the elderly gentleman at the reception-desk would have raised his shaggy eyebrows and said unhesitatingly that Mr. Rutherford was not connected with them.

It mattered not that Mr. Stanley B. Rutherford had a ten-year lease on a duplex apartment in the Weymouth, that he was the largest individual stockholder of a score of operating companies in New England and throughout the Middle West, that he owned outright the N-V-T Corporation. Still and all, he was not "registered" with the telephone-operator of the Weymouth, not known to the editors of the Directory of Directors, and not "connected" with the N-V-T Corporation in so far as the elderly gentleman at the reception-desk was concerned. The explanation of this triple mystery was quite simple, if indicative of the slightly unorthodox methods of Mr. Rutherford. His duplex apartment at the Weymouth was leased in the name of his English butler, one James Smith. His holdings in the operating companies were listed in the names of his attorneys, magnificent dummies in braided morning coats and striped trousers. And the N-V-T Corporation was described in the records of the State of New York as "a private corporation with no outstanding stock, owned by Mr. John A. Nevins, Mr. Alfred W. Victor and Mr. Thomas J. Timothy." Messrs. Nevins, Victor and Timothy happened to be Mr. Stanley B. Rutherford's private secretaries, but this interesting fact was not described in the records of the State of New York.

The strong-chinned bronzed face of Mr. Stanley B. Rutherford appeared frequently in magazines de-luxe and the Sunday rotogravures, but this created no comment in the circles which otherwise would have been interested in Mr. Rutherford. A muscular, lean man in his early forties, he looked exceedingly handsome in his sport-clothes, and it seemed altogether logical to outsiders that anyone of his athletic endowments should spend his life in riding to hounds, sailing yachts, shooting golf and man-

aging a large farm. When people discovered, as they occasionally did, that in order to be admitted to Mr. Rutherford's Washington apartment, one had to ask for Mr. James Smith, they laughed good-naturedly.

"Stan is nobody's fool," they said. "Doesn't want to be annoyed by solicitors and charity-seekers." That he should come to Washington almost every week-end was likewise easily explainable; his farm in Virginia was within a stone's throw of the national capital. It would have been more difficult to explain why his semi-annual trips abroad invariably took place around the same time of the year as those of the beautiful Mrs. Joan Glenarm; but then, both belonged to that very exclusive set which has long since made it an ironclad rule never to be seen in Europe in the months reserved for Iowa school-teachers and Nebraska tourists. To the best knowledge of Washington gossipers, Mr. Rutherford was but slightly acquainted with Mrs. Glenarm; once or twice he had dined in her house, but so had everybody, who was anybody, in Washington.

On the night of the big party in Joan's house, the lights were burning long past midnight in the duplex apartment on the top floor of the Weymouth. This was unusual, for Mr. Rutherford, keen on preserving his slim boyish figure, rarely went to bed later than eleven.

"Must be expecting visitors," decided Mr. James Smith, the nominal lessee of the apartment, and proceeded to prepare a cold supper. When all was ready, he went to the door of the living-room and coughed discreetly.

"What do you want, James?"

Rutherford stopped pacing the floor and viewed his butler with annoyance.

"The supper is served, sir. Would you want me to wait for the arrival of the guests, sir, or shall I—"

"What guests? What the hell are you talking about? Who asked you to prepare supper?"

"I thought, sir—"

Rutherford swore. Mr. James Smith had never heard his master use such language, and he retired hurriedly. Left alone, Rutherford picked up the receiver nervously.

"Give me the correct time. . . . Two fifteen? Are you sure?"

He did hope that all the clocks in his apartment had gone haywire. The damn woman! The cheek of her! Knowing how anxiously he was awaiting her message! He jumped up and began pacing the floor again. What a fool, what a colossal fool he was, to have entrusted her with a mission of such importance. What did he know about her, anyhow? He may have known lots of her, but what did he know about her? Where was the guarantee that she was not double-crossing him, not accepting money from some one else?

AT this instant the telephone rang. He reached it in one jump.

"Stan?"

"Who at the hell did you think would be answering my phone at this hour? President Roosevelt?"

"I am awfully sorry, Stan—"

"I don't give a whoop whether you're sorry or plain cuckoo. What I want to know is whether you did or did not get hold of the old scoundrel."

"I did, Stan—"

"And?"

"Everything is set."

"You mean to say that he swallowed it?"

"I am meeting him in Rock Creek Park at eight. I knew that he goes riding every morning, and I could think of no better place."

"Wait, Joan! Do you mean to tell me that you have no other news for me except that he agreed to ride with you in Rock Creek Park? . . . Why, you—"

"You are too excited, Stan. At least I hope you are. Otherwise I would be inclined to resent your language. Now, wait. Let me tell my story first and do your swearing afterward. I told the Senator that I simply had to see him and talk with him tomorrow morning, that it has to do with his speech and his bill. You should have seen his face when I explained to him—"



EARL DAVON

"His face?" Rutherford swore. "I'd hate to see *your* face if the old dodo fails to keep the appointment!"

"He won't, Stan, I know he won't. But let me finish my story—"

Rutherford hung up in a rage. That fool of a woman! That cheap— It would serve her right if she flopped on this job! With what pleasure he would cut off her allowance and kick her out of that swanky house on Massachusetts Avenue! With what devilish glee he would watch the faces of those dumb Senators and Congressmen when they discovered that their gorgeous hostess, their Joan the Magnificent, their Madame Récamier of Massachusetts Avenue, was just another well dressed come-on, just another cheap flounder masquerading as flet of sole. "Madame Récamier!" Rutherford sneered. A white snake, that's what she was. A common variety of white snake, *habitat* Capitol Hill. He had made her, and he was going to destroy her. Yes, destroy her, destroy mercilessly, and the sooner the better.

He got up and poured himself a stiff drink of whisky out of a crystal decanter on the side-table. The thought of destroying Joan, of crushing her white long-legged body under his feet, was distinctly soothing. He was beginning to feel better, when suddenly another thought struck through his mind: And what about him? What would happen to him, and that which he was pleased to call the Rutherford Empire, if that accursed woman did fail, and the Harrow Bill did go through, and his companies were faced with the actual danger of being taken over by the Government or competing with the Government-owned plants? He shuddered. He dared not answer his own questions. What an idiot, what a fat-head he was, not to sell every share he possessed, right after Roosevelt's election! Had he liquidated his interests on the morning of November ninth, 1932, and transferred the money to Holland or Switzerland, he would have had now— He opened the center drawer of the desk, looking for the list of his securities, and that made him remember something else. Great God! Where was Davon? Could it be that Davon too— No, no, no—

The drowsy telephone-operator at the Weymouth had the greatest difficulty in making sense out of the frantic shouts that came over the wire from the duplex apartment on the top floor.

"Give me the reception-clerk. . . . The reception-clerk, I said, you fool! No, no, I don't want to leave a message! Do as you are ordered! Hello, hello! Is this the reception-clerk? Stanley Rutherford speaking. . . . Rutherford, I say. . . . R as in— Oh, hell! I mean it's Mr. James Smith speaking."

There was an instant readiness to serve on the other end of the wire.

"Yes, Mr. Smith! What can I do for you, Mr. Smith? Mr. Earl Davon? I do not believe, sir, that he has arrived, but I shall make sure at once."

The shouts were still coming over the wire:

"It's impossible, I'm telling you. He must be here. He was to take the seven-o'clock train from New York and reach here at midnight sharp."

"I am exceedingly sorry, sir, but the key from Suite 212 is still in the box, and that is the suite which we reserved for Mr. Davon. Would you care to have me wake up the assistant manager, sir?"

Rutherford shook his head and hung up in a surprisingly mild fashion. He was too tired and too upset for further violence. For a while he stood by the side of the telephone, then crossed the floor with the gait of a drunken man, and threw himself onto the couch. Big drops of perspiration came out on his lean tanned face. He wanted another drink of whisky, but that would have necessitated his getting up, and there was no strength left in his muscular body. He wanted to reach for the bell and ring for James, but that would have meant letting that asinine Englishman see him in his present position.

"I must not give in. I must concentrate," he said aloud, "I must—"

Whatever it was that he had to do was not clear to him at the moment. The only thing he could think of, the

only fact he could concentrate on, was that every share of stock he possessed was in Earl Davon's strong-box, and that every cent of cash he had been able to lay his hands on had been likewise transferred to Earl Davon before the foxy old trader would consent to organize and manage the pool in Rutherford Securities. There were papers, of course, a whole bunch of them, drawn up by his attorneys and Davon's. But what good were the papers if Davon turned out to be a thief—if instead of trying to make some money in the market for both of them, the little thin-haired fellow simply pocketed the Rutherford millions and left for an unknown destination? His telegram said, "Am taking seven-o'clock train," and it was after three in the morning now. If something had happened to that train, the newspapers would have been full of it. If something had delayed Davon's departure, he surely would have wired or telephoned. If something—

Guessing—guessing! That's what that horrible auburn-haired woman had done to him. She befogged his brain; she sapped his strength; she reduced him to the status of a guessing animal. It was her idea that he should let Earl Davon have full control of his stock-market operations. "He's a genius, Stan, the greatest financial genius since the original Rothschild." He should have told her to shut up, to mind her own damn business, to attend to the amorous old Senators and not to worry about stocks; but he listened to her, listened and fell straight into the trap she and Davon had prepared for him. She and Davon! That was it! That was the explanation of Davon's failure to take the seven-o'clock train.

Rutherford jumped up, his strength renewed by the vision of Davon and Joan running away with his money.

"Operator! I want to talk to New York, Wickersham 2-56789. Tell the long-distance operator to ring incessantly until some one does answer. I don't give a damn who. I'll talk to anyone at that number. . . . Never mind calling me. I'll wait."

Minutes crawled. His eyes riveted upon the clock on the wall in front of him, Rutherford visualized a large black touring-car—Davon did have a large black touring-car, didn't he?—crossing the Canadian border. By sunrise he would be in Montreal or Quebec, then an east-bound boat or an airplane to Vancouver; then—

"Mr. Earl Davon's residence," came over the wire; and Rutherford recognized at once the drawing voice of Davon's butler.

"Are you ready, Washington?"

He ignored the long-distance operator. His throat was dry, he was swallowing words:

"Is that you, Jenkins? Thank God for that! This is Rutherford, Stanley B. Rutherford. Have you any idea where your master is? He was to take the seven-o'clock train and arrive here at midnight. . . . What? He took the midnight train instead? But why, why? I cannot understand you. . . . Speak louder. . . . What? Puff? Saucy puff? You must be crazy, Jenkins. I am sure you are. I am asking you to explain to me why your master had to wait for the midnight train, and you are talking about puffs. . . . Can't you understand English, Jenkins?"

"Indeed I can, sir."

Jenkins sounded plainly hurt. "Damn those British asses," thought Rutherford.

"NOW, see here, Jenkins," he began again. "I realize that you are very sleepy and all that sort of thing, but won't you try to concentrate for a moment? All I want to know is why your master missed the seven-o'clock train. Am I making myself clear?"

"Quite clear, sir."

"Good! Now go ahead and answer my question."

"I have already answered your question several times, sir. Mr. Davon had to miss the seven-o'clock train and several more trains because of Saucy Puff—"

"You are raving mad, Jenkins!"

"I am not, sir. Just around train-time Saucy Puff began to act queerly, and Mr. Davon had to take him to the hospital in Westbury—"



JOAN GLENARM

Rutherford's head ached.

"You mean to say, Jenkins, that your master ate some sort of dessert which made him ill and necessitated his removal to the hospital?"

"Saucy Puff is a dog, sir, not a dessert!"

"A dog?" A faint recollection crossed Rutherford's mind. "You mean that nasty wire-haired terrier of Davon's?"

"I do, sir—though if I may say so, sir, Saucy Puff is a very valuable dog, tracing his ancestry direct to—"

"To hell with him and his ancestry! Was there no one else in that madhouse of yours who could have taken the lousy dog to the hospital?"

"My master wouldn't think of intrusting Saucy Puff to anyone else in the world, sir. You will recall, no doubt, sir, that unfortunate episode last winter when—"

Rutherford hung up. He was shaking with laughter now. He swallowed avidly a glassful of whisky, wiped his lips, and then he laughed again. That "unfortunate episode last winter!" He did not need Jenkins to remind him of it. From the Morgan partners down to the humblest of runners, the whole of Wall Street took a day off last winter to laugh at the predicament of Earl Davon, who dropped a sizable fortune in the market because he spent a fortnight at the bedside of his distemper-stricken terrier, and would not answer the frantic telephone-calls of his brokers.

Crazy Davon. Crazy Washington. Crazy America. The whole world was crazy, utterly and hopelessly so, thought Rutherford. And yet—Davon and his fondness for Saucy Puff, he and his trust in Joan—who was the crazier of the two?

He weighed that question in his mind for a while and sighed deeply. He longed for the cool softness of his bed, but he knew that it would be better to meet tomorrow awake. Too many things depended on tomorrow—on tomorrow and Davon, on tomorrow and Joan. It was neck or nothing.

So he poured himself still another drink of whisky and settled down in an armchair, prepared for a long wait.

A heavy fog was creeping from the Potomac. Seated in front of his window on the top floor of the Weymouth, Rutherford peered through the pea-soup thickness in vain. There was Washington. He was alone.

Chapter Five

EARL DAVON awoke with a start.

"Goodness me! Goodness me!"

He muttered these two words over and over again. Not before his eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness and he could discern the outline of the electric fan over his head, did he dare to switch on the lights. He wanted to make dead sure, first, that he was really in a drawing-room aboard a Washington-bound train. He had never felt that sentimental about the Pennsylvania Railroad. He even reproached himself for having sold its stock short on several occasions. It was a nice railroad, and as for this particular drawing-room—He passed his hand over the roughness of the blanket tenderly. It was great to be awake.

All night long he had been dreaming that he was standing on the floor of the Exchange, on his favorite spot right in front of the big steel pole, and that a very tall, very thin man with an ascetic face resembling the photographs of Senator William W. Harrow was shaking him by the shoulders and was shouting in his ear: "It's all over, . . . I have just choked Saucy Puff, and now it's your turn!"

"Goodness me—goodness me!"

He smiled uneasily and pressed the button by his side. "What time is it, George?" he asked when he saw an ebony face and a white coat appear in the doorway.

"Quarter past four, boss."

"Fancy that! I thought it was at least six." Davon lied cheerfully. He could have easily found out what time it was by looking at his wrist-watch, but he wanted company, any company. Anything was better than to fall asleep again and hear again the thunderous voice of the old Don Quixote.

"Can you play pinochle, George?"

"It's against the rules, boss. I've got to shine lots of shoes. The folks will be getting up pretty soon."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, George. Let's play just one hand. If you win, you get this ten-dollar bill. If you lose, you pay me nothing. How is that for a proposition?"

"It's against the rules, boss," said George; and digging into his pockets, he produced two packs of badly soiled cards.

"That's the spirit, George."

He propped himself against the pillows, motioned to the porter to take a seat at his feet, and reached for the cards with a tense hand. He played a careful masterly game. George never had a chance.

"I guess it's not my night, boss."

"I tell you it isn't. How about one hand more, George? If you win, you get twenty dollars. If you lose, you pay nothing."

Instead of one, they played five more hands. When George finally had to leave,—the bell was ringing incessantly in the corridor,—he was as poor as when he came.

THE train was already roaring past the Laurel race-track. Davon began to dress. His eyes, clear and sharp during the game, were dim and haggard again. He never had much use for Washington, but he drenched it now. He remembered his last visit there, two years before, when subpoenaed by a Senate committee, he wasted six weeks of his time, answering the questions of men who did not know the difference between a stock and a bond. That was bad enough, but then at least he did not have to depend on crazy Western Senators for the success of his operations. It was all right for Joan and Rutherford to stake their all on their ability to fool Bill Harrow. They were young. But he was not young any more. Not by a long shot! He was sixty-eight, which was late, entirely too late for a come-back. He was not afraid of Wall Street and the stock market. He admired their logic, and he knew their rules. But there was no logic in Washington, and no politician ever played the game according to the rules.

"Ready, boss?"

"You can take my bag, George. I'll follow you in a moment."

And taking a little black book out of his breast pocket, Davon opened it to the blank page marked "*February seventh*," and wrote in his small firm hand:

Whatever the outcome of today will be, a stock operator has no business to mingle with politicians. Win, lose or draw, I regret having accepted Rutherford's offer to organize a pool in his securities.

As an after-thought he added:

Saucy Puff has more sense than his master. He fell ill last night so as to keep me from going through with this adventure, but I am fool enough not to heed his warning.

Walking along the platform of the Union Station, his five feet two hidden behind the broad back of a husky porter, Earl Davon looked like a man on his way to the operating-table.

Chapter Six

WHATEVER it was about Joan Glenarm—her auburn hair, her friendly handshake, her capacity for listening to solemn bores, or the achievements of her French cook—that had made the politicians confide in her, the consensus of Washington opinion credited her with knowing enough Capitol Hill secrets to have one or two Senators impeached if not hung. Although she had moved to the national capital from Boston as recently as six years ago, all doors, even those of the British Embassy, were open to her, and she was frequently invited to the musicales in the White House.

Strictly non-partisan ("Like all good Washingtonians, I am thoroughly disfranchised," she sighed wistfully), she possessed a knack for acquiring the terminology of whom-ever she was speaking to at the moment. And she spoke to all of them: Republicans and Democrats, Radicals and Progressives, New Dealers and Old Dealers. Nothing pleased her more than to seat side by side at her dinner-table a Columbia professor who swore by Rexford Tugwell, and a Wall Street banker who believed that Louis Howe was a smooth-shaven Trotzky.

"Sauce Béarnaise is thicker than politics," she explained to Constance, "and our cook does make the best sauce Béarnaise in America."

The majority of men who claimed her friendship seemed to be united, in spite of their political differences, by the sameness of the experience which befell them in Joan Glenarm's well-organized house. Every one of them began by falling in love with her at first, and by wanting either to marry her or at least invite her to go on a trip to Bermuda. Every one of them wound up by conceding, if grudgingly, that a platonic friendship with Mrs. Glenarm had its own not inconsiderable rewards. A score of her would-be husbands found comfort and appeasement in the explanation volunteered by a local Winchell.

"Don't you know," said that man of urbane wisdom, "that according to the terms of her late husband's will, Joan stands to lose every cent, the moment she gets hitched again?"

Characteristically for Washington, an epicurean city where a widow is judged by the brand of champagne she serves at her parties, not by the achievements of her late husband, no one ever displayed too much undue curiosity about Mr. Glenarm. Mrs. Snowdrige thought that he was "some sort of a New England tycoon mixed up with shoes, textiles and lumber," but the truth was that Mrs. Snowdrige liked the sound of the word *tycoon* more than she cared about the antecedents of the late Mr. Glenarm. What Washington thought of Joan was summed up admirably by an outspoken Congressman who came to see her off when she was leaving on one of her semi-annual trips to Europe.

"We are going to miss you, lady, much more than we would Jim Farley or Jack Garner," he shouted as the whistle blew and the train started.

The most surprising part of Joan's conquest was that women disliked her but moderately. Aside from a few inevitable remarks such as, "I would look twenty-five too, if I could afford the time and money she spends with hairdressers and *masseurs*," they preferred to be nice with Joan and nasty with Constance, a clever arrangement which permitted them both to accept the invitations to the house on Massachusetts Avenue, and to preserve their inalienable right of free speech.

THEIR hatred for Constance, traceable as it was to her trim figure, long slender legs and rich auburn hair, was fed by the obvious contempt with which that mere private secretary dared to treat the formidable matrons of official Washington. Brusque and blunt, Constance thought nothing of answering a telephone inquiry as to the manner of dressing with a yawning, "Oh, just slip anything at all over your girdle; we can't be too particular in this part of the sticks."

Joan might have brought Constance up, but she certainly failed in impressing upon her the importance of being suave. There was nothing suave, nothing subtle, nothing kittenish in the firm-chinned, broad-shouldered, green-eyed girl who took charge of Joan's social contacts. Hers was the charm of hard-boiled sincerity, of youthful arrogance, of unafraid virginity.

"I really should have been you, and you me, Connie," Joan said often. "You may not know it, my dear, but a private secretary is not supposed to like or dislike people, only to file their visiting-cards."

"If you had been me, darling," Constance answered invariably, "this house would have been a free cafeteria for all the ugly silly fat women of the United States."

Listening to their conversation at the breakfast-table, one would have readily believed that Constance was thirty-three and Joan twenty. The former actually mothered the latter. She reprimanded her for spending too much money. She made her eat lots of roughage ("Good for your complexion, my darling. Nothing like a big plate of cereal to protect that velvety skin lobbyists like to touch."). She warned her to go easy with a certain military gentleman ("One drink too much, and he'd make love to the statue of Joe Arc."). She sat up for her until all hours of the morning; and when Joan staggered in, tired and inarticulate, she put her to bed, kissed the fading red of her soft mouth, and added cheerfully: "I have a treat for you, my treasure: two ducky tablespoons of milk of magnesia. . . . There's no telling what your sages of Capitol Hill may have served you in the guise of Old-fashioned cocktails."

So earnest was this mothering, so passionate this devotion, that Joan had no heart to disobey or laugh. She suspected that Constance knew about her much more than she cared to show, but it was silently agreed between them that the name of Stanley B. Rutherford should never be brought up in their heart-to-heart talks.

Each time Joan was about to leave for Europe, she asked, looking Constance straight in the eyes: "Are you certain you wouldn't care to join me? It's lots of fun, you know."

And each time Constance raised her shoulders and pretended complete despair: "You are hopeless, darling. Here I am, over my ears in conferences with house-painters and decorators, and you want me to go to Europe!"

It never dawned on Joan to ask herself what would she do if Constance suddenly agreed to join her aboard the *Ile de France*, in a suite across the corridor from Rutherford's cabin. If Connie had done that—well, she wouldn't have been her resourceful, all-understanding Connie. . . . Her conscience was clear: with her power of attorney at Connie's disposal, what was there to prevent the girl from going to Florida, from running down to New York and taking in a few shows, or from simply having a gorgeous time in the self-same Washington?

"MISSSED me much?"

"In a pig's eye! I hoped you would stay abroad a month longer and spare me the competition."

That was their way of greeting each other on the pier of the French Line in New York when Joan would come down the gangplank, resplendent in her new Schiaparelli ensemble, and safe in the knowledge that Rutherford had been taken off the boat an hour earlier by a private tender at Quarantine.

That Constance lived in strict seclusion during Joan's absence; that she invited nobody to the house and went out only for a short constitutional; that she spent her days reading books, writing letters to Europe and staring intently at the portraits of her parents, whom she had lost at the age of two; that she got up at seven and paced the floor of the large living-room downstairs, awaiting the arrival of the postman, hoping that he was bringing at least a postcard marked "Paris"—all of that remained unknown to Joan. And as for Constance, the very idea of "spilling the fun of that silly child" would have appalled her. She loathed Rutherford, and she fervently hoped that the day would arrive when Joan would break off that affair; but she attributed it to her jealousy, to her unwillingness to share Joan with anyone. So long as Joan liked that "rotogravure hero," so long as he was good and useful to Joan, she had nothing to say, and was happy to help in every way she could in accomplishing things, strange, unpleasant things, which bore the unmistakable earmarks of Rutherford's plotting, and which she classified under the heading of "high-class lobbying." When Joan said, innocently and casually: "Connie, let's be particularly nice to Senator X," she nodded silently and made it her job to please the Senator in question. . . .

And then she met Jim Harrow. And then she overheard the telephone conversation between Joan and Rutherford. . . . What they were up to, she could only guess; but she had seen enough of their team-work to realize the ominous meaning of Joan's triumphant laugh.

"I assure you, Stan, that the Harrow Bill is as good as dead, and that by the time I am through with the old fool, he will wish he himself were dead too."

There was only one human in the whole of Washington, in the whole of the United States, for that matter, who could save Senator Harrow. That human being was she, Constance Bacon.

WHEN Connie reached that conclusion, after hours of sobbing into her pillow, she felt terrified but relieved. She wanted to act at once, but it was nearly seven in the morning by then, and she decided to wait until she saw Joan at breakfast. For a moment she thought she should call Jim up and explain to him the reason of her behavior on the dance-floor. She had already lifted the receiver when she heard Joan move in the adjoining bedroom. The sound of those familiar light steps startled her. Joan rarely got up much before eleven, in any event not on the morning after a big social affair.

She hung up noiselessly, listened a while longer to the tiptoeing next door, then knocked on the wall.

"Are you all right, Joan?"

There was a silence—a strained silence, thought Constance. She started for the door; then she heard a voice which sounded irritated.

"Why aren't you asleep, Connie? It's only a quarter past seven. I am too tired to talk."

"I am sorry. I thought I heard you move."

No answer came through the closed door. That was very much unlike Joan. Never before was she too tired to invite Constance to come to her room, sit at the foot of her bed and talk to her while she herself would lie still, half-asleep but eager for company.

Constance waited. Although she could discern no further sounds, she felt convinced that Joan did not go back to her bed. "Something is up," passed through her mind, "something that has to do with me, with Jim, or with—"

She jumped up. She could have sworn she heard the heavy entrance door downstairs open and close again.

"I say, Joan, I am frightfully sorry, but I must—"

This time it was the sound of the engine outside. She rushed to the window, just in time to see Joan, dressed in her riding-clothes, drive away in her blue roadster. The only way Joan could have walked out of her room and down the long flight of stairs without making the slightest noise was by carrying her riding-boots in her hands until she reached the entrance hall.

"One of us is crazy," decided Connie.

If Joan suddenly decided to go riding in Rock Creek Park, why in the world should she have wanted to keep it secret from her own private secretary, of all people? The fact that she drove away alone without her chauffeur was sufficiently bewildering. She hated to drive a car herself, particularly through the city traffic. Rutherford? Yes, that would explain the absence of the chauffeur; but Rutherford would never, never think of keeping a secret meeting with Joan in Washington.

"And besides,"—Connie shook her head resolutely,— "since when is she afraid of my knowing about Rutherford? No, this time it is some one else, some one who either insists on complete secrecy, or—"

And all of a sudden she saw it, saw it as clearly as if she were driving in the blue roadster next to Joan and listening to her explanation. Joan was keeping a rendezvous with Jim's father, and Joan did not want her to know about it, because she realized that there is a limit even to the most passionate loyalty.

"That makes it easier," Constance mused, the tears choking her throat. "Oh, so much easier!"

Had Joan, instead of deceiving her, instead of sneaking out in that childish fashion, called her in and said, "I know you love Jim, but you must choose between the Harrows and me," she would have been heartbroken, but she would have stuck by Joan. She never would have been able to resist that haunted look which she saw in Joan's eyes whenever Joan asked her to do something shameful, something low, something that no person of standing, has the right to ask of another. . . . But Joan did not call her in; Joan did not trust her enough to confess that she was plotting to destroy Jim's father. Jim's father—the awkward gaunt old man who wore high shoes with his ready-made ill-fitting evening clothes, who had blushed furiously when he had discovered that he was the only one at Joan's table who was eating fish with his knife. . . . Poor man! Poor, poor old man!

Pressing her forehead against the cool glass of the window, Constance thought of Senator Harrow, and her own humiliation at being deceived by Joan was suddenly drowned in the realization of the cruel joke which life was about to play on Jim's father. She visualized him such as she had seen him first, standing in the doorway of his office and beaming shyly at a strange girl who wanted to read his book. She remembered his words, the first words he addressed to her: "It's mighty encouraging for an old fellow like myself to meet such a serious-minded young lady. It makes me feel that my efforts have not been wasted."

A serious-minded young lady! How she despised herself, for having taken part in that ignominious plot!

She would have given ten years of her life, oh, so gladly, to make up for her crime (she doubted not that she had participated in a crime) and to prove to Senator Harrow that she was not as rotten as her actions showed her to be.

"Ten years of my life!" she repeated bitterly. "What a cheap hypocrite I am! A lot of good they will do him, when in less than six hours, now, he is to be crucified by Joan and Rutherford!"

She looked at the clock fearfully. Twenty minutes of eight. She had just five hours and twenty minutes left at her disposal. When at the stroke of one—how well she visualized that old-fashioned clock in the Senate Chamber!—Senator Harrow would arise to deliver his speech, it then would be too late to act.

She walked toward the telephone deliberately. She knew it was her good-by to Joan, to this life that was sinful but glamorous. . . .

Jim must have been fast asleep, for she had to wait fully five minutes before the operator of the New Willard finally said:

"Here's your party."

"You can bet your job this is my party," she thought. In the mouthpiece she said: "Good morning, Jim. Sorry to disturb you so early, but this happens to be very important. I will be in your lobby in ten minutes. . . . No, I'd rather not have you come here."



STANLEY B. RUTHERFORD

Chapter Seven

IT was only eight o'clock of a raw and foggy winter morning, but a silver tray with coffee, toast, orange-juice and bacon-and-eggs had already been brought to the

President's bedroom on the second floor of the White House by a white-coated colored man answering to the name "McDuffie," and of the four remaining Washingtons, three were up and going through their usual motions.

For there are at least five Washingtons: There is the Washington of one hundred thousand or so Government employees who are paid by you and me for reaching their desks at eight-thirty, and who spend their early mornings and late afternoons struggling against red lights and waiting for street-cars. There is the Washington of numberless ebony faces who go to bed, when at all, long past midnight, but who are scrubbing the floors, for better or for worse, long before seven. There is the Washington of the Franklin Delano Roosevelts, who believe that life is too short not to spend it awake, and who are expected by the nation to combine the best features of a lark and an owl. There is the Washington of the ninety-six U. S. Senators, four hundred thirty-five Congressmen, ten thousand New Dealers and twenty-five thousand lobbyists, hitch-hikers, code-makers and code-destroyers, who receive a voluminous mail each morning, and who require from ten to twelve hours daily to answer it and reassure their constituents and employers. And finally, there is the Washington of the diplomats, widows and gentlemen of leisure who defy the city census and who need not get up at all, but who fear to be caught asleep while a new and juicy scandal is being revealed in Rock Creek Park, at the Jumps.

Joan Glenarm was no stranger in Rock Creek Park. Most of what she had learned in Washington was learned by her at the Jumps, a place where men and women dressed in riding-clothes get off their horses, supposedly to give a rest to the tired animals, in truth to discuss the behavior of their best friends.

Knowing Rock Creek Park as well as she did, Joan disliked the idea of meeting Senator Harrow at that cockpit of Potomac gossip, but she had no choice. The old Don Quixote was adamant.

"If you insist on meeting me tomorrow morning," he said none too graciously when Mrs. Harrow had left them alone, "you will have to come to the Park tomorrow at eight. Tomorrow, of all days, I will need my morning exercise."

"Can't you see me after your gallop?"

"I cannot. I shall be working on the final draft of my speech."

"But don't you realize that there are many idle lookers-on in the Park?"

It was just like his stubborn, ignorant prairie self to ignore her hint. In so far as he was concerned the Jumps was a place frequented by steeplechase addicts.

"I do not go in for jumping myself, but I see no harm in other people liking it. If the hour and the place are inconvenient for you, let us postpone our meeting until the day after tomorrow."

The day after tomorrow! The old fool! Just for that, she was going to see to it that there would be no day after tomorrow for him—not in Washington, in any event.

Alighting from her blue roadster in front of the little tea-house, she spotted him at once. No other man in the world could have looked so ridiculous! Astride a horse, he could have fooled Cervantes himself into mistaking him for his hero.

"I hope I am on time, Senator?"

She was ten minutes ahead of the time, but she did not get her compliment. He watched her mount her horse in silence.

"Which way, Senator?"

"Any way will suit me."

And he was off. She had to spur her horse into a gallop to overtake him.

"Not so fast, Senator," she said with a strained laugh. "I came here to talk to you, not to race with you."

He slowed down to a canter, but remained silent.

"I know what you are thinking, Senator: that I am the most awful pest in Washington; that you regret ever having met me."

"Not at all," he frowned. "But it so happens that I would have preferred, if you want to know the truth, to be alone this morning."

"I appreciate your frankness, Senator." She was not smiling any more; there was no point in wasting smiles and charm on this boor. "Do you know Earl Davon, Senator?"

Her words were drowned out by the sound of hoofbeats. She had to repeat the name three times.

"Earl Davon? You mean that Wall Street gambler? That despicable perjurer and grafter?"

"You do not seem to like him."

"Like him?" Harrow sneered and gave Joan a look of thorough annoyance. "Why, if it were in my power, I wouldn't hesitate to—"

He stuttered and stammered. Blood rushed to his wrinkled parchment-skinned face.

"To hang him?" volunteered Joan.

"With the greatest of pleasure. With my own hands, if necessary."

"Just as I suspected," laughed Joan. Her gaiety was sincere. She could not have hoped for a better opening.

"Well, Senator, that Wall Street gambler, that 'despicable perjurer,' as you call him, was one of the closest and most intimate friends of my late husband. I have known him for more years than I would care to admit."

As Harrow rode on in silence, she added casually:

"You are not interested in hearing about Earl Davon, are you?"

The Senator brought his horse to a sudden halt.

"How dare you!" he said.

"You misunderstand me, my friend."

They were standing now in the middle of a deserted bridge path, and were staring at each other—Joan with well-simulated innocence, Harrow with plain hatred.

"I understand you only too well," he said after a pause.

"Earl Davon's crowd is trying to reach me, and they have chosen you for a go-between. You ought to be ashamed! Just because I accepted an invitation to your house—"

He jerked his head. He could not finish.

"And so am I ashamed, Senator." The haunted look came into her eyes. She spoke very softly, almost inaudibly. "I am ashamed, because I never dreamed that any human being could be so cruel. . . . 'A go-between!' That's what I get for not minding my own business—for trying to protect the interests of Jim's father! I want you to understand this much at least, Senator: Had it not been for my fondness for Jim, for my love for Connie, I'd have answered your insult in a different fashion. I bid you good morning, sir."

"Wait!"

He reached for her reins, but she brushed his hand off.

"Wait for what? To be insulted again? No, thanks."

"I am sorry, my child. I can see now that I was too hasty; but if you only knew what a strain I am laboring under! Please forgive me."

She gravely accepted the extended hand. Her heart was beating a triumphant tattoo. The whole thing was so much easier than she had expected. Oh, if only Stan could have seen that scene! The impossible, the rude, the unapproachable Don Quixote of the Prairies, blushing like a twelve-year-old girl and begging her forgiveness!

"I accept your apologies, Senator. Not for your sake, but for Jim's. And now, let's not forget that you need your morning gallop."

"Wait. Don't you want to tell me what was on your mind when—when—"

"When you called me a 'go-between'?"

"Oh, please, please!"

She would not have believed that any man could undergo such a change. The very quality of his voice was unrecognizable.

"Don't you understand, Mrs. Glenarm—"

"The name is Joan, Senator."

"Of course, of course. . . . Don't you understand, Joan, that any man in my position would be suspicious? After all, granting your complete integrity, what makes you think that anything pertaining to that rascally—I mean to Mr. Earl Davon—could be of interest to me?"

It would have been a great strategic error not to rush into this new opening.

"I do not think it, Senator: I know it. Now wait. We can't block this bridge-path indefinitely, so let me talk."

He nodded eagerly.

"I won't take much of your time," continued Joan. "I'll simply acquaint you with a few facts, and then let you reach your own conclusions. Last night, shortly before we sat at dinner, in fact when you were already in my house, I received a long-distance call from Earl Davon. I hated to leave my guests; but I repeat, whether you like him or not, Earl Davon was the best friend my husband ever had."

INTENTLY Harrow listened. He remembered that while the guests were waiting for dinner to be announced, the butler had come in, whispered something to Joan, and she had asked to be excused for a few minutes.

"And?" he prompted.

"Well, Senator, this is what Davon said to me, word for word: He said he knew how friendly I was with Senators Mawson and Dodd, and he asked me, point-blank, mind you, whether it would be possible for me to persuade those two gentlemen to vote for your bill."

"For my bill?"

"Yes, for your bill. To use his exact words, and with all due apologies to you, here is what he said: 'At no matter what cost, make them vote for that wild jackass' bill.'"

Harrow's hands began to tremble.

"Why, you must be dreaming, my child. That despicable crook Davon working for my bill and *against* the companies' interests!" He threw his head back and laughed, though his hands were still trembling. "You will excuse my laughing, my dear young lady, but all this sounds like a comedy of errors. . . . You know, of course, that Senators Dodd and Mawson are—"

"The two pillars of the die-hards in the Senate," picked up Joan imperturbably, "and that they are both bitterly opposed to the Harrow Bill. I know my Washington, Senator. I preceded you here by six years."

Harrow stopped laughing.

"And yet—" he began.

"And yet I repeat that Earl Davon would stop at nothing, that he would gladly let them write their own ticket, if they would agree to vote for your bill. According to his calculations,—and he usually is very well informed,—it is all over but shouting for you, if Dodd and Mawson withdraw their objections."

Harrow spurred his horse. For the next few minutes they galloped in silence. When they reached the George—



SENATOR HARROW

town entrance to the Park, he turned brusquely and motioned to Joan to stop.

"I don't believe it," he said. "It just does not tally. Why in the name of all the saints, should Wall Street be in favor of a bill that threatens the existence of all that Wall Street cherishes?"

HIS voice was shaken, his face pale. "He is about to believe it," thought Joan; "and now for the finishing touch!"

"I did not say Wall Street, Senator," she explained calmly. "I said Earl Davon. I know nothing about Wall Street."

"What's good for Wall Street is good for Earl Davon, and *vice versa*. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

"Are you certain of it, Senator?"

"Most decidedly so. The recent Senate investigation has proved conclusively that Earl Davon is Wall Street's hired assassin."

"How touchingly naïve you are, Senator. And how little you know about Wall Street and Earl Davon!"

He resented her pitying smile.

"I know enough about them," he said gruffly, "to hang every one of them to a lamp-post!"

"But not enough to see through their schemes—and not enough to realize that for the past six months you have been helping Earl Davon to build his mammoth fortune!"

"I have been helping Earl Davon? I—I—"

"Yes, you. You, Senator William W. Harrow! You—the pupil and heir-apparent of William Jennings Bryan, and friend of the common people. You were helping Earl Davon to glean millions of dollars in the stock-market!"

"You are mad!"

"No, Senator, I am not. Sometimes I wish I were, for it is you mad people who seem to have all the fun. As it is, being a sane female of average intelligence, I realize that Earl Davon went short of public utility stocks the moment your bill was first discussed in the committee. I likewise realize that Earl Davon stands to cash in from ten to fifteen million dollars the moment your bill goes through. To quote his own words, once more: 'Make Dodd and Mawson change their votes, and leave the rest to that amiable jackass Bill Harrow.'"

The Senator's face was a study in tragic puzzlement. Joan could read his thoughts without difficulty. It was just as Stan had planned and anticipated. "Make the old fool believe that all his life, ever since he voted the first time for Bryan, he has been a tool in the hands of bear operators, that instead of defending the interests of his beloved common people, he has been pouring millions in the lap of Earl Davon and Wall Street. Make him believe that, and our battle is won—and that castle in the south of France is yours!"

"May I ask you a question? A personal question, Mrs. Glenarm—I mean, Joan?"

"Please do, Senator."

She was not afraid of his personal question. She recognized the note of defeat, of unconditional surrender, in his stifled voice. "He is licked, and he knows it," she said to herself, and wished once more that Stan were there to witness her triumph.

"I hesitate to ask you this question—it's altogether too personal; but I must. Even if you refuse to answer it—"

"I promise you I won't."

"Well, then—" he swallowed hard and turned his face away. "Tell me, Joan, why should you betray your friendship with Davon for the sake of such a—shall I say casual acquaintance as myself? After all—"

"Don't—don't elaborate, my friend. I know what you mean, and I hope you will believe me." He raised his eyes, and met the haunted look in hers none too steadily.

"The answer to your question is simple," she said when he dropped his eyes again. "My love for Connie. She would never forgive me if I let you fall into the trap prepared by Earl Davon. Perhaps you do not realize it, but there is nothing in this world that I wouldn't do for that girl. I never had children of my own, and because of that—well, I hate to sound sentimental, and I know you are going to laugh at me—"

Joan's voice broke. It would have taken an infinitely more experienced cavalier than William W. Harrow to question her sincerity just then. Stanley Rutherford himself would have granted her the benefit of the doubt.

"Come what may," she went on shyly, never relaxing her scrutiny of Harrow's face, "I cannot sacrifice Connie's happiness. The French say, '*Il faut choisir*'—one must choose. . . . Well, I must choose too: It's either Connie or Davon; I cannot serve both. . . . I confess, my first impulse was to tell you nothing, to remain loyal to Davon, to obey his orders. But then I happened to see the expressions on Jim's and Connie's faces while they danced last night—such anxiety, such longing for each other, such fear of losing each other! Mine was not a love-match, Senator. . . . I respected Mr. Glenarm; I went out of my way to thank him for his generosity; but—"

"I am sorry, Joan. I had no right to ask you that question."

"But you have a right, a perfect right. When a man spends forty years of his life fighting for what he thinks is just and honorable, and then discovers—"

She did not finish her phrase. It was more effective, she knew, to let Harrow think by himself of his forty tragic wasted years.

The Senator straightened up in the saddle.

"If you don't mind," he said, "let's start back. I am afraid I am in for a great deal of trouble, and I would like to collect my thoughts. Not much time is left. It's nearly nine now."

Joan hesitated.

"There is something else, Senator."

"Something else?" He smiled sadly. "What else could there be?"

"The proof, Senator. If you can spare me another half an hour, I would like to take you to a place where you shall get the proof that I didn't lie to you."

"What place is that?"

"My house. Earl Davon is due there presently. If you care to, I will make it possible for you to hear with your own ears what he has to tell me. Don't be afraid! You won't have to meet him. The good people from whom I bought the house must have lived in constant fear of blackmail. There are dictaphones all over the place. It's not very dignified, of course, for a man of your position—"

"Let's go," said Harrow. . . .

Mrs. Snowdridge could not believe her own very sharp and usually very reliable eyes when, alighting at the tea-house five minutes later, she saw Senator William W. Harrow drive away in a blue roadster piloted by a beautiful auburn-haired woman.

"This, I suppose," she remarked to her escort, an undersized Frenchman with a passion for rheumatic dowagers and Oriental pearls, "ushers in the Decline and Fall of the American Empire. A beauty taxying a jackass! Am I glad that my poor uncle was spared this final disgrace!"

The Frenchman sighed. He did not understand a single word, but he felt that sympathy was in order.

Chapter Eight

THE market opened sluggishly, a fraction of a point to two points lower. The rails, the industrials and the specialties were receiving a half-hearted support on the way down, but there was a pronounced weakness in the public utility stocks. At ten minutes past ten, the following dispatch, marked "*Washington*" and eagerly read in every brokerage office from coast to coast, appeared on the Dow-Jones ticker:

The stage is set for the most staggering blow yet delivered by the New Dealers to the long-suffering American investor. The Harrow Bill, approved in Committee, will be reported on the floor of the Senate by its author at 1 P. M. today. Although the debates on it may consume from one to two weeks, there is no doubt in the minds of the seasoned political observers here that it will be passed by an overwhelming majority. Of the ninety-two Senators polled last night by the Capitol Hill correspondents, sixty-three were for it, twenty-two against and seven noncommittal. Of the remaining four, detained in their home towns by illness or business, two at least will be sure to lend their support to Senator Harrow's pet piece of legislation.

The terms of the Harrow Bill are well known by now to the financial community. If passed by the Senate in its present form it would enable the Government to compete

with private operating companies in half a dozen States throughout the West. Among the companies most threatened are those controlled by the N-V-T Corporation of New York. It is reported here on the best of authority that a famous Wall Street operator, identified with the short side of the market, reached the national capital this morning. As no subpoena for his appearance had been issued by the Senate, his sudden appearance here is explained by his desire to stay away from New York for the next few days. Having sold short many thousand shares of public utility stocks, he can well afford to take a holiday and watch in person the debates on the Harrow Bill.

"That is exactly what the world believes," grinned Mr. John A. Nevins as he finished reading the Dow-Jones dispatch. "You've got to hand it to the boss. That idea of shipping Davon over to Washington was a peach."

Messrs. Alfred W. Victor and Thomas J. Timothy nodded gravely. The resourcefulness of the invisible boss of the N-V-T Corporation had long since ceased to surprise them.

"Each time he goes to the bat, it's a hit," said Mr. Timothy.

"That reminds me," Mr. Victor picked up the morning paper. "Have you seen that piece about Babe Ruth retiring?"

They had, and they thought it was just "one of those things" they had been reading about for years and years, even before Stanley B. Rutherford promoted them from the modest rank of his private secretaries to the handsome position of resident partners of the N-V-T Corporation.

The rumors of Babe's retirement properly debunked, the conversation shifted to Max Baer. Mr. Victor regretted the champion's lack of dignity. Mr. Timothy disagreed with him.

"They eat up that sort of stuff," he maintained. "They can't get enough of it. Back home in Steubenville, Ohio, we had—"

The telephone rang.

"Hello," said Mr. Timothy in the gruff busy voice one would expect from a resident partner of a corporation occupying a whole floor of a Wall Street skyscraper. The next moment his whole attitude underwent a radical change. He took his feet from the desk, where they had rested since nine o'clock in the morning, straightened up in his chair and whispered to his two associates: "Washington. . . Must be the boss!"

HE was not mistaken. It was the boss, talking fast and hard.

"Listen carefully, Jack: Here's what I want you to do right away. Send a straight wire to every one of the ninety-six Senators demanding that they appoint a committee investigating the short-selling in our stocks. Begin with an outright accusation of Earl Davon. Then quote our formula Number Three. . . You know which one I mean, don't you?"

"Certainly, sir," agreed Mr. Timothy, who was using his very best English when talking to Stanley B. Rutherford. "The one that Harvard professor wrote for us, about the eight hundred and fifty thousand fellow-Americans benefited by our service."

"Right," said Rutherford and Mr. Timothy beamed. "The moment you have dispatched all ninety-six wires, release the text to the press. Better still, release it to the press first and send the wires afterward. . . Get me?"

"I do, sir. The idea is to make the Senators read it in the early afternoon papers even before they get to their offices."

"You deserve a bonus, Jack. Now then, I want Nevins and Victor to call up as many brokers as they can think of, and tell them all that Earl Davon is short of over three hundred thousand shares of our stocks, that he is the only party that would benefit by the Harrow Bill. And by the way, for God's sake don't forget to send the wire to the old boy Harrow. I want him to be the first one of the ninety-six to get it. Catch on?"

"I do, sir," reassured Mr. Timothy. "Between now and noon, every man, woman and child must be made to understand that Earl Davon is short of our stocks, and that instead of the good, honest, clean-cut citizens, only the contemptible stock-operators would be helped by the Harrow Bill."

"Always knew you were a clever fellow."

A sound of contented laughter came over the wire. Mr. Timothy smiled and hung up.

"All hands on deck," he ordered, addressing no one in particular. "The boss has put it over again with a bang."

It was twenty minutes past ten. When Mr. Timothy looked at the clock again, it was noon sharp. Ninety-six yellow envelopes had been delivered by then to the tenants of ninety-six offices in the Senate Building in Washington, and not a runner was left in Wall Street who did not know that Earl Davon, that irresistible little magician Earl Davon, was about to make the biggest coup in the history of the New York Stock Exchange.

Chapter Nine

SO far as Washington is concerned, there is only one cloak-room in the United States. There may be three hundred thousand bright-eyed girls, from border to border, and from coast to coast, who are checking hats and raglans and umbrellas, and collecting nickels, dimes and quarters, but there is only one cloak-room: the cloak-room of the Senate.

No reporters are admitted there, no lobbyists, no visitors, none but the full-fledged, duly seated United States Senators. Whatever is said in the cloak-room is said off the record, and there is no soul so timid among the ninety-six Honorables that he wouldn't out-brave Patrick Henry himself behind its tightly shut door.

When the cloak-room is quiet, when only the heavy footsteps of a hard-thinking Senator are heard in the marble lobby beyond, Washington yawns and says: "No excitement today; let's taxi to the Mayflower or take in a movie." But when the cloak-room begins to buzz, when the shouts of "I protest," "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" "The President ought to know better," "What this country needs—" and the like ooze through the thick walls of the American sanctuary, Washington brightens up, lunches on a stale sandwich in the Congressional restaurant, and waits, excitedly and pleasantly, for hell to break loose on the floor of the Senate.

The cloak-room was buzzing that morning. Each time its tightly shut door would open a few inches to admit another Senator, this or that crimson red much-photographed face would come into the view of the curious lobby, and an angry voice would be heard insisting that the fate of the country was at stake, and that the Senate should cease being a rubber stamp.

Speaking in the absence of newspaper men and stenographers, the Senators minced no words. It was outrageous; it was scandalous; it was nothing short of high treason, they said, to permit a low gambler, a perjurer, a briber like Earl Davon, to cash in on the New Deal. Telegraph-envelopes in hand, big black cigars in mouth, blinded by the cloud of thick sharp smoke, they excelled in pantomime, held fast to each other's lapels and shouted in hoarse voices.

"The honor of this august body is involved. I for one, refuse to vote for a bill benefiting Wall Street."

"As Henry Clay said on a similar occasion—"

"No, no, a thousand times no!"

"I am afraid of no one. I shall go straight to the White House."

"If it's toryism, make the best of it."

"The man hasn't been born yet who can accuse me of conniving with gamblers."

"I'd rather go back to my humble home—"

AN outsider listening to this vociferous chorus would have bet one hundred to one the Harrow Bill was doomed, that not a single vote would be cast for it; but a Washington-wise newspaper man would have smiled cynically and advised his readers that, having shown the New Deal where it got off, in the privacy of their cloak-room, the vast majority of the Honorables were going to stand by it in the limelight of the floor. A Washington-wise newspaper man, worth his salary and the trust of his editor, would have known better than to believe that many Senators would exchange the tangible benefits of party regularity for the dubious privilege of quoting Henry Clay, or would forget that Henry Clay was quite dead, while the Postmaster-general was still alive, very much alive.

A Washington-wise newspaper man would have paid more attention, indeed, to the strange, the utterly mystifying absence of Senator William W. Harrow. According to the unwritten code of the cloak-room, with less than twenty minutes left before the opening of the session, the author of the bill under debate should have been shaking hands right and left, should have been smiling cheerfully and listening politely to the abuse and venom heaped on him by his supporters; but there was no sign of the old Don Quixote, and no one had seen him since the night before at Mrs. Glenarm's. This was not playing the game; this was something that no mortal could do unpunished to U. S. Senators; for Rule Number One of the unwritten code of the cloak-room states explicitly that "Though thou refuse to hear me say what I think of thy mess of foul errors."

And the cloak-room was not slow to notice the absence of William W. Harrow. "Things have reached a pretty pass," roared Senator James G. Duvelteen, "when the author of a revolting piece of legislation does not think enough of the men chosen by the American people to pay them the courtesy of a hearing. Gentlemen, I am speaking from the bottom of my heart. . . . Gentlemen, I am devoured by indignation."

The state of being devoured by indignation was not an unfamiliar one for Senator James G. Duvelteen, the cloak-room's most brilliant orator, who had never opened his mouth on the floor since the day he took his oath some ten years previously; but he presented his case well and was rewarded by a salvo of, "You said it, Jim," "Good for you, old boy," "I am with you, Jim," and other exclamations to the same effect.

Just then the door opened, and Senator Harrow walked into the cloak-room. The whispers that greeted him were loud enough to be heard outside in the marble lobby, but he marched ahead, oblivious of the extended hands, not answering the sardonic remarks from the corners.

"I wonder if the Senator would deign to read this telegram?"

Senator Duvelteen stuck a yellow envelope right in Harrow's face. There were subdued snickers. The gentlemen of the cloak-room pressed forward and waited.

Harrow took the proffered telegram, glanced at its opening line and passed it back to his tormentor.

"I received an identical wire this morning," he said calmly, and made for the door leading into the Senate Chamber.

"Have you no comment to make?"

"Are you going to ignore it?"

"Are we to be kept in darkness about this scandalous thing?"

"Is there any truth to it?"

"Are we to work for Wall Street?"

"Have you been to the White House?"

They all spoke at the same time, waving their cigars and telegraph-envelopes. He did not seem to hear them. Forbiddingly tall, grotesquely thin, he reached the door in a few long strides, opened it wide and crossed toward his desk in the extreme left corner of the chamber. After a moment's hesitation, as if wondering whether he was in the right place, he sat down—very erect, without raising his eyes toward the packed galleries, without turning his head to acknowledge the shouts which followed him from the cloak-room.

It was ten minutes to one, and he was the only Senator on the floor. The two clerks busy with their papers around the Vice-President's desk looked at him in amazement. It was their understanding and their experience that, not unlike a prima donna, the author of a bill under debate should be the last one to enter the chamber.

"Looks pretty seedy," said the younger clerk. "Oughtn't I fetch a glass of water for him, or something?"

"You'd look seedy too, if you tried to buck Wall Street," commented his superior; and the two men went ahead with their work.

Had Senator Harrow been given a glass of water, he would not have known what to do with it. His mind was blank. He could still remember the sound of the hoofbeats against the frozen bridle path in Rock Creek Park,

and the high-pitched voice of Earl Davon coming through the dictaphone in Joan's study; but the rest was nothingness. His feet ached. Looking at his soiled shoes, he had a vague recollection of having walked for hours through strange streets, but he was not certain of it. Possibly it was only a dream. The whole thing was a dream. He had been asleep for forty years. He must have fallen asleep on that scorchingly hot morning in Chicago, way back in 1896, while listening to the ringing voice of that deep-chested young fellow:

"Thou shalt not crucify humanity upon a cross of gold—"

Who said that? Was it William Jennings Bryan addressing the Democratic National Convention, or was it Earl Davon selling gold stocks short? What a joke, what a colossal joke, the whole thing had turned out to be!

He and his book and his Fearless Warriors. His wife was right: He was an idiot. The thing to do was to get an invitation to the dinner in the British Embassy, and forget the rest.

"The British Embassy, think of that!" he said aloud, and chuckled.

"Were you addressing me, Senator?"

Harrow turned his head. Most of the desks, including the one next to him, were occupied by now, and the presiding officer was rapping for order.

Chapter Ten



JIM HARROW

THEY had to turn away the uncle of a South American ambassador, and a Dupont Circle dowager begged in vain to be permitted to stand in the aisle of the Public Gallery.

All Washington was there.

The First Lady of the Land brought her knitting and her smile to her accustomed seat in the front row of the gallery for distinguished Congressional guests. The very talkative young men of the Brain Trust were grinning broadly at a famous Wall Street banker who came hoping for the best but prepared for the worst. The ever-present professional first-nighters—women of indefinite age who take in everything from greyhound-racing to Einstein's lectures—were clutching nervously the arms of their youthful escorts, and asking them every minute to point out which one was that preposterous Senator Harrow. Solemn old gentlemen with carefully washed wrinkles were exchanging pleasant jokes about the days of Rum, Rebellion and Romanism, when the country was faced with as great an upheaval as the New Deal. And a score of overawed Westerners who had traveled thirty-six hours in a day-coach in order to hear "good old Bill tell it to 'em," were straining their eyes and hoping against hope that their idol would notice them in the last row of the Public Gallery and would ask the U. S. Senate to acknowledge their presence with three rousing cheers.

The Diplomatic Corps turned out in full force. Sleek-haired, blue-chinned attachés who had spent a lifetime in Washington without bothering to look up the strange establishment on Capitol Hill could not resist the temptation to hear "*ce type extraordinaire, ce monsieur Sénateur Harrow.*" Lost in the unfamiliar surroundings, conspicuous in their morning coats and white spats, they were greeting with something resembling genuine enthusiasm those bejeweled débutantes who specialize in fraternizing with the foreign colony, and who are known to the jealous natives as "wop" girls.

Not an inch of standing-room was to be had in the Press Gallery. On top of the *bona fide* correspondents, some two hundred strong, the news-gathering agencies had dispatched post-haste a regiment of feature-writers, economists, scandal-mongers, sob-sisters and fashion-editors. All angles of "the Harrow story" were to be played on tomorrow's front page: the financial repercussions of the bill, its political consequences, Mrs. Snowbridge's latest bright saying, the First Lady's dress, the ever-increasing interest taken by the country in Washington, the opinions of outstanding Senators, the pathos of a small-town lawyer thrust into the limelight at the age of sixty-two, the Red Danger, the future of the Republic, the—

"What is it, anyway?" cried a veteran political correspondent. "A session of the Senate, the opening night of a Noël Coward play, the Kentucky Derby, or the return Carnera-Baer fight?"

"What is it? I'll bite," said his gloomy assistant, forced to surrender his seat to a monocled lady representing a popular fashion magazine.

There was a buzz of conversation.

BUT the presiding officer was rapping for order, and everybody, including the dyspeptic veteran correspondent, leaned forward to get a better view of the approaching knock-out.

"The Chair recognizes Senator William W. Harrow."

In the sudden hush that followed these words delivered in dry staccato tones, Constance could hear the beating of her heart. From her seat in the Congressional Gallery, she saw the tall frame of a grizzled man rising slowly on the floor before a battered tower hoisted by invisible derricks. She had a feeling that if it grew a few inches longer, she could touch it with her hand. She shuddered and drew back impulsively.

"What is the matter with you, darling?" whispered Jim. "Don't worry about Dad. It's no news for him to make a speech."

She smiled miserably. What a coward she was! What a hopeless coward! To sit silently by and permit that poor old man to commit suicide!

Jim must think she was crazy! Why did she get him out of bed and spend the entire morning with him if she did not want—if she could not confess? How many times during those five hours together did he ask, "Now, what was that very important thing that you wished to talk to me about?"—and how many times did she stall and invent fantastic excuses! What an overwhelming hypnotic power Joan must have exercised over her, to make her lie and lie and lie!

The battered tower on the floor below was moving along the aisle toward the Vice-Presidential desk, and the hush was becoming unbearable. It was as if everyone in the Senate Chamber were expecting to see a rope swing about the veined neck of Jim's father.

"Jim—"

He put his finger to his lips. She did not have to look down, to know that the Senator was about to begin. And she did not dare to turn her head for fear that she would see the familiar black velvet dress trimmed with mink, less than fifty feet to the right of her. Joan was both merciless and shameless. She arranged the hanging and she came to enjoy it.

Chapter Eleven

"MR. PRESIDENT!"

A full minute elapsed before these two words came out of Harrow's mouth. The Senators were already exchanging ironical glances and whispering, "There's a fine dramatization for you!" when they finally heard that sacramental "Mr. President!" with which each Honorable must begin his discourse.

"Mr. President!"

The Chair raised his eyebrows questioningly. It was not at all like the old Don Quixote to speak in such a faint voice.

"The speech that I am about to deliver will cause no end of grief to the many friends—to the many splendid, stanch friends of mine who stood faithfully by me in this long hard battle. . . . It will cause, I say, no end of grief to them, but I have no choice. I am forced to do it. Far be it from me to indulge in cheap paradoxes, but it is much better to be called a traitor by one's friends than to help, if unconsciously, one's mortal enemies."

A bewilderment "Oh!" came from the galleries. The Chair frowned, and rapped for order. A few Senators got up from their desks and stood still. The others leaned toward their colleagues across the aisle.

"Does the gentleman mean to imply," came from Senator Mawson, Harrow's arch-foe and a pillar of the conservatives, "that having browbeaten the Committee into

reporting his bill at breakneck speed, he himself has changed his mind?"

"Order, order!" said the Chair. "Senator Harrow has the floor. The Senator will proceed if he is ready," added the Presiding Officer, emphasizing somewhat ironically the word "ready."

The battered tower moved a step forward, and then, ignoring the excitement caused by his opening remarks, continued in a now resonant voice:

"Mr. President, it was my honest intention until four hours ago not to leave a stone unturned in order that the so-called Harrow Bill might become a law of this land. I do not have to tell you, Mr. President, how hard I had to work, what obstacles I had to overcome, what hostilities to face—"

"Is the Senator writing his own post-mortem?" queried Senator Mawson, and there was an outburst of laughter on the floor.

"Mr. President—"

Harrow's eyes were riveted upon the face of the presiding officer. Nobody else existed for him at that moment but the shortish stockily built man occupying the chair and symbolizing the power and the dignity of the Senate.

"Something entirely unforeseen has arisen within the last four hours. I have learned—and unfortunately I cannot question the authenticity of my information—that, anticipating the passage of the bill bearing my humble name, a ring of unscrupulous and grabbing Wall Street operators went short of public utility stocks—"

Senator Mawson was on his feet instantly:

"Mr. President, I demand that the gentleman name names. I demand that—"

The galleries rose. The Chair was rapping for order frantically. The rest of Mawson's phrase was missed even by those occupying the adjoining desks.

"Let Harrow proceed!"

"Sit down, sit down!"

"I protest—"

"Mr. President, Mr. President—"

"Bring on the peanuts and pink lemonade."

"Clear the galleries!"

"Traitor! Tory!"

It was impossible to say who shouted most: the Senators who were prepared to vote for the bill, or its opponents gathered around Senator Mawson.

Harrow turned around slowly and faced his colleagues for the first time that day.

"Silence!" he commanded; and so terrifying was the icy fire of his blue eyes, that even Senator Mawson stepped back after a moment's hesitancy.

"I know I am a marked man from now on." Once more Harrow was addressing "Mr. President," and once more there was an expression of utter fatigue on his parchment-skinned face.

"I know," he went on, "that tonight I will walk out of this chamber without a single friend in the world—but the Senators will have to bear with me until then. . . . Whether it pleases my friends or not, I refuse to be used as a tool by Wall Street. I happen to know, I have indeed figures and facts to prove it, that those despicable New York gamblers will be certain to make a colossal fortune the moment this august body puts its seal of approval on the provisions contained in my bill. This being so, Mr. President, it is my determination to block the passage of my own bill. . . . Opposed as I always was and still am to the waste of time caused by filibuster, I recognize, with a heavy heart and the deepest of sorrow, that there are moments when a legislator is in duty bound to use any weapon at his disposal and resort to any means, fair or foul, if by so doing he can prevent the triumph of the forces of corruption, of the darkest forces in our national life. There are moments, I say, when—"

He was still talking, but for all practical purposes his speech was over.

Hell broke loose, downstairs on the floor and upstairs in the galleries. Even the crowd of rubbernecks who stood patiently outside in the marble lobby awaiting the results of the sensational debate, thought it their duty to add a salvo of catcalls to the general tumult.



Senator Dodd, a venerable octogenarian in a Prince Albert coat, was banging on his desk with a copy of the Congressional Record. Senator Mawson was shaking his fist in Harrow's direction and was pushing his way through the *mélée* of shouting Honorables, all of them trying to get closer to the battered tower.

"Throw him out!"

"Dupe!"

"Scoundrel!"

"How much did you get from Wall Street?"

"He is crazy!"

"They ought to lock him up!"

"Yield the floor, yield, yield!"

But the battered tower held its ground firmly. It ignored the abuse. It did not seem to mind the profanity. It reacted only to the word "*yield*," in response to which the grizzled man shook forcefully.

"I will yield to no one!" moved Harrow's bloodless lips.

"Say, Bill,"—the floor-leader of his party took him by the arm gently,—"*don't* you think you ought to rest a bit? Mind you, I am not trying to talk you out of filibuster. I simply wish you would go to your hotel and steal forty winks. Upon my word of honor, I shall hold the floor for you while you are gone."

"I won't, Dick. I won't yield the floor, I tell you."

"Not even to me?"

"Not to the Almighty Himself. So long as I am able to stand on my feet and talk, I'll go on with my filibuster. I must. It's for the good of the country!"

"The good of the country! Ye gods!"

The floor-leader shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

"The man's loony," he said to the presiding officer, who was watching the riot with helpless disgust.

"Can't you explain to him that he is committing *hara-kiri*?"

"Committing what?"

So thunderous was the shouting, that within two feet of the Vice-Presidential desk the floor-leader could hear nothing.

The Chair rose.

"Must be a short recess," guessed the Press Gallery.

The rioting went on unabated. It would have taken a battalion of Marines at that moment to make the Senators leave the chamber.

High above in the Public Gallery a group of sad-faced, white-haired men in soiled shoes were eying each other in stupefaction. Could it be that Bill Harrow, their one and only Bill, had turned out to be a traitor? That after forty years of goading them on, he deserted them at the moment when the battle was as good as won, and hot-footed over to the enemy's camp? The expression "filibuster" meant nothing to them; the term "short selling" left them in darkness. But expressions and terms did not matter. What mattered was that at the end of a fifteen-hundred-mile journey, they discovered that they had been sold out by the man whom they revered as a saint.

"Well, gentlemen," smiled a young lobbyist seated by their side, "how do you like it in Washington?"

They got up, pulled their wide-brimmed hats over their eyes and filed out silently, as tragic a chorus as any conceived by Sophocles.

Chapter Twelve

"LISTEN to this! Listen to this, Earl! Joan, Joan, are you there, my girl? I want you to tell it to Earl! He won't believe me if I tell it to him myself. . . . It's too good to be true. . . . Earl—Earl! Come here quick and talk to Joan."

Earl Davon got up reluctantly. "If the news is that good," he muttered, "why can't you tell it to me yourself?" "Damn you, man!" Stanley Rutherford was beyond himself with excitement, and was waving the receiver triumphantly. "Come here immediately and talk to Joan, or I'll drag you here by what's left of your hair."

"You'll be mighty lucky, my boy," remarked the little man, walking toward the telephone unhurriedly, "if you have what's beneath the hair left intact by the time you are sixty-eight."

"Sit here," ordered Rutherford. With one mighty push of his left hand he landed Davon in the big chair by the side of the telephone. "Now go ahead and talk to Joan."

Davon took the receiver, sighed, rearranged his neat tie and only then said: "Hello."

"Well. . . . Well!" shouted Rutherford. "Aren't you happy? Can't you smile?"

He was again his usual boisterous arrogant self, and he was resenting the familiarity and the indifference of the old trader. He expected to be praised and flattered, but instead he heard Davon mumble:

"You do the smiling, and I'll do the listening, if you don't mind. . . . Sorry, Joan. I was not talking to you. I was answering that Indian friend of yours."

Davon listened carefully. Several times he nodded as if to say, "Well, what else do you expect from a politician?" When Joan was through, he replaced the receiver on its hook slowly, waited a moment and then lifted it up again.

"Operator, give me Westbury One Three Seven Nine. . . . Westbury, Long Island."

"Anyone I know, Earl?"

"I don't think so, Stan. If you must know, I am calling the Canine Hospital at Westbury."

"A canine hospital?"

"Not a canine hospital, but *the* Canine Hospital, Stan. The best in the world. Nothing like it anywhere under the sun, except perhaps that place in Munich."

"Of all the good-for-nothing half-wits—" began Rutherford, but Davon was not listening.

"The Canine Hospital? Earl Davon speaking. May I talk to Doctor Newman? Oh, hello, Doc. Didn't recognize your voice. Getting old, you know, old and deaf and silly. How's the patient, Doc? What? On your word of honor? My, my, this is good news. . . . I am mighty grateful to you, Doc. If at any time there is anything at all I can do for you, Doc, do not hesitate to call on your humble servant."

EARL DAVON seemed a different man now. Jumping up in sprightly fashion, he crossed toward Rutherford and extended his hand.

"Congratulate me, Stan! Saucy Puff has eaten a whole lamb chop, and is barking for his master. It'll be some reunion tomorrow morning. Wouldn't you just love to watch it?"

"I'd love to crown you, you moron!" roared Rutherford. "Here I am, fighting with my back to the wall, trying to save your money and mine, and all you can think of is a cheap dirty dog! Do you imagine it was easy for me to trap that Western jackass? Do you imagine it was easy for me to risk every cent I have, to stake everything on the turn of a coin?"

"Life has never been easy, Stan, but always interesting," interposed Davon sententiously.

"To hell with you and your sophistry, Earl! Answer me one question, answer, 'Yes' or 'No.' Are you going to stay in this room and dream about your dog and do nothing, or are you going to jump a plane and rush to New York and see to it that we get full benefit out of Harrow's filibuster?"

The little man studied his shoes for a moment.

"The answer is 'Yes' and 'No,' my lad," he announced. "I am going to stay in this room, and I am going to consider the welfare of Saucy Puff, but I do not expect to remain idle. It is not my present intention to jump a plane and rush to New York; but barring unexpected developments, we are bound to benefit considerably by the venerable Senator's filibuster. Do I make myself clear, Stan?"

"So much so, that I am going to leave you here to rot, and fly to New York myself."

Rutherford took off his dressing-gown, threw it on the floor in a rage and started for the bedroom.

Davon chuckled.

"A nice bit of acting, Stan. I owe you an orchid. By the way, what is the name of your butler?"

"What has that got to do with the price of wheat?"

He eyed the old trader suspiciously. Furious as he was, he still hoped that the little man had a trump up his sleeve.

"Can't you answer a simple question, Stan?"

"The name is James Smith."

"Perfect."

"What's so perfect about it?"

"This apartment is leased in his name, isn't it?"

"What the hell—"

"Mr. James Smith of the Weymouth Hotel, Washington, D. C."

Earl Davon recited that address with relish.

"Now tell me another thing, Stan: How is it that a man as suspicious as you are is not afraid that his butler would tell him to get out of the apartment and stay out?"

"That's plain silly, Earl. I have his power-of-attorney. I use his name for various transactions, some of them running into pretty substantial figures. But what has this got to—"

"You talk too much, Stan—talk too much and think too little. Now, put that dressing-gown of yours on like a good boy, take a chair, and try to keep your mouth shut while I do the talking."

Rutherford obeyed sulily.

"I still maintain, Earl—"

"That you ought to fly to New York and make a fool out of yourself? That's the youth in you, Stan. Foolishness has always been and will always be the pen-name of youth."

DAVON toyed with his old-fashioned massive watch-chain for a few moments; then he began to speak quietly and gravely:

"As I see it, Stan, Harrow's filibuster is a two-edged sword in so far as we two are concerned. It may kill the bill bearing his name, but it may instead kill you and me and the stocks we are interested in. Don't look so surprised. You know exactly what I mean. After a flurry of excitement caused by so sensational an event, the market will settle down to cool thinking, and will conclude, as it always does, that one swallow does not make a spring, and that there is more than one William W. Harrow in these United States. His filibuster will last a week at best; and when he is through, we'll be exactly where we were before he swallowed our bait—trying to unload a portfolio of stocks threatened by the New Deal."

"But that's what I say, Earl. That's why I think we must do our unloading at once!"

"You say nothing, Stan! You continue to be a good boy and listen to me! I made and lost my first fortune in Wall Street years and years before you kissed your first girl."

"Which makes you older than Methuselah, Earl."

"Which makes me wiser than Stanley B. Rutherford, my lad. Now then, as I was going to say when I was interrupted by the shouts coming from the kindergarten, Harrow's filibuster, taken in itself, is not enough for our purposes. We will use it as a weapon, of course; but we've got to have a good smoke-screen to cover our attack."

"You ought to know a thing or two about throwing smoke and selling hot air, Mr. Methuselah!"

"You bet your pearl studs, I do. I am the smoke-screen!"

"You mean to say you want to use your own name as a smoke-screen?"

"Precisely, my lad. Do you know of a better smoke-screen than Earl Davon? Is there anything else in this Einsteinian universe of ours which would please Wall Street more than a possibility of bleeding Earl Davon white? Why, I am so popular with the boys downtown, that the poorest of them would gladly pay five hundred dollars to see me run over by a truck."

"So what is your plan, Earl?" asked Rutherford bluntly. He hated garrulous old men; and now that the victory was within his grasp, he saw no reason why he should be over-civil with Earl Davon. He was willing to pay him for his services, pay handsomely; but he wished the little trader would remember that Rutherfords did not mix with Davons.

"First of all," said Davon, who enjoyed teasing his aristocratic host, "I want you to ring for Mr. James Smith and tell him to get me a plate of chicken soup."

"Chicken soup?"

"With noodles, with plenty of noodles, Stan. Must obey the orders of my doctor, don't you know. Always eat a plate of chicken soup with plenty of noodles around this time of the day."

"Cut out the comedy, Earl."

"Comedy? Gladly. But not my luncheon."

Rutherford bit his lip and rang for James.

A plate of chicken soup with noodles (with plenty of noodles) ordered, Davon resumed his recital.

"Let us imagine, Stan, that instead of being what you are, a handsome young man with millions, you had to warm a chair in a stock-broker's office, trying to squeeze your living out of a perfidious market. In other words, let us imagine that you are a small fry trading on a thin margin."

"Well?"

"The rest is simplicity itself, Stan. What would you do if you suddenly heard that Senator William W. Harrow is filibustering against his own bill?"

"I would say that the old chap had lost his mind."

"But would you rush to buy the N-V-T stocks?"

"I doubt it. Chances are, I would be afraid to stake my few dollars on Harrow's ability to stem the tide of the New Deal."

"Well spoken, my lad! Now let us imagine something else. What would you, a small fry trading on a thin margin, do if your customers' man whispered to you that he had just learned from an unimpeachable source that Earl Davon got frightened by Harrow's filibuster and is covering feverishly his short commitments in the N-V-T stocks?"

"I would naturally rush to buy the N-V-T stocks with an idea of re-selling them to Earl Davon."

"Up to the head of the class you go! Walter Lippmann himself could not have reasoned it out better. One question more, and you get your diploma. How many small fry trading on a thin margin are there in the United States?"

"Hundreds of thousands. Perhaps millions."

"Shall we say at least two hundred thousand small fry? Good. Now then, with your kind permission, I shall call up your faithful Mr. Nevins in the New York offices of the N-V-T Corporation, and ask him to buy for the account of Mr. Earl Davon three hundred thousand shares of the N-V-T stocks."

Davon reached for the telephone.

"Wait!" shouted Rutherford. "Who the hell wants to buy the N-V-T stocks?"

"I do, Stan. There is no other way in which we can persuade Wall Street that I am really short three hundred thousand N-V-T shares."

"Wall Street be damned! Have you forgotten that we are trying to get rid of the N-V-T stocks, not to increase our holdings?"

Davon laughed. He laughed so heartily that tears began to roll down his pale withered cheeks.

"My dear boy, my dear boy!" he shrieked between his paroxysms of laughter. "If I had a mind like yours, I'd be keeping my money in Aunt Agatha's stocking!"

He wiped his tears with a neat silk handkerchief, smelling of lavender and patted Rutherford on the knee gently.

"Don't get mad, my lad. It's really not my fault that you spend too much time with your horses. Naturally, we are not going to limit our transactions to buying three hundred thousand shares of N-V-T. While your Mr. Nevins will be buying that many shares for the account of Mr. Earl Davon, your equally trustworthy Messrs. Timothy and Victor will be selling a triple amount for the account of Mr. James Smith, that disgracefully slow English butler who makes my stomach yell for the long-since-overdue plate of chicken soup with noodles."

ALIGHT dawned on Rutherford. He swore at himself for not having grasped Davon's plan more quickly. "In other words, Earl—"

"In other words, my boy, Earl Davon will be doing what he is always doing. Selling when people think he is buying, and buying when people are convinced he is selling."

"And we'll get rid of every one of our six hundred thousand shares!"

"Long before the closing gong. And the beauty of it all is, Stan, that that blessed soul in Wall Street will ever believe you that Earl Davon was not caught short of the N-V-T stocks. Even if Mr. James Smith himself should swear on a stack of Bibles!"

He stopped short and watched with fascination the sight of a silver tray in the doorway.

"Good old soup! Dear old soup!"

"Don't you think, Earl, you should telephone your orders to New York first and eat afterward?"

"That's where you are wrong again, sweetheart. Both soup and Wall Street must be eaten hot, very hot. And

while my dear old soup is sizzling hot right now, Wall Street needs another half-hour to reach the boiling-point."

"It's twenty to two, Earl. In another half-hour—"

"It will be ten minutes past two. And the Stock Exchange closes at three sharp. Elementary, my dear Watson!"

Mr. Davon rubbed his frail hands and winked at Mr. James Smith.

"How are the noodles, James?"

"They appear to be satisfactory, sir."

"You are a master of under-statement, James. They smell positively elegant to me."

Davon ate with avidity. His face shone. His small body was tense. When nothing was left on the plate but a few lonely noodles, he gathered them on a fork laboriously and swallowed them with dispatch. Then he drew a long breath. "That was a dandy lunch—con, Stan," he said gratefully.

"Won't you have something else, Earl?" asked Rutherford with a mixture of disgust and amusement.

"What else can I have, Stan?"

"Anything you want. A steak, a chop, a piece of apple pie, a—"

"Stop it—stop it! Don't you know that doctors don't even allow me to look at solid food?"

Rutherford turned his face away to hide a smile. That was a damn' good joke on the old trader, he thought, not to be able to buy, with all his millions, anything besides a plate of chicken soup with noodles.



CONSTANCE BACON

Chapter Thirteen

"BUT I must see him, I must, I'm telling you. It's a matter of life and death!" Constance pleaded—but the colored attendant standing on guard at the door of the cloak-room was not impressed.

"Sorry, lady. No one but the Senators are permitted to enter by this door."

"Is there any other door?"

"No, lady, there is no other door."

He grinned amiably, and Constance misunderstood his smile for a willingness to compromise with the rules.

"I will give you this," she whispered, thrusting a twenty-dollar bill into his side pocket, "if you let me go in there and talk to Senator Harrow for just one minute."

The colored attendant drew to his full height.

"I am no grafter, lady. I get paid by the U. S. Government."

He took the twenty-dollar bill out of his pocket and handed it back to Constance solemnly.

"I did not mean to bribe you. I simply thought—"

She swallowed the rest of her sentence and rushed away hurriedly. A second more, and she would have bumped straight into Joan, who was crossing the lobby on her way back from the telephone-booth. Fast as Constance was, Joan recognized her leopard-skin jacket and black velvet beret.

"Connie—Connie!"

The girl made a dash for the Press elevator.

"Connected with a newspaper, lady?"

"Yes," she lied bravely. "Portland Dispatch."

The elevator man had never heard of such a newspaper, but he did not feel like cross-examining a pretty girl. He closed the door and took his passenger up.

Constance breathed easier. That was a narrow escape, all right. She could not have trusted herself if Joan had caught up with her. Chaotic as her thoughts were, she knew that she should avoid Joan. She would have struck that beautiful well-groomed face if she'd had to look at it. She would have scratched those ever-begging green eyes if they dared to meet hers. And violence would have been of no help now, when that poor old man had already stuck his veined neck into the noose.

"I must see him. I must see him and talk to him," she said to herself as she was walking along the corridor of the Press Gallery, past shouting, chewing, laughing men and rows of clicking typewriters. At the entrance to the gallery itself she hesitated and stood still. She was afraid to walk in, for fear that she would be denounced as an impostor. She looked around helplessly, hoping to

catch a glimpse of a familiar face, but the news-gatherers were busily slaughtering Senator Harrow, and paid no attention to the tall slender girl in a leopard-skin jacket.

Their comments were merciless:

"The old bird must be in his dotage."

"They'll tar and feather him for it when he gets back home."

"Of all the dead-cats, he certainly gets the cake."

"The mug's dead, has been dead for years; but they forgot to mail him the notice."

"Remember the Dayton trial? Well, Harrow is one of those monkeys that Clarence did not get out of the branches by Christmas."

"If he had the intelligence of a cockroach, he'd have pleaded illness and let some other sap report his bill."

"Wait till they hear about it in the White House."

Won't Louis Howe hit the ceiling!"

"He was weaned on horse's feathers, I'm telling you!"

"Did you get a load of Mawson asking the old goof whether he was writing his own post-mortem?"

"Mawson's rotten too. Lousy with dough and talks about the Constitution."

Connie listened to the Fourth Estate's profanity absent-mindedly. The more they cursed Senator Harrow, the more she wanted to see him and talk to him. He was the only one who would understand her. Joan was horrible. She would simply laugh if Connie tried to plead with her. As for Jim—no, no, no! She was willing to suffer any punishment rather than confess to Jim. He was, no doubt, looking for her all over the Senate now, wondering what on earth had happened to her, but that could not be helped. Let him look all over the Senate,

let him try to locate her at home, let him call up every hotel in Washington—let him do anything and everything, provided she could be alone, provided she was not sitting by the side of the boy whose father she'd helped to murder!

"Step on it, sister, step on it!" bellowed a huge fat newspaper man, rushing past Connie. "The curtain is up. Act Two of the Greatest Show on Earth is about to begin!"

She followed him timidly. There being no one at the door to demand her credentials, she entered the Press Gallery unmolested, and hid herself behind the massive shoulders of her new friend. She could hear every word said on the floor below, and she was safe from being spotted by Joan or Jim.

"Senators will resume their seats."

THE Chair rapped for order sharply, and gave the Honorable a look of haughty challenge. Much to his surprise, the twenty minutes' recess made his task easier. Having registered their hurt feelings for the purposes of the front page and the Congressional Record, the Senators were willing to behave in a more gentlemanly fashion.

"Mr. President!"

"For what purpose does Senator Mawson arise?"

"Mr. President, I wish to be informed whether there is anything in the Rules and Regulations of this august body permitting the author of a bill under debate to conduct a filibuster against his own bill?"

"May I answer the gentleman's question?" asked Harrow, who was again standing in the aisle, a few feet from the Vice-Presidential desk.

"Order, order!" frowned the Chair. "It is the duty and the privilege of the presiding officer of the Senate to answer pertinent questions of its members."

A few chuckles in the Press Gallery greeted the word "pertinent," and the Chair smiled ever so slightly.

"With the kind permission of the gentlemen of the press," continued the hapless warrior behind the Vice-Presidential desk, "the Chair will endeavor to answer the question of Senator Mawson. As is only too well known to the Senator, the United States Senate, unlike the House of Representatives, does not possess a set of definite Rules and Regulations. It does what it pleases and when it pleases. Once a Senator has been recognized by the floor, he can criticize bills under debate, he can introduce new bills, he can conduct a filibuster, he can in fact follow the

dictates of his fancy with no danger whatsoever of being interrupted by his colleagues or stopped by the Chair."

"But Mr. President," persisted Senator Mawson, who felt highly pleased with himself, having spent the recess in front of two camera-men representing a powerful chain of newspapers, "aren't the members of this august body entitled to draw a line somewhere? Isn't it their prerogative to refuse the privileges of the floor to a Senator filibustering against his own bill?"

The Chair opened his mouth to answer Senator Mawson, but just then Senator Dodd arose.

"May I second the excellently worded objection entered by my venerable friend?"

"Both Senators will be seated," ruled the Chair heatedly. "Having recognized Senator William W. Harrow, your presiding officer is compelled to defend his right to hold the floor."

Senators Mawson and Dodd bowed to the Chair and proceeded toward the exit. Veterans of many a Congressional battle, they had known well in advance what the ruling of the Chair would be, but they had to consider the taste of the editorial writers back home. Their departure from the Chamber served as signal for a general exodus. Two minutes later Harrow found himself alone on the floor. The galleries were still jammed, curious to watch a filibuster, but the Senators preferred to spend the afternoon in answering their mail. Even the leader of Harrow's party got up and left as soon as he heard the old Don Quixote's opening remark. The presiding officer picked up a newspaper from his desk, settled in his chair comfortably, and never evidenced the slightest interest in what the filibustering Senator was saying.

"Mr. President!" Harrow could not see the man he was addressing because of the newspaper spread in front of the presiding officer's face, but this embarrassing circumstance failed to diminish his fervor. "I am a novice in this game. What I know about the technique of a filibuster is very little, indeed. I remember reading the description of filibusters conducted many years ago by such luminaries of Capitol Hill as former Senator James Reed of Missouri and the late Senator Robert La Follette, Senior. It is my understanding that those gentlemen spent the time in reading excerpts from the Bible, Shakespeare and the daily newspapers. With all due respect to them, I do not intend to follow their example. I trust that you, Mr. President, are as good a student of the Holy Book and Shakespeare as I am, and there would be a small point in reading excerpts from newspapers to a man who is reading one himself."

"Say, that's a pretty good crack," approved Connie's fat friend. "I bet you a liverwurst sandwich it's going to rile the Chair."

The liverwurst sandwich could have been Connie's for the asking. The Chair did not budge, and went on reading his newspaper.

"MR. PRESIDENT!" Harrow raised his head and surveyed the packed galleries. "Somewhere there, up in one of these galleries, you can find if you look for them, a group of sadly disappointed men. They come from my home town. I have known them for over forty years. They are good Americans. They are humble tillers of the soil. Had it not been for their support and encouragement, I would not have been today a United States Senator. My heart bleeds for them. They have spent their savings in order that they could buy their railroad tickets and be present here today. They expected to witness the triumph of the man whom they loved and who loved them. They found a stranger! There is a real heartbreak for you, Mr. President. There is real tragedy for you, my countrymen. To believe in a man, to help him surmount well-nigh insurmountable obstacles, to share with him his sorrows, to protect him against soft-spoken enemies and clumsy friends, and then to discover that they have been wrong all along, that they loved and cherished and respected a monster! It is for their sake, for the sake of those strange figures from the plains of the West, that I am going to tell my story. My life is in their hands. I do not wish to sway their judgment, but I do

hope that when I have finished my somber recital, they will agree with me that there was no other way. You hear me, Mr. President? *There was no other way!*"

The Chair shifted his feet and turned the page of the newspaper. The Diplomatic Gallery was emptying rapidly, and shouts of laughter were coming through the half-closed door of the cloak-room.

They were having the time of their lives, those unsung heroes of the cloak-room. Never in their wildest dreams did they expect that the old Don Quixote would prove to be such an easy and eager victim.

"Mark my words, gentlemen!" Senator Mawson was choking with happiness. "Mark my words, I say. . . . By nightfall he is going to be the most unpopular man ever to occupy a seat in the Senate. His former friends will turn on him like a pack of hyenas; and as for his foes!

Well, I wouldn't be surprised if they close the Stock Exchange tomorrow and declare a National Laughing Holiday."

"Wait—wait!" Senator Dodd was waving his hands and clamoring for universal attention. "Here's ten to one that he won't be able to hold the floor for another twenty-four hours."

There were no takers. Senator Dodd's colleagues knew entirely too much about the technique of a filibuster to put their money on a man who expected to hold the floor without the benefit of the Bible.

"Don't be a piker, Dodd. Make it one thousand to one."

"Make it one million to one."

"What are you trying to do, Dodd, steal our hard-earned dollars?"

"Pretty smart, aren't you?"

"What kind of suckers do you think we are?"

"The man hasn't been born yet who can keep a filibuster going without quoting from the Book of Numbers. . . . Remember, Duveen, that stunt of yours—when you held the floor for five hours, reading over and over the first Chapter of the Book of Numbers?"

Senator Duveen smiled modestly.

"Do I remember it? Rather! . . . I can still recite that blessed chapter by heart. 'And these are the names of the men that shall stand with you: of the tribe of Reuben; Elizur the son of Shedeur. Of Simeon: Shelumiel the son of Zurishaddai. Of Judah: Nahshon the son of Amminadab—'"

"Good for you, old boy!"

"How about the children of Joseph, Duveen?" asked Senator Mawson enviously. Although an old hand at filibusters, he could never master the exotic names of the Book of Numbers.

"The children of Joseph? That's easy, Mawson. Elishama the son of Ammihud, and Gamaliel the son of Pedahzur. Who used to catch me was that fellow Ahiezer the son of Ammishaddai. . . ."

The Honorables roared approvingly and even Mawson had to admit, if reluctantly, that his dear friend Duveen bowed to no one in Washington when it came to reciting the first chapter of the Book of Numbers by heart.

"As for myself," he said modestly, "give me Psalm One Hundred and Forty-five any day of the year. I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever."

"What golden words! What mighty words!" beamed Senator Dodd. "I am of your opinion, Mawson. Nothing in the world like that beautiful Psalm. Makes me think of thirty years ago when I was filibustering against one of Teddy Roosevelt's anti-trust bills. 'Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable.'"

He would undoubtedly have recited the whole Psalm, but Senator Duveen was holding the center of the stage tenaciously.

"Psalms are all right," he said, cutting Dodd short, "but you must remember that the folks back home might resent your using them for filibustering purposes. That's where the beauty of the Book of Numbers comes in. Fancy anyone bothering about the tribe of Reuben!"

"How about editorials from the New England papers?"

Duveen shook his head.



"Too short, my friends. Too short and not enough punishment for your opposition. No one is afraid of the man reading the Boston *Transcript* aloud. Give them the Book of Numbers, I say. Give it to them good and plenty, and the first thing you know, they'll be begging for mercy and willing to compromise. Why, I remember the time when I was fighting the Sugar Bill—"

And Senator Harrow was talking. Talking to the rows of unoccupied desks. Talking to "Mr. President," who was shifting restlessly behind his newspaper. Talking to the empty benches of the galleries. Talking to the humanity-at-large that was to discover his existence the next morning, and forget about it the morning after.

Chapter Fourteen

THE first flash about the Harrow filibuster came over the Dow-Jones ticker at fifteen minutes past one.

The late lunchers in the Congressional Restaurant were still wondering as to the nature of the riot in the Senate Chamber, while two hundred miles away, at Number Eleven Wall Street, disheveled brokers were already stampeding the pole of public utilities with a cry:

"Earl Davon is caught. . . . Earl Davon is covering!"

By one-twenty P. M. the stocks controlled by the N-V-T Corporation regained their morning losses.

By one-fifty they were up from six to ten points.

At two-ten, there being no sellers, the trading in the N-V-T stocks had to be stopped until such a moment as the offerings would be forthcoming.

A few old traders shook their heads disparagingly and said that the damn' thing was a phony, that it had been either staged by Davon himself or had nothing to do with him at all. But Wall Street was in no mood to listen to the old traders.

Didn't everybody know that Davon was short of N-V-T stock?

Wasn't he openly accused of it by the directors of the N-V-T Corporation in their wire to the ninety-six Senators?

And wasn't it plain common sense to buy stock now, when that blankety-blank Earl Davon would have to cover his staggering short commitments?

"Remember the old ditty," people were saying on all sides: "He who sells what isn't his'n, must buy it back or go to prison."

"Wouldn't it be too bad if the little so-and-so had to become one of Warden Lawes' graduates?"

"Sing Sing is too good for him. He belongs in Atlanta. Let him watch the trends in company with Al Capone."

"He ought to be glad now he bought that lousy wire-haired terrier! If the worst comes to the worst, he can dine on the bones buried by the dog."

"Remember the Big Break? Remember how he laughed at us? Remember how he boasted of his marvelous foresight?"

"This'll teach him a damn' good lesson. It'll take every cent of his gold hoard to buy back those three hundred thousand shares."

"Yes sir. He'll be lucky if they let him out for three million dollars."

"Three million dollars, nothing! At the rate those babies are going up, it'll cost him at least twenty bucks per share to cover."

"Well, Al Smith won't charge him much for jumping off the Empire State Building."

"Won't break my heart if he does jump off somewhere."

IT would have tickled Earl Davon's impish sense of humor to read a stenographic report of these heartfelt comments, but unfortunately Messrs. Nevins, Victor and Timothy were too busy to shorthand the palaver of Wall Street. Phones in hand, eyes glued on the ticker, they were transferring to half a dozen brokers what would have struck a naive outsider as utterly contradictory orders.

Mr. Nevins was buying, buying the N-V-T stocks, buying in lots of five thousand shares, buying in the name of Earl Davon.

Messrs. Victor and Timothy were selling, selling the N-V-T stocks, selling in lots of five thousand shares, selling in the name of Mr. James Smith, the erstwhile lessee of the duplex apartment on the top floor of the Weymouth.

The brokers executing the orders in the name of Earl Davon were reminded each time a new five-thousand-share lot was bought, that "not a soul must know about this transaction." And so were the brokers working for Mr. James Smith.

Each one of those brokers, being a man with a wide circle of acquaintances, let in on the secret from fifty to one hundred intimate friends, with the result that by two-thirty P. M. every runner in Wall Street knew that Earl Davon was "covering feverishly," but that a mysterious bear operator by the name of James Smith was unwilling to concede defeat and was "selling 'em all they wanted."

Had the brokers acting on behalf of Earl Davon matched his buying slips with the selling slips showered by the brokers representing Mr. James Smith, Wall Street would have discovered that for each five thousand shares bought by the latter, there were fifteen thousand shares sold by the latter. Had Wall Street been permitted to listen in on the whispered remarks exchanged between the three resident partners of the N-V-T Corporation, it would have been a sadder and wiser thoroughfare.

As it was, no one thought of matching the slips, and no discoveries were made until several weeks later.

Following the instructions received from the duplex apartment on the top floor of the Weymouth, Mr. Nevins saw to it that each one of the buying orders put in by him in the name of Earl Davon reached the floor of the Stock Exchange at least two minutes ahead of the corresponding selling order transacted in the name of Mr. James Smith.

"Buy five thousand at the market," he would shout in the mouthpiece, winking at Messrs. Timothy and Victor.

His order, refashioned to his brokers' representative on the floor of the Exchange, would originate a new outburst of enthusiasm among the traders.

"Earl Davon's broker is bidding for another five thousand shares!"

"The old skunk is sinking!"

"It's an S. O. S., pure and simple."

"I bid half a point above the market for one hundred N-V-T."

"Three quarters of a point above the market for five hundred N-V-T."

"A point above the market for one thousand N-V-T."

WITHIN the next minute the perspiring specialist in the N-V-T stocks would proclaim in a hoarse voice that he had received bids for twenty thousand shares, all of them "above the market," and that there were no offerings on his books.

Then, and only then, the selling order of Mr. James Smith would reach the floor, and would be taken in a split second by a crowd of hysterical traders in wilted collars, bent on slaughtering "that old skunk Davon."

By two-thirty-five P. M. Mr. James Smith succeeded in unloading over two hundred thousand shares, while Mr. Davon, hampered in his buying by the bitter competition of all Wall Street, managed to obtain but a little over thirty thousand shares.

Cognizant as Earl Davon was of the unflinching magic of his name, even he was startled by such spectacular results. He expected to sell three shares for each one bought, but instead of it the proportion was better than six to one.

"Careful, my lad," he warned Mr. Nevins at two-thirty-seven P. M. "This is a runaway market. I always knew the boys disliked me, but it seems that they are willing to dig my grave with their own teeth. As I understand it, deducting the thirty thousand shares bought in my name, we have unloaded so far one hundred and seventy thousand shares. This leaves us but four hundred and thirty thousand shares to sell. So see to it that we don't sell more than we really have."

His warning was timely. At the sound of the closing gong, with the ticker running fully thirty minutes behind the market, the brokers representing Mr. James Smith had sold for his account six hundred and seventy thousand shares against sixty-five thousand shares bought by the brokers of Earl Davon. This meant that not only was every one of Rutherford's six hundred thousand N-V-T shares sold, but that he was by then short five thousand shares.

"Sorry, boss," apologized Mr. Timothy, "but there was

no way to stop those brokers. They'd be still selling if it had not been for the closing gong."

There was no sound on the other end of the long-distance wire.

Dropping the receiver on the floor, his hair disheveled, collarless and speechless, Stanley Rutherford lifted the protesting Mr. Davon out of the big chair and hugged him in his powerful arms.

"Let go of me! Let go of me, Stan," muttered the old trader. "Strict orders of the doctors. I am not supposed to move for two hours after a meal."

"To hell with your doctors and your meal! I'll buy you a real meal. I'll cook you a soup out of the prize-winning hen."

"Hens don't make good soup, Stan."

"Oh, shut up—you and your soup!"

Rutherford dropped the old fellow to the floor unceremoniously, and rushed to his desk.

He broke four pencils before he could steady his hand. He was choking with happiness as he wrote down the long rows of figures.

"Fifteen thousand shares sold at sixty-two and one eighth. . . . Fifteen thousand at sixty-four and a half. . . . Fifteen thousand at sixty-six and a quarter. . . . Fifteen thousand at—"

"I'll save you the trouble, my lad," remarked Davon, who was watching the young man ironically. "Allowing a reserve of one hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of the five thousand shares which those giddabiddies sold short for us, we have made today, roughly speaking, nine million, two hundred thousand three hundred and fifty-four dollars and a few odd cents—"

Roughly speaking!

Stanley Rutherford threw his sheet of paper up in the air and laughed uproariously.

"Davon, you are priceless! There never will be another old codger like you!"

"You are right, Stan," replied the little man seriously. "They shall come no more, those old men with beautiful manner."

"Who had said that, Earl?"

"No one you would know. Ezra Pound the poet."

"Does he like chicken soup with noodles?"

Earl Davon shook his head sadly. Polo-players and fullbacks always distressed him. Saucy Puff had more brains in one of his little paws than the whole generation of Rutherfords in their classical heads.

"I'll be going now, Stan."

"Don't be a fool. Stay right where you are. We'll celebrate tonight."

"You will, but I won't. I am taking the four o'clock for New York. I will deposit your check at the Guaranty Trust tomorrow, the moment I get the money from the brokers. Thanks for the meal, Stan."

He got up, waved with his diminutive withered hand in Rutherford's direction, and walked out, muttering under his breath:

*"They shall come no more
Those old men with beautiful manner—"*

Curiously enough, Rutherford felt that it would be useless to try to stop him.

"Funny little beggar!" he thought, ringing the bell for James to help Davon with his coat. "Thanks me for a plate of chicken soup after having rescued my fortune and made nine million dollars for the two of us! Must be jealous of my youth and my good looks."

He cast a glance at the wall-mirror opposite him, and smiled.

"Operator," he said, lifting the receiver, "call up the French Line and find out when is the next sailing of the *le de France*."

He visualized the royal suite on "A" Deck with the private veranda, and his pulse began to beat faster. Joan was the only woman he knew who looked desirable at breakfast in the mid-Atlantic.

Chapter Fifteen

MRS. HARROW was lunching at the Mayflower. For the first time in her life she had a date with a man other than her husband. Her escort, the blue-chinned secretary of a South American legation, whom she had met

the night before at Joan's, made her wait for him fifty minutes, but she did not mind waiting.

It was fun to sit in the lobby of a swanky hotel where everybody who was anybody dropped in between twelve and two.

Her new white-and-red chiffon dress purchased just that morning at a sale in Sixteenth Street was tight around the hips and under the arms, but it brought into relief the shining waves of her recently marceled hair. At least, that was what the manageress of the shop had told her when she hesitated whether she should take it or try on something a bit larger:

"Madame must consider her beautiful hair. Nothing brings one's hair into relief better than this adorable combination of white and red."

It was strange that nobody back home had ever commented on the beauty of her hair, and it reaffirmed her belief that she belonged in Washington. A luncheon date with a good-looking diplomat, a dinner engagement at the British Embassy—she could see how it would read in the *Prairie Herald*:

"Our Washington correspondent advises us that among the society folks most fêted in the National Capital is Mrs. William W. Harrow, the wife of our own Senator Bill. Her company is eagerly sought by the plenipotentiaries of the great European powers, and she bids fair to become a permanent fixture of the exclusive gala events."

LET them laugh that off, those silly hens playing bridge at Mrs. Fossbright's! None of them had ever been farther east than Chicago; and as for hobnobbing with the British Ambassador—Mrs. Harrow chuckled loudly. The two heavy-jawed men sitting opposite her winked at each other understandingly.

"While Papa is slaying 'em in the Senate, Mamma is having a hell of a good time at the Mayflower," whispered one of them, a famous lobbyist specializing in protective tariffs for the home industries.

"Hell of a good time is right," answered his companion. "Take a peep at her dress. It must be at least three sizes too small for the old hippopotamus!"

Mrs. Harrow met their stares with indifference. It was only natural, she decided, that people should be interested in a woman accepted by the British Embassy. She opened her brand-new red leather bag and produced a cigarette.

"Permit me, madame!" The maître d'hôtel standing at the entrance to the dining-room made a dash toward her with a match.

"Thanks," she said blushing.

"Not at all, Mrs. Harrow."

"Oh, you know me!"

"Certainly, madame. May I ask you, madame, whether you have just come from the Senate?"

"Certainly not. What would I be doing in the Senate?" The maître d'hôtel looked disappointed. He had thought he could glean a few bits of inside information about the filibuster. He retreated hurriedly.

The blue-chinned young man appeared in the lobby at the stroke of two.

"A thousand pardons, madame!" He kissed her plump hand reverently. "I know I am late, but when I made an appointment with you, I did not expect that the Ambassador would wish me to attend the session of the Senate."

"I forgive you, monsieur."

She had been rehearsing that "monsieur" since nine o'clock in the morning, and she thought she pronounced it quite elegantly, but her escort was too starved to compliment her on her French.

"How does it feel, madame," he asked after he had ordered their luncheon,—ordered it rather perfunctorily, in the estimation of Mrs. Harrow,—to be married to a national figure?"

She scrutinized his face suspiciously. Was he, by any chance, trying to kid her?

"American men are all alike," she said with a deep sigh, hoping that this would score with him as heavily as it had with the French count at Joan's. "It's either business or politics. I do wish I were married to a foreigner."

"What a strange thing to wish, for one whose husband has just shaken the Senate to its foundations!"

"You mean his speech? Did he finally deliver it? Thank God for that! I thought he would never get it out of his system."

The blue-chinned young man pricked up his ears. "How interesting! The Ambassador would love to hear about it. Would you consent, madame? I really hesitate to ask you on such short notice—but it will make me most happy if you say yes."

"Why don't you tell me, then, what it is all about?" encouraged Mrs. Harrow, curving her generously painted lips in an almost Greta Garboish fashion.

"You must promise first that you will say yes."

"All right, monsieur. I promise it."

"The Ambassador wants you to honor him with your presence at tea this afternoon."

HER hand shook, and she dropped a forkful of kidney sauté on her new white-and-red chiffon dress. Two embassies in a single day! The *Prairie Herald* would be sure to have it on the front page!

"Remember, madame, you have promised to accept!"

"I will keep my promise, monsieur," she whispered.

"Bravo! Bravo, madame! I have always claimed that the really important people are the easiest to approach."

Mrs. Harrow merely nodded. This was too much. She felt overwhelmed. "Really important people!" That's how Washington was rating her! She wished that impossible husband of hers were present and listening to this adorable young man. He and his ridiculous speech!

"Will you make me still another promise, madame?"

He touched her sleeve with his long-nailed fingers. She had never thought so much tenderness could be communicated by such a slight touch.

"I am at your mercy, monsieur. I am your guest."

"Please, don't say that. I want you to do something for me, but I want you to do it of your own free will, not because I have bought you this thoroughly inadequate luncheon."

She murmured her protests. The luncheon was the best luncheon she had ever eaten.

"You are too kind, madame."

He brought his face closer to hers, and then said as if summarizing the situation:

"So, with your gracious permission, madame, I will tell the Ambassador that you have agreed not only to come to tea this afternoon, but to relate to him the inside story of the great Harrow filibuster."

"The great Harrow what?"

"I said the great Harrow filibuster, madame."

"Oh, you mean that time back in the 'nineties when he deadlocked our State Convention."

The blue-chinned young man gasped.

"You are joking, madame. You have a delightful sense of humor."

She had a vague feeling that her host was displeased with her, but she could not understand why. Had she said something that she shouldn't have?

"Please do not tease me, madame," he said after a pause.

"You will tell the Ambassador the inside story of the filibuster, won't you? It will help me a great deal if you do. It may mean a promotion for me."

"I wish I knew what you are talking about, monsieur. What inside story? What filibuster? If it's about that State convention—"

His eyes threatened to jump out of their sockets and land right in front of her, on the top of her ice-cream.

"You mean to say," he stuttered, "that you have not yet heard of your husband's filibuster! Oh, my God, my God!"

"What's eating him?" wondered Mrs. Harrow, watching the callisthenics of her moaning escort. Foreigners were funny, she decided, seeing that the young man did not volunteer to resume the conversation.

"I don't take much stock in politics," she said resentfully. "How am I to know what Bill is up to, when I spent the whole morning shopping? I have lots of things to do besides keeping my eye on Bill and his monkey-shininess."

"But didn't you say, madame, didn't you say only a few minutes ago, that you were glad that your husband had

got it out of his system? I heard you say that with my own ears."

"Sure, I said that—but I meant his foolish speech; I knew nothing about the filibuster. What is he filibustering against, anyway?"

The young man got up tremblingly.

"You will excuse me, madame," he said, "but I have just remembered that I have an important telephone-call to make."

Mrs. Harrow opened her bag. She rather hoped that the maître d'hôtel would appear from nowhere with a lighted match and a comforting smile, but the maître d'hôtel was busy around the hot appetizers, and was paying no further attention to the huge lady in white and red. She put the cigarette aside and picked up the menu.

"Lobster Thermidore. . . Escalope de veau Liegeoise. . . Coquille aux Champignons. . . Rhum Baba."

She did not have the foggiest notion what these exotic names could possibly mean, and she repeated them to herself in a whisper. It struck her as a good idea to write a letter to Mrs. Fossbright and tell her—oh, ever so casually—that *Lobster Thermidore* was the only lobster worth eating. She turned her head, looking for a waiter, and she saw her son.

"Why, Mother?"

She went crimson.

"Have you had your lunch, Jim?"

This was not a very clever thing to ask at three o'clock in the afternoon, but for the moment she could think of nothing better. How was she going to explain to Jim her presence at the Mayflower? Blame it all on Joan? Or pretend that she was acting as a chaperon?

"A funny thing happened, Jim."

He cut her short.

"Have you seen Connie, Mother?"

She hesitated, and he raised his voice:

"Don't lie, Mother! She was here, wasn't she?"

Only now she noticed that he had his topcoat and hat on.

"You are in a public place, Jim," she said in a shocked voice.

"To hell with the public place! Answer my question! Have you or have you not seen Connie? I can't find her anywhere—anywhere, I tell you! She told me to wait for her in the Congressional Gallery, but that was nearly two hours ago."

"Oh, you've been to the Senate?"

"Never mind the Senate, Mother. Have you or have you not seen Connie?"

Mrs. Harrow stiffened indignantly.

"Don't you holler at me, Jim Harrow. If you want to talk to me, take off your hat and sit down."

"Now, listen—" he began.

"Excuse me, sir. A message for Madame."

A diminutive bellboy brushed past Jim unceremoniously.

"It must be from Connie, Mother. I know it's from her!"

Jim grabbed the envelope from the silver tray before his mother could reach it, and tore it open with trembling hands.

"I don't understand it, Mother. . . It's not Connie's handwriting. See if you can understand it."

She read the message slowly.

"Well? Well?" he prompted.

Her jaw fell.

"It's a—a personal message, Jim."

"You lie—you lie! It must be from some one—from some one who knows where Connie is. You have no right to lie to me. I demand you tell me the truth."

THE few remaining lunchers were staring curiously at the stalwart young man in a buttoned topcoat who was shaking that queer-looking woman by the shoulder. Mrs. Harrow wished she were dead. She knew of no way in which she could explain to her son the gist of the horrible message. She dropped her eyes and read its hastily pencilled lines again:

"Had to rush away. The tea-party is off. Thanks for a pleasant luncheon. Have of course settled the bill."



"WILL he ever stop? Will he ever stop? . . . God, please—please—make him stop!"

Constance suffered excruciatingly. That voice—that voice on the floor below! The sound of that tired thick voice made her feel as if a long sharp knife was being turned round and round in her heart.

The galleries were almost empty now, and even the rubbernecks in the marble lobby outside had long since gone home; but Senator Harrow was still talking. Once in a while he stopped, poured himself a glass of water out of the pitcher put on his desk by the pitying hand of a sympathetic clerk, and swallowed it thirstily. The next moment he was talking again.

He pleaded with "Mr. President"—who had finished reading his paper and was dozing peacefully in his chair—not to leave a stone unturned in order to keep Wall Street "from polluting the wells of Democracy."

He called on his "admirable friends" for help and support "in the coming Battle of Armageddon," and the sad-faced old men occupying the last row of the Public Gallery fingered their wide-brimmed hats and studied their high-laced shoes.

He reminded "the gentlemen of the press" that it was their duty and privilege to denounce "the merchants of blood and the money-changers," and the few remaining reporters in the Press Gallery yawned with relish and wrote on their pads: "Nuts to you, Senator."

He quoted his idols—William Jennings Bryan and Robert La Follette, Senior—and so pathetic was the sincerity with which he was brushing the mothballs off those thin-threaded arguments of the early 'nineties, that the two white-haired clerks seated behind the Vice-Presidential desk flushed uncomfortably and turned their heads away to avoid each other's glances.

And then he talked about his Fight, over and over again, mentioning facts which no one but he remembered, arguing with men who had died before the turn of the century, and shaking his finger at what seemed to be the irrevocable course of American history:

"This took place in the month of July of the Year of Grace 1898, four months before my never-to-be-forgotten friend Richard L. Stonner suffered his first defeat at the hands of the money-changers. . . .

"You will recall, Mr. President, that eventful fall of 1901 when for the first time in our national history we found ourselves in the position of a World Power. . . .

"The winter of 1904 was spent by me in gathering material for a speech which I expected to deliver at the Progressive Rally in Bismarck, North Dakota. . . .

"And now, Mr. President, I shall avail myself of this opportunity to read into the Record the remarks made by me at the State Convention of my party in the year 1907."

The presiding officer, aroused from his slumbers by this new threat, sat up and looked with horror at the thick manuscript produced by Harrow out of his brief-case.

"If it pleases the Senator," he said pleadingly, "the remarks made by him at the State Convention of his party in the year 1907 may be entered into Congressional Record automatically. The Senator does not need to go through the formality of reading them."

"It won't take me long, Mr. President."

The Chair took another look at the mountain of foolscap pages and bit his lip angrily. Harrow cleared his throat and proceeded to read his "remarks."

"That finishes me, sister." The fat reporter, who felt by now that he had known Constance for centuries, took the gum out of his mouth, stuck it under the desk and rose to his feet dramatically. "Anyone who wants my job can have it. It'll take a whole quart of Old Dad to bring me back to normalcy."

"Can't something be done to make him stop?"

She had to ask that question. She could not keep it to herself any longer.

"When they reach the point when they begin to read their remarks of 1907, nothing except a submachine-gun can stop 'em."

He started to leave, and Constance followed him. For some peculiar reason she dreaded to stay alone.

"You mind if I come with you?"

"Mind? Say—"

He did not finish.

Standing as they were in the aisle, with their faces toward the exit, they did not notice how one of the sad-faced old men got up from his seat in the last row of the Public Gallery, dug his hand into the breast-pocket of his loose-hanging coat and whipped out a shining object. What made them turn their heads briskly and rush back, taking two steps at a time, was the shrill sound of a rasping senile voice:

"Take this, you double-crossing — — ———!"

No one was ever able to discover whether it was the fault of the rusty six-shooter, or the speed with which the strange figures from the plains of the West pinioned the arms of their colleague, that saved Senator William W. Harrow. The whole thing had transpired in a split second. The presiding officer said afterward that had it not been for the yells of, "Grab his gun, grab his gun!" he would never have known that he had witnessed an attempt on the life of a U. S. Senator.

By the time Constance and her fat friend reached the Public Gallery, the corridors of the Senate were jammed with shouting reporters, frantic camera-men, panting sergeants-at-arms, pop-eyed colored waiters from the Congressional Restaurant, and an assortment of bespectacled ladies who turned out to be the members of a convention of high-school teachers. Everyone in the crowd had his or her own version of what had just taken place.

"The fellow's a bolshevik."

"Not on your life! He's one of 'em Silver Shirts!'"

"Don't be ridiculous! Can't you recognize a maniac when you see one?"

"Looks to me like a publicity-hound."

"Not as simple as all of that. Maniacs and publicity-hounds don't wait till everybody's gone. They've got to have lots of audience."

"Remember the guy that took a shot at Teddy Roosevelt in Milwaukee?"

"Mark my words, this smells of Wall Street."

"Here he comes, here he comes!"

"Just take a look at that face! If it isn't the mug of an out-and-out bolshe—"

The crowd surged forward, overturning cameras, knocking down hats and umbrellas, fighting for the chance to see at a closer range the sad-faced man led down the stairs by two husky Senate policemen.

"Hey, what's your name, old fellow?"

"How much are you going to get for it?"

"Why don't you go to Germany and take a shot at Hitler?"

"I told you he's a bolshe. He can't even speak English."

"He ought to be hanged."

"What we need is a dictator."

"Where are they taking him?"

"Straight to the White House, to present him with an A.A.A. check."

BUT the sad-faced would-be assassin never opened his mouth. When a fast-stepping camera-man, awaiting his arrival downstairs in the marble lobby, jumped in front of him and yelled, "Stand still!" he obeyed his order meekly. Aside from the gray pallor of his unshaven long-jawed face, nothing in his appearance indicated that he understood the meaning of this turmoil.

"Got a name, brother?" asked the camera-man.

The shaggy eyebrows moved a bit, but the thin lips remained tightly drawn.

"Let's go now," said one of the husky policemen, tightening his hold on his charge's arm.

He went without a murmur.

Squeezed in the storming crowd, at the top of the stairs, Constance saw his profile as he was being led toward the Vice President's private office, and she thought she knew him. She could have sworn that she had met him before. But where?



"I wish I could remember it," she said aloud.

"Remember what?" growled the fat reporter who was doing all he could to keep his position next to Constance.

"Remember where I met that strange man."

"You mean you know him? My God, why didn't you say so before? What's the matter with you, sister? Haven't you got some brains? Don't you understand that it would have meant a scoop?"

"That nose—that sharp thin nose. . . . Those pale-blue eyes and the shaggy eyebrows. . . . I've seen them before."

"Think fast—think fast!" he begged. "Use your noodle. For Pete's sake, use your noodle!"

"I have it," she cried. "I have it! He looks in profile like Senator Harrow's twin."

The fat reporter swore.

"Of all the dumb Dons—did it take you all this time to discover that? A fine newspaper woman you are! Why, don't you know that they are betting fifty to one that the two mugs are brothers?"

Chapter Seventeen

THEY were not brothers, not even distant relatives; but when they faced each other, five minutes later, in the Vice-President's office, the witnesses of their meeting gasped.

So strong was the resemblance between the two men that had they exchanged their clothes, Senator Harrow would have been handed over to the District police for having attempted the assassination of Senator Harrow.

The would-be assassin—the newspaper men and the clerks insisted on referring to the sad-faced man in that fashion—may have been an inch shorter than Harrow, but he stooped less, and they seemed equally tall. What made their resemblance particularly startling was the similarity of the facial expressions, that far-away, detached look which, according to the feature-writers covering the Harrow story, reflected "the sorrow of the prairies."

"Bob—why, it's Bob!"

The Senator stood aghast. A moment before he had been arguing with the Vice President and demanding that they return to the Chamber and "resume business," but when the door opened and he saw the face of the man brought in by the two guardians, he staggered and went deadly pale.

"An acquaintance of yours, Senator?"

Senator Duveeten did not bother to disguise the sarcasm of his question.

"It's Bob—it's Bob!" repeated Harrow.

"Bob who, Senator?"

"It's Bob, I'm telling you."

Harrow rushed forward and put his hands on the newcomer's shoulders.

"How could you, Bob? Whatever possessed you?"

Bob raised his head. No "sorrow of the prairies," but a cold hatred, was in his pale-blue eyes.

"Take your hands off me, traitor!"

"Bob, you don't understand what you are saying. . . . You will regret it when you hear my explanation."

"Just a moment, Senator."

At a sign from Senator Duveeten, the husky guardians pushed Harrow out of the way gently.

"With your permission, Senator, I shall attempt to examine the would-be assassin. What's your name, man?"

"It's Bob—Bob Jameson," cried Harrow. "A life-long friend of mine."

"I'm no friend of yours," hissed Bob. "I've no traffic with Wall Street hirelings!"

Senator Duveeten was losing his patience.

"I insist, Senator," he said dictatorially, "that you either sit down and permit me to examine the would-be assassin, or retire to your own quarters. The fact that this man happens to be a friend of yours does not grant him a license to stage a Senator-hunt."

He waited for Harrow to take a seat by the side of his desk, then continued gruffly:

"I gather that the name is Robert Jameson. How old are you, Robert Jameson?"

"Over twenty-one."

"I won't stand for your insolence."

"He is sixty-seven," rushed in Harrow. "We started to

school the same year. I will give you all the necessary details, but I want to make it clear that I refuse to enter charges against him."

"For the last time, Senator, I warn you not to interfere with me. The charges against this man will be entered by the United States Senate."

Harrow buried his face in his hands, and his gaunt thin frame shook.

"When did you arrive in Washington, Jameson?" The Senator turned to the sad-faced man.

"This morning."

"For what purpose?"

There was a long pause.

"Did you understand my question?"

"I did."

"Well?"

"He hates to admit," groaned Harrow, "that he traveled fifteen hundred miles in order to hear my speech. He thought I would make a speech. He knew nothing about filibuster."

"Is it true, Jameson?"

"I guess so."

"Do you always take your gun along when you go to hear political speeches?"

Harrow sat up.

"The question is highly unfair, Senator. You know very well that it is quite customary in the part of the country he comes from—"

"When I want your opinion, Senator," interrupted Duveeten, "I will ask for it. Right now I am waiting for Jameson to answer my question."

"Can't keep his trap shut," said Jameson. "That's the trouble with him. Boy and man, always talked too much. As for that gun of mine, I'll tell you how I happened to have it. When I found out that this traitor had sold us out to the bankers, I went back to the place I'm staying in and got it."

"From whom?"

"From my bag."

"I see. In other words, the moment you discovered that Senator Harrow was going to filibuster against his own bill, you decided to kill him."

"That's right. Sorry I didn't."

Harrow opened his mouth, but said nothing. What he saw in Jameson's eyes made him change his mind.

"Do you believe, Jameson, that in a free republic like ours, political disputes should be settled with fire-arms?" some one asked.

Senator Duveeten merely smiled pityingly. He could have handed Jameson right then and there to the District authorities, but he hated Harrow and he wanted to prolong his agony.

"All traitors ought to be killed."

"Why do you call Senator Harrow a traitor?"

"He knows damn' well why. Goaded us on for forty years, and then sold us out."

"Now, now," Duveeten said rather pleasantly, "I won't stand for it. . . . You've no right to insult the Senator."

"The Senator!" Jameson sneered. "He'd be still nobody, hadn't it been for the like of me. We made him Senator. We sweated and slaved. We—"

He was choking with rage. The Vice President motioned to the guardians:

"You will hand the prisoner over to the District authorities. Charges will be preferred by the U. S. Senate. Criminal assault with intent to kill."

WHEN the door closed on Bob Jameson, the Vice President glanced at Harrow coldly and asked:

"Will the Senator be prepared to resume at eight-thirty tonight?"

It was his right to declare a recess until the following noon, but he was afraid it would make things easier for the filibustering Senator.

"Any time you wish," said Harrow absent-mindedly.

He was still staring at the door through which they had taken Bob away. He was still trying to convince himself that he was merely having a bad dream. He thought of Bob and himself and their childhood. He visualized the two little chaps stretched full length on the hill overlooking a sleepy river. What were they talking about on that July afternoon of sixty years ago? Was it he or Bob who said: "When I grow up, I'm going to be a sailor. . . . I want to see oceans and jungles and things."

And things! Harrow laughed mirthlessly.

"I beg your pardon, Senator?"

"Don't mind me, Mr. Vice President."

He got up and went out to face the mob of thrillingly two-legged animals. He did not blame them in the least. They too wanted to see oceans and jungles and things. He wished he were dead.

Chapter Eighteen

THE business of looking twenty-five consumed a goodly part of Joan's afternoons.

Summer or winter, in Washington or in Paris, she took a nap between five-thirty and six. Her *masseuse* arrived at six. Her bath was ready at six forty-five.

She obeyed this schedule rigorously. She never accepted invitations to cocktail- and tea-parties. She thought nothing of staying up until all hours of the night, but King George V himself could not have tempted her to forgo her two beauty hours for the sake of attending an afternoon reception at Buckingham Palace.

A famous Vienna beauty specialist to whom she was paying an annual retainer mailed her on the first of each month a set of lotions made under his personal supervision in his laboratory. No one, not even Constance, was permitted to touch those sacred crystal bottles, nor enter Joan's dressing-room between seven and seven-thirty, when, seated in front of a triple mirror, her white body reddened by a scorchingly hot bath, she worked diligently and shrewdly on her face, her forehead, her eyes, her throat and her shoulders.

"Mrs. Glenarm cannot be disturbed until seven forty-five."

No other answer was ever given to the telephone callers who tried to get in touch with Joan during her beauty hours, and no amount of teasing ever elicited from her anything beyond a half-serious, half-humorous: "Beauty is as beauty does, my dear."

Great as her excitement was on the afternoon of Harrow's filibuster, she declined without a second's hesitancy Mrs. Snowdridge's invitation "to give a once-over to the Potomac Borgias at the Mayflower."

"Sorry, Margaret, I'd love to go with you, but you know my rules!"

"Rules, rules! When I was your age, I didn't know the meaning of the damn' word!"

"I can readily believe that," said Joan to herself as she continued on her way home. "If I looked like her, I wouldn't bother to obey any rules, either."

SHE glanced at the little mirror by her side in the car as she drove homeward, and a wave of overwhelming happiness came over her. In another week she would be sitting on that beautiful white veranda aboard the *Ile de France*. In another two weeks they would be driving along the Grand Corniche, breathing deeply of the perfumed Mediterranean air, and talking lazily and cheerfully of the nightmare that was Washington.

She was never coming back, she decided. Never again would she have to be bored with cow-country politicians. Never again would she have to solicit the friendship of drunken lobbyists or fight back the advances of amorous legislators.

Her eyes shone. The smooth skin of her firmly molded throat was marble white against the background of her black broadtail coat. Her parted, full red lips disclosed the evenness of her glittering teeth. She looked younger and more desirable than ever, and she knew it.

"Take a good look at me," she wanted to cry to the gloomy men and women who stood on the sidewalks waiting for the traffic lights. "I have beaten you at your own shabby game, and you are never going to see me again. I am going to enjoy life while I am still young and beautiful."

The footman who rushed to help her out of the car informed her that young Mr. Harrow had telephoned several times and wanted to be called back at the New Willard as soon as possible, but she dismissed the message with a wave of the hand. She had said her good-by to all of that. She had no further interest in the Harrow family. For a moment she thought of Constance and her strange behavior in the lobby of the Senate, but then she looked at her wrist-watch and saw it was five twenty-two.

"Oh, my, I am late," she said, and the fear of breaking the iron-clad rules of her Vienna beauty specialist made her forget about Constance.

She took her clothes off hurriedly, threw on a fur-trimmed white satin gown and crossed toward the couch, ignoring the inviting brilliance of the large oval mirror. For the next thirty minutes she lay perfectly still. "Try to sleep if you can, but in any event relax, relax thoroughly," read the rules of the stern Austrian.

Her *masseuse*, a towering German woman with huge red hands and enormous feet, knocked on the door at six sharp. She had arrived ten minutes earlier, as usual, but the idea of disturbing the "*gnädige Frau*" before the appointed time would have struck her as a wholly revolutionary notion.

As usual—their dialogue never varied—Joan complained that she was getting fat around the hips, and as usual the *masseuse* giggled and said that the slimmness of the *gnädige Frau*'s hips would put to shame the statue of Diana the Huntress.

The big Amazon was silly, and Joan doubted whether she had ever seen the statue of Diana the Huntress, but her clumsy compliments were not unpleasant, and she certainly possessed a pair of masterful hands.

IT must have been shortly after seven—Joan was still in the midst of her lotion-applying work—that there was a sharp knock on the door of the bedroom. Joan turned her head in amazement. The thing was preposterous. She felt certain it was that idiot of a new maid. No one else would have dared to knock on her door before seven forty-five. She was going to make the maid pay dearly for it, Joan promised to herself—and then she heard the door open!

"Who in the world—"

"It's I, Joan."

"Don't you know, Connie, that you are not supposed to come here before seven forty-five?"

"Joan, have you ever heard of a man called Robert Jameson?"

The girl walked straight into the dressing-room and came close to the table laden with lotions. Her movements were deliberate, her eyes cold and searching.

"You must be drunk, Connie. Or have you quarreled with young Harrow?"

"Did you hear what I asked you, Joan?" Connie came closer still, and the elder woman was beginning to feel slightly alarmed. "Do you know Robert Jameson?"

Joan started to get up, but a strong hand pushed her back.

"Answer yes or no!"

"The answer is no, you crazy fool! And now, leave this room immediately before you make me really angry."

Their eyes met.

"I hope for your sake you are not lying, Joan. The fact is that while you were polishing up your beautiful body, a man called Robert Jameson tried to assassinate Jim's father."

She was somewhat disarmed by the look of bewilderment in Joan's eyes. It seemed impossible that anyone, even Joan, could lie so artfully.

"You are drunk, Connie. You are talking nonsense. Where in the world did you pick up this fantastic rumor?"

"Read this."

Connie took a single sheet marked "Extra" out of the pocket of her jacket and threw it on the dressing-table. "But it says here that no shot was fired, that the man was seized before he could pull the trigger."

"Are you sorry he didn't?"

"Connie, you will leave this room immediately! I shall see you and talk to you tomorrow morning. I'm afraid we have reached the parting of the ways."

ONCE more she was forced to sit down. She was sufficiently enraged now to try to fight it out, but she thought she saw Connie cast a mean glance at one of the large crystal bottles, and a cold shudder ran down her beautiful back.

"We'll do our talking right now, Joan. We haven't much to talk about. It's simply a matter of a few telephone-calls. I want you to call up the Vice President and the editors of all local papers and explain to them how you and Stanley Rutherford framed Jim's father."

"So—"

That was all Joan said. Then there was a silence, the longest silence Constance had ever listened to. Of the two women, it was the younger one who seemed to be shocked. The other sat perfectly still, but something had happened to her face. The beautiful mask which looked so vivid and real in the flattering soft lights of the embassies and mansions had suddenly fallen off, and disclosed the angular features of a leering stranger. Had the famous Vienna beauty doctor entered Joan's dressing-room at that moment, he would have vehemently denied his responsibility for that drooping cynical mouth, those heaving loose breasts and those swinging unpowdered shoulders.

Then Constance said swiftly:

"I didn't mean to be so nasty, Joan. You must admit that I have always been willing to act as your faithful accomplice and to overlook things."

"Shut up, you—"

The creature who got up from the brocaded bench was not the startled, compromising Joan of two minutes ago. Her voice was coarse; her hands, on the swinging hips, suggested hair-pulling and eye-scratching. Connie stepped back. She was not afraid of violence, but she was nauseated by an overwhelming wave of acute physical distaste. Was that the woman she had worshiped for seventeen years, whom she had believed the most enchanting human being in the world?

"Listen, you rotten virgin!" The way Joan hissed through her threatening glittering teeth the word "*virgin*" made it the foulest word in the vocabulary of the living. "You've had it coming to you for many a month, and now you are going to get it—good and plenty! I got your number years ago, but you mistook my big-heartedness for stupidity. Ever since I bought you your first silk underwear, bought it with the money of Stanley Rutherford, I recognized that you were one of those drink-and-run virgins who display and promise everything, but deliver nothing. . . . It is I,—she tore open her fur-trimmed satin gown and displayed her heaving bosom,—"who bought you your clothes and jewels. . . . It is I who sent you to the world's best and most expensive private schools. . . . It is I alone who am responsible for your damned sense of superiority!"

Constance felt as if her feet were nailed to the floor. She knew she should walk away and leave this house forever, but she could not move. Somewhere at the bottom of Joan's foaming vulgarity she saw what was undoubtedly the truth, and this discovery made her speechless. While never in any way had she encouraged Joan's taste for extravagance, she had accepted nevertheless a living from her.

"Well—well!" stormed on Joan. "Why don't you tell me once more that I should call up the Vice President of the United States and explain to him that unless I am what I am, my lily-white ward would have to wear cotton underwear and eat in a cafeteria? My ward! A rattlesnake would have been more grateful! What gets my goat is the stupidity of the bloody thing. Just because you happened to fall in love with a village idiot, I am supposed to give up this life of luxury, this house, these pearls—!" She took a double string of rosy pearls out of the open box on the dressing-table and patted them tenderly. "Not on your life! Not if I had to kill you with my own hands!"

Hands on her hips, she sized up the girl appraisingly, and a cruel smile twisted her over-red lips.

"It does handle me a laugh, though," she giggled meanly, "when I look at this aristocratic figure of yours, and think of myself when I was your age. I've spared you that story before, but you are going to listen to it now. Sit down there,"—she pointed toward the little chair in the corner of the dressing-room,—and prepare your virtuous self for a shock."

Much to her own surprise, Constance obeyed Joan's order. The unholiness of those formerly haunted, now bold and sneering, green eyes was hypnotizing; they were rendering the girl helpless.

Joan tapped a cigarette on her knee—something that Connie had never thought her capable of doing—and began her recital. She talked in terse phrases generously

sprinkled with profanity. Her English was bad, her laughter unbearable. She looked more like a woman loitering in the neighborhood of a navy yard than one with friends and influence.

"My father was a medicine-man way down in Alabama—Alabama casts twenty-four votes for Senator Oscar W. Underwood! That's my native State. . . . It would take twenty-four million of their votes to repay me for my childhood. But let's pass that; it's neither here nor there. . . . You're too damn' aristocratic to believe the things they do to the daughter of a traveling medicine-man way down in river-bottom country!"

"When I was sixteen,—that's the age at which you were sent to that fine private school in Connecticut,—I decided that my auburn hair was too beautiful to risk at the hands of farmers' wives. . . . So I quit my venerable

father cold, and bummed my way to New Orleans. . . . Huey Long was unheard of in those days, and white trash was still white trash in the great city of New Orleans. Well, I was white trash, all right, hair or no hair. I scrubbed floors in corner saloons; I washed dishes in restaurants; and my legs were black-and-blue every night, not from work but from pinching. The good old days! The good old days were damned, I say! The good old days smell of dirty-neced drummers and drunken sailors!"

The clock in the bedroom struck half-past seven, and the dinner at the British Embassy was to begin at eight sharp, but Joan did not seem to be even considering her social duties.

"This went on for two years," she continued, lighting another cigarette. "Then one night when I was hot-footing it back to my room in the dirtiest house ever built this side of Suez, I met the man who called himself Mr. Glenarm; I don't know what his real name was. The noble old gentleman lay at full length on the sidewalk. His coat was torn and his nose bleeding. It seems that he had been thrown out of a gambling-house for preaching the square deal. That's what he told me when I helped him to the nearest drug-store. Later on, I found out that he had suffered bodily harm while trying to pass a rubber check. At the time I took his statements at face value. He stayed at the St. Thomas in a four-dollar-a-day room, which was two dollars more than my weekly rental."

"Does it surprise your virginal soul that I preferred to believe Mr. Glenarm? We were married two hours later, while the noble old gentleman was still drunk. He sobered up shortly after midnight, but by that time I was Mrs. Glenarm, occupying the nearest-to-the-window side of his bed at the St. Thomas. Mr. Glenarm used some pretty strong language, and I had to smack him on his white-haired head several times. He must have liked it, for by eight o'clock in the morning we got quite chummy. He admired my tall slim figure, he said; but he was afraid that his friends might snub me. So would I accept twenty dollars a week in lieu of all claims?"

"That was fair enough, but I wanted to be paid for six months in advance, preferably in cash. He did not bat an eyelash. He simply told me to wait for him in his room while he went to the bank around the corner and got some money. . . . Well—I never saw Mr. Glenarm again. If he is still alive, I hope he dies from amœbic dysentery!"

JOAN laughed uproariously. The image of the noble old gentleman must have been still vivid in her memory. Then she went on:

"That afternoon I met Stan. He was alighting in front of the St. Thomas from his royal-blue roadster, while I was being escorted out by two bellboys, two porters and one assistant manager. I was a sturdy gal in those days, and it took considerable man-power to throw me out of a first-class hotel. Stan claims that he admired my spunk, but I guess it was the sight of my figure that got under his skin."

"Be that as it may, he told the flunkies to lay their paws off me at once. 'What this filly needs,' he said, 'is a hot bath and a nice dress!' He was wrong about the bath—I'd taken one while waiting for Mr. Glenarm's return; but he did buy me several dresses. He was twenty-eight,



and it tickled his fancy to stage a Pygmalion-and-Galatea act. I lived in a nice two-room apartment he rented for me. When he was about to leave for New York, I wondered whether he would slip me a five-hundred-dollar bill, but instead of it he told me to pack, and handed me a ticket for Boston. Once there, I was to get in touch with his New England representative, who was given instructions to pay my living-expenses and hire a flock of teachers for me. 'A few years in Boston,' said Stan, 'and I'll make a thoroughbred out of you. What you lack is culture. You know what you want, but you can't spell it.' "I hated it in Boston, but I worshiped Stan. If he had told me at that time that he wanted me to commit murder, I would have obeyed his wish without a murmur. . . . I still would! I believe in loyalty."

She gave Constance a look of contempt, then went on:

"I don't want to throw bouquets at myself, but I guess I turned out to be a pretty good Galatea. In less than three years Stan gave me my first test. He introduced me to some people in Boston, and told them that I was a widow of one of his dearest friends. None of them questioned his statement, although one refined gentleman did try to talk me into taking a little trip with him. . . . That was the last time in my life I slapped a man's face! I have been faithful to Stan all these years, and so help me God, I'll keep on being faithful to him as long as he wants me!"

"It was shortly after I had passed my exams that Stan decided that it would be a good thing if I adopted a baby. 'There's nothing more respectable for a young widow,' he said, 'than to appear in public with a little child.' Well, I was not keen on adopting anyone, because I'd just arranged for the annulment of my marriage to Glenarm, and I was afraid of scandal; but I was quite willing to give a decent home to a baby. Serves me damn' right!"

The knuckles of Constance's hands clutching the arms of the chair were white.

"Was it then," she asked stammering, "that you met my parents?"

"Your parents?" Joan laughed derisively. "Do you mean to tell me that you really swallowed that cock-and-bull story about my knowing your parents? Why, I never laid my eyes on them! Nobody did."

"Were they killed in the automobile accident before—I mean before you—took me into your house?"

"Say!" Joan laid her cigarette aside and frowned. "Who do you think you are kidding? Do you expect me to believe that you are that dumb? Automobile accident, my eye! You know damn' well that I took you out of an orphan-asylum, where you had been brought by a traffic cop who found you on the steps of a house somewhere in Boston."

"I don't believe you! You lie. Those portraits in my room—"

Joan sighed.

"God! But you are dumb! The next thing I know, you are going to claim that you are a direct descendant of Sir Francis Bacon! So before you go any further, let me tell you that those portraits in your room were brought to me by Stan. He's a regular Belasco, is Stan. . . . He said that every respectable orphan should have portraits of its parents on the wall of the nursery. . . . It was he who gave you that phony monicker of yours, too. When he took you from the orphan-asylum, you were simply a Number So-and-so, but Stan thought that it would be a damn' fine joke to call you 'Bacon.' As I understand it, he was reading at the time a book proving Bacon's authorship of Shakespeare's plays."

Joan smiled pleasantly and reached for another cigarette.

"But to return to my story—"

She saw her listener rise slowly and she put her hand on the largest crystal bottle in front of her—but her fear was groundless. Constance crossed the room with the gait of a blindfolded person and went out. A few moments later Joan heard the heavy entrance door downstairs open and close again.

"The last of Miss Constance Bacon!" she said contentedly, and rang for the butler.

There were two things she wanted him to do: Telephone to the British Embassy and advise the private secretary of His Excellency that Mrs. Joan Arlington Glenarm had received an urgent call from New York and had to rush to the bedside of a dying relative. And tell the footman that Miss Constance was not to be let in any more, but handed a hundred-dollar bill and asked for the address where her things should be sent.

Her eyes fell on the newspaper left by Constance on the dressing-table, and she remembered about Mrs. Harrow. Shouldn't she—

"No," she decided on second thought, "why bother with the old hippopotamus? Let her find some one else to help her crash the gates of embassies!"

She rose in sprightly fashion, and gave her orders to the butler in that rich melodious voice which the Vienna beauty-specialist would have recognized without difficulty as the voice of his most valuable client, the very aristocratic Mrs. Joan Arlington Glenarm of Washington, D. C.

Then she picked up the receiver. She could wait no more. Even though she was not supposed to call Stan around dinner-time, she could not fight any longer the desire to hear his voice.

She began hesitantly:

"Don't be angry, Stan, but I simply had to—"

"I was about to call you up, darling, anyway."

She blushed with pleasure. She would gladly have got rid of ten more Constances for the sake of hearing that "darling."

"I say, Joan, how long will it take you to pack up?" Rutherford asked.

"To go where?"

"Paris first. Then the Riviera."

"I can be ready in a couple of days, Stan."

He laughed.

"A couple of days! You trying to be funny? I've reserved a drawing-room for you on the midnight train. The ship sails tomorrow at noon."

"But what about this house, this—"

"The house be damned! One of my boys will attend to it. I will meet you at the gate of the midnight express at eleven-fifty-five. I expect you to be there on time."

She opened her mouth to tell him about Constance, but he already hung up. It was just like Stan. When he had made up his mind to do something, he issued orders and tolerated no argument. He would no more have considered changing his orders for the sake of accommodating her than she would have changed her orders for the sake of pleasing her butler.

"He wants to sail tomorrow, and that's all there is to it," she said aloud, and sighed.

The next moment she was packing. Some day, after she had got her castle on the Mediterranean, she was going to tell Stan that she was through with taking his orders, that he needed her more than she needed him; but now she had to pack. Some day— She glanced at the mirror, and frowned. What with getting rid of Constance and talking to Stan, she had forgotten to remove the greasy Vienna lotions from her face.

"My dear woman," she said to herself sternly, "if you don't watch your beauty-step, there won't be any 'some day' for you. In ten years from now, Stan Rutherford will be still a handsome brute, while you—"

The thought of herself at forty-three was horrifying. She bit her lip and went back to her dressing-room. To let Stan see her as she looked now would have meant to say good-bye to the castle on the Mediterranean. She must look beautiful by train-time, even if she had to leave the house on Massachusetts Avenue with but a single suitcase.



Chapter Nineteen

A COLD drizzling rain was falling steadily, and the shivering passers-by were in too great a hurry to pay attention to the girl in the leopard-skin jacket and black velvet beret who stopped every twenty feet or so, and looked around helplessly as if she were not certain of the direction in which she was going. A taxi-driver crossing

Dupont Circle spotted her tall slim figure hesitating in front of the Patterson mansion, and tooted his horn, but she shook her head.

"It's tough on 'em swell shoes of yours," he pointed out persuasively, but just then he heard the shrill sound of a porter's whistle, and drove away without regret.

She took a deep breath, made an unsuccessful attempt at drying her face with a tiny handkerchief, and moved on. She had left her purse in Joan's bedroom, and she couldn't even take a trolley. Not that she minded the rain! She wouldn't have noticed it at all, had it not been for the taxi-driver's remark. It was the desire to reach the Shoreham before eight-fifteen, rather than the deplorable state of her black silk pumps, that made her wish she had money with her. Trying hard as she was, she could not remember why she had to be at the Shoreham before eight-fifteen, but she was in no condition to argue with herself.

"I must keep that appointment. It's very important that I do," she repeated to herself over and over again, fighting the temptation to drop in at one of the numerous hotels on her way and rest in a comfortable chair.

SHE must keep that mysterious appointment at the Shoreham, and she must not think of what Joan had told her! She must forget all, and remember only that pathetic old man with the shaggy eyebrows! She must blame herself and no one but herself for this tragedy; and she must—

"I must—I must—I must. . . . What else must I do?"

Her lips were moving. At first she was talking in a whisper, then quite loud. With so many "must's" crowded in her mind, she could not keep silent.

Then, again, there was that most important matter of reaching the Shoreham on time. She knew that her legs would fall her unless she pretended to herself that the Shoreham was much nearer than it really was. To admit that it was fully a mile away was to admit defeat. The thing for her to do was to lie to herself, to say that she was going only as far as the café on the corner of Connecticut Avenue. Then by the time she reached there, half of the distance would be covered and she could begin pretending all over again that she was going only as far as that ridiculous tasteless structure within a stone's throw of the Shoreham. . . .

She was not going there to see Jim. She was quite certain of that. Jim was only a boy. "A village idiot!" that horrible creature had called him. Poor Jim! What a shock it must have been for him to hear about the attempt on his father's life! That was her fault too. If she had stuck to her original determination, and confessed her crime to Jim in due time, when she got him out of bed at eight in the morning, Senator Harrow would have delivered his speech, and Bob Jameson would not have been in jail now.

If—if—if—

She hated the sound of that word "if." "If" and "must"—both were dreadful, heart-breaking words. . . . Each tested the courage. Each showed up the cowardice.

Could it be that it was Senator Harrow who was waiting for her at the Shoreham, who was anxious to hear what she had to say, who had found out somehow that she tried to bribe the colored attendant of the cloak-room?

She weighed this possibility gravely. She toyed with it for a couple of blocks. Then—with the gayly illuminated windows of the Shoreham beckoning to her from across the bridge—she stopped short and reprimanded herself severely.

"You are a cheap liar," she said, "a sneaky, cowardly liar. You know perfectly well that Senator Harrow is sitting right now in his office in the Senate Building, ready to go on with his filibuster, ready to risk his life again and again."

The last two hundred feet proved the hardest. She had crossed the bridge with comparative ease, but the sight of a long line of cars fighting their way into the Shoreham's courtyard made her feel dizzy. She pulled her now shapeless *béret* over her eyes and stood still. She thought she was standing on the sidewalk. It never dawned on her that she was standing in the middle of a narrow driveway. She heard the angry yells and the tooting of the horns, but she was too exhausted to trace this sudden commotion to herself.

"What's the matter with you, lady?"

As if through a thick blanket of fog, she discerned the shining buttons of a stalwart porter.

"I want to go in," she mumbled.

"In where?"

She wanted to point with her finger at the entrance door in front of her, but she couldn't raise her arm.

"Just hold on to me," said the porter. "Take it easy, lady."

She must not faint! She must not faint! She must keep that appointment!

"There, lady." The porter assisted her inside the door gently and rushed to bring a chair.

"I am quite all right. Thanks a lot."

The thrill of having reached her destination gave her new impetus.

The clerk at the reception-desk—she walked those additional fifty feet almost briskly—thought there was nothing unusual in her request to page the anonymous party who had the eight-fifteen appointment with Miss Constance Bacon. His trained eye recognized the smart cut of her rain-soaked jacket, and he knew better than to ask any superfluous questions. He was an Old Deal clerk versed in the peculiar ways of Washingtonians.

"Page the gentleman waiting for Miss Constance Bacon," he ordered imperturbably. He took it for granted that it could not be a lady.

The bell-boy on duty was equally efficient. He made straight for the bar, and was back in two minutes flat. "This way, lady."

Constance followed him, short of breath but strangely encouraged. Whatever it was that had made her brave the rain and the distance, she was glad she had come to the Shoreham. She used to loathe those garrulous women in last year's chiffon dresses who held the fort at the entrance to the futuristic bar, but now she welcomed them. They seemed as happy and as peaceful as only the very complacent could be. They had enjoyed their table-d'hôte dinner, and now they were digesting it. She would have given ten years of her life to be one of them—stupid but content.

"Well, well, well! If it isn't the little gal in the big black *béret*!"

Who was that red-faced man greeting her with outstretched arms?

She turned to the bell-boy questioningly:

"Is that the gentleman? . . ."

"The gentleman is good!" roared the fat man. "I've been called everything under the sun, but this is the first time I've been accused of being a gentleman. Beat it, my boy. Here's your bonus."

He put a quarter in the hand of the bowing bell-boy, and took Connie's arm.

"What's yours, sister? As one filibuster casualty to another, may I recommend a double Manhattan?"

She began to laugh. Her body shook. Her *béret* slipped off her head, but instead of picking it up, she let it fall.

"As funny as all that? You are a good audience. Come to think of it, you deserve two double Manhattans."

She answered with a new shriek of laughter. So it was he, that funny red-faced man, that fat, bet-you-a-liver-wurst-sandwich reporter, who had asked her to come to the Shoreham "not later than eight-fifteen!" And because of him and his two double Manhattans, she had walked all that distance in a drizzling rain!

THE reporter looked at her quizzically. He must have recognized the hysterical sound of her laughter, because he changed his tone immediately.

"Drink this," he ordered, lifting a glass with colored liquid from the table, "and for God's sake, sit down."

She drank the cocktail in a gulp.

"Strong enough for you?"

She began to laugh again.

"Now, now," he said, pushing her toward the chair. "Try to be a good girl. If you care to talk, go ahead and talk, but spare me the giggle."

He helped her to take off her rain-soaked jacket, and wiped her face with his handkerchief.

"Hungry?"

She looked avidly at the empty cocktail-glass.

"Oh, I see. One of those things, eh?"

He clapped his hands.

"Nothing cures a heartbreak better," he said sententiously, "than a shot of straight rye. Let the snobs have

their Scotch, but we, the lovelorn ones, should patronize the native product. Ever since the day the father of our country started forgetting his long-suffering Martha, the children of this great and noble Republic have been finding their two-car garages at the bottom of a bottle of rye."

He let her sob in his handkerchief. He congratulated himself on having invited her to come at eight-fifteen, when the bar was empty because of dinner-time.

"Feel like getting it out of your system?" he asked three double-ryes later. "It may interest you to know that in the days of my tender youth I edited the column for the lovelorn back home in good old San Francisco."

She had to smile.

"You are a newspaper man, aren't you?"

"I was until two hours ago," he said gravely, "until you and I let the world's greatest scoop slip through our fingers."

"I want to ask you something."

"Shoot."

She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was eight thirty-five. The Vice-President, she remembered, had declared the recess until eight-thirty.

"Is there any way in which we can send a message to Senator Harrow?"

"Yes, my child. By mailing it in care of the Hall of Oblivion."

"Please." She put her hand on his. "I am not joking. If you can think up some way in which our message would reach him while he is talking, you'll get a much bigger scoop than the Jameson story."

"On the level?"

"Why should I lie to you?"

"Lots of people do."

He fingered his empty glass pensively.

"All right," he decided. "Let's go. Think you can walk?"

"You mean all the way to the Senate?" she asked with a tremble in her voice.

"Flat broke, eh?"

She nodded.

"I knew there would be a catch somewhere. Oh, snap out of it, sister! Do I look like a guy who would bum his taxi-fare out of a woman?"

He rose with an agility she did not expect from his bulk, and dragged her out of her chair.

"Step on it," he said. "We still can make the midnight edition. I know I'm a fool to believe you, but that's me all over. The heart of a first violin, and the brains of a customers' man."

It may have been the effect of the three straight ryes that filled her with new courage and new energy, but it seemed to Connie, as she was running after her funny fat friend through the soft-carpeted lobby, that she had done well by keeping her eight-fifteen appointment at the Shoreham.

Both were out of breath by the time they reached the taxi, and it was not until they were roaring past Dupont Circle that he shook a short fat forefinger at her and said:

"Not to recognize a sparrow is a venal sin, but not to recognize an elephant is a mortal sin. . . . True enough, I have lost a couple of ounces since those days, but up until three years ago I never missed a single party at Mrs. Glenarm's. . . . So, if you don't mind, my adorable Miss Bacon, stop this comedy and come clean! How much did Joan have to do with the Harrow filibuster?"

Chapter Twenty

IF Jim Harrow lives to be two hundred, he will still remember the afternoon and the evening of February eighth.

The news of the attempt on his father's life reached him shortly before seven. He was standing on the sidewalk across the street from Joan's house, hoping against hope that sooner or later Connie would return home from wherever she might have been. He had called up every one of her friends; he had made himself a nuisance around the Mayflower, the Carlton, the New Willard and the Shoreham; he had insulted his mother and bribed in vain Joan's footman.

And now he was preparing for the worst. Any minute he expected to see an ambulance draw up to the door of

the familiar Georgian mansion. She was either dead or dangerously injured—he had no other explanation of her sudden disappearance.

"Read all about the shooting in the Senate! Read all about the shooting—"

Jim grabbed the running newsboy by the shoulder.

"Wait!"

He caught a glimpse of his father's photograph on the front page, and without stopping to read the newspaper, he dashed down the street. He ran for several blocks before the thought of taking a taxi occurred to him.

"The Senate Building! Never mind the traffic! For God's sake—"

HARROW'S LIFELONG FRIEND ARRESTED IN SENATE GALLERY WHILE AIMING GUN AT FILIBUSTERING SENATOR

Jim could not believe his own eyes. Bob Jameson, "Uncle Bob," trying to shoot Father! It was as if he had been told that he himself was arrested for threatening his father.

THE old Senator was still in the Vice-President's office when, taking three steps at a time, Jim reached the crowded corridor.

"Let me through. . . . Let me through! I'm Jim Harrow—I'm Senator Harrow's son."

He fought his way savagely through the crowd; he was using his elbows and fists freely. It took the combined strength of three plain-clothes men to keep him from breaking through the closed door of the Vice-President's office.

His arms pinioned, he had to stand and wait until his father appeared on the threshold. Not a word was exchanged between them. They shook hands silently, and walked away arm in arm, a grotesquely thin old man with death in his pale-blue eyes, and a broad-shouldered youngster in a torn shirt.

"And none spake a word unto him; for they saw that his grief was very great."

With the words of the Scripture ringing in his ears, Jim entered his father's office in the Senate Building. Each sat down, side by side on the couch in the reception-room. Facing them were books, papers, copies of the Congressional Record, neatly tied up bunches of letters from the constituents back home. Everything was as they had left it the night before. Jim's heart bled.

The minutes crawled. The old-fashioned clock in the private office struck eight, then half-past eight.

"Why don't you go have your supper?" said the Senator.

"How about you?"

"I'm not hungry."

"Neither am I."

The telephone rang. Jim took the receiver off and put it on the table.

"Let them ring," he thought. "I don't want to talk to anybody. Not even Connie."

"Better answer the phone, Jim," said the Senator. "You can never tell."

"All right, Dad."

The assistant manager of the New Willard was on the wire. He was telephoning from Mrs. Harrow's room. She was in a dead faint. The house physician thought it advisable that the management notify the family.

"All right," said Jim, wishing to God that the assistant manager would not talk so loud. "I'll be there in ten minutes."

As he hung up, Senator Harrow asked wearily:

"Was that for you, Jim?"

"Yes, Dad. If you don't mind, I'll run along now. Got to see some friends. I'll be back as soon as I can."

When he reached the door, he asked without turning his head:

"I don't suppose, Dad, you would consider not going through with your filibuster?"

"I would not, Jim. They'd say I got frightened."

"I see."

He envied people who were not ashamed to cry. He always prided himself on his ability to "take it," but how was he to suspect that that mysterious "it" included both Father and Connie?

For the next hour he played the part of a nurse. The hypodermic administered to his mother by the house

physician put her to sleep, but some one had to stay with her until the arrival of the trained nurse. She rolled and tossed, and once in a while she spoke. Jim could not understand all she said, but he suspected she was calling for Joan, and begging her to come and take her to the British Embassy. She never mentioned him or his father. He would have thought that she had not found out about Bob Jameson, had it not been for the "extra" sheet on her night table.

It was nine-thirty when Jim was finally relieved from his bedside duties. He changed quickly and went downstairs to tell the assistant manager that, if necessary, he could be located in the Congressional Gallery of the Senate.

"I hear that the filibuster is over," said the assistant manager pleasantly. "I guess your dad must be pretty tired."

"The filibuster is over? Who said that?" "Senator Dodd. He has just come back from the Senate."

"Are you sure?" Jim did not wait for an answer. If the filibuster was over, it meant—it meant that his father— He visualized the old man's infinitely sad face, as it looked when they parted last, one hour before; and he feared that he would never hear that tragic tired voice again. Connie was the farthest thing from Jim's mind when he burst into his father's private office ten minutes later. "Dad!"

The Senator raised his finger to his lips and pointed at the couch. Jim came nearer, and saw Connie's prostrate body.

"Steady, Jim," said the Senator. "She'll be all right before long, but you mustn't disturb her now."

He took Jim to the window and began to talk in a whisper. He might just as well have tried to talk to a deaf man.

because of fatigue, the presiding officer does not know, and is not interested to find out.

"All's well that finishes well," he concludes. "You can never tell why they start and finish filibusters."

The Senators who occupied the desks adjoining that of the old Don Quixote on the evening of February eighth, and who returned to the chamber after the dinner recess to gloat over their colleague's misery, are more articulate than their presiding officer. They maintain—and nothing can be done about it—that they have read the message with their own eyes. What were its contents? Well, they do not seem able to agree on that subject. Senator Belfrey says that it was a threat to avenge Bob Jameson. Senator Rickard feels satisfied that it was an order from Moscow. Senator Godwin is sure he recognized the Great Seal of the Silver Shirts.

The Congressional Record describes the episode in a still different fashion:



Senator William W. Harrow (who interrupted his speech in order that he might read the message delivered to him by a Senate page):

Mr. President! Once more I am forced to beg the indulgence of this august body. These few lines (the Senator points at the message on his desk) speak volumes. Among other things they prove that there is no end to the vicious ingenuity of the money crowd. It would appear at this moment as if they had won the battle. I concede their victory. There is nothing else left for me to do. The man who wanted to kill me a few hours ago feels convinced that I am a knave. My colleagues believe that I am a fool. I hope that you, Mr. President, would agree to

classify me as a victim. I will endeavor to present to you my written explanation before midnight. I thank you. (The Senator bows and leaves the Chamber amidst scenes of unprecedented turmoil.)

Chapter Twenty-one

EYEWITNESSES differ as to the details of the events which took place in the Senate Chamber on the evening of February eighth.

The attendant of the Press Gallery swears up and down that it was he and only he who had made it possible for that good-looking girl in the leopard-skin jacket to send her message to Senator Harrow.

The guardian of the cloak-room dismisses the exaggerated claims of his colleague with a smile of contempt.

"The girl," he explains, "was introduced to me by Mr. Peter Wallington, the fattest and the laziest political reporter in the Senate. Mr. Wallington said that she was the Senator's relative, who had just received some alarming news from back home, and would I please take her message and send it with a page on the floor. I naturally said I would. And that's all there is to the story."

The widely photographed page who had delivered the famous message into the hands of Senator William W. Harrow confesses, when submitted to severe examination, that "the old man" took the thin envelope without the slightest comment, and would have continued his speech had it not been for a loud cry from the Press Gallery: "Read it, Senator! It's of the utmost importance!"

The gentlemen of the press, smarting under the humiliation of being scooped by Pete Wallington, of all people, pretend that the warning cry was uttered by some tired stranger who knew nothing about the importance of the message, but was merely seeking diversion. The gentlemen of the press lie, of course. Every one of them knows that the cry was uttered by Pete Wallington, who is often tired and is invariably seeking diversion, but who could certainly never be described as a "stranger" in the Press Gallery.

The presiding officer remembers having been awakened by the sudden silence in the chamber.

"The Senator may proceed," he said automatically; and then he saw a sheet of paper in Harrow's hands. Thinking the filibustering Senator was about to recite some more ancient history, he closed his eyes again. Whether the Senator had yielded the floor because of the message, or

The message itself—four lines scribbled by Connie on a piece of Congressional stationery—has never been published, not even in Pete Wallington's "exclusive" dispatch to his paper. When his irate boss wired to him frantically, "Why didn't you quote the blankety-blank message verbatim?" the rotund reporter answered with a dignified, "Because for the first time in my life I was mistaken for a gentleman by a good-looking girl." He may have added that it was his advice that kept Senator Harrow from releasing the message to the press.

"Don't, Senator," he said with a shrewd smile. "It's better to be known as a knave than a fool. What would your constituents think of a man who waited for a nineteen-year-old girl to explain to him the ways of Wall Street?"

Mr. Wallington was frankly overawed with his own importance that night. Not only was he instrumental in bringing about the collapse of a sensational filibuster, but he was asked to help with drafting a historical letter to the Vice-President of the United States. He was likewise the only one of the four people present in Senator Harrow's private office on the night of February eighth who preserved for posterity a graphic description of that tense conference. The Senator never talks about it. Jim Harrow remembers nothing. And as for Connie—she regained her senses too late to qualify as an eyewitness.

"It was like this," narrates Mr. Wallington, and his small sharp eyes shine with the mad fire of the World's Greatest Scoop. "When I saw the Senator put aside the message handed to him by that brass-buttoned beggar of a page, I opened my trap and yelled. Then, and only then, did the old fellow open the message. He began to read it, at first sort of annoyed, but then his hand shook. . . . Well, sir—that was that. I grabbed my divine girlfriend by the hand and said to her: 'Now run. Let's beat the crowd to the Senator's office. He might want to have a chat with us, and the less witnesses the merrier.' She was a good sport as long as she lasted. Didn't pass out on me before she answered all the Senator wanted to know. How she overheard Joan talk to that bird Rutherford, and what was the connection between Rutherford and Davon, and all that sort of stuff.

"When shortly afterward that fullback son of the Senator's burst in on us, it looked for a moment as if we would have two unconscious bodies on our hands. . . . So the Senator naturally turned to me and asked me to stay and help him. 'Can you take shorthand dictation?' he asked. I said sure, and I was glad I did. Look at this hand of mine! You are seeing the hand that typed the text of the only resignation from the U. S. Senate that was ever recorded in the annals of the Republic. You could have knocked me down with the breath of a new-born baby, when after a long rigmarole about democracy and Wall Street and public utilities and the rights of the Common People, the Senator swallowed hard and said: 'It being so, I feel in duty bound to resign from my seat in the U. S. Senate, my resignation to take effect at once!'

"I nearly swooned. 'Sleep on it, Senator,' I said. 'You may not realize it, but if you do resign, you will be the only Honorable in the history of the United States who surrendered his badge voluntarily, before the expiration of his term. I have known some who have been asked to leave, or couldn't get seated, but so help me Huey the Kingfish, if I ever heard of one of Uncle Sam's children vassing up the chance to tell the nation how its affairs should be run!' He shook his mane. 'You don't understand,' he said. 'I am resigning because I love my people.' I bit my lip hard. To laugh at that old nut, would have been like kicking a blind man."

Having reached that particular point of his great story, Pete Wallington smiles mysteriously. He knows that his listeners are going to coax him to reveal the contents of the message, and he loves to torture them. He remembers those four lines well. He stood by Connie's side when she scribbled them in the press gallery:

Joan Glenarm fooled you. Thanks to your filibuster, her lover Rutherford was able to unload his holdings, using Davon as a smoke-screen. The latter was never short of N-V-T stocks. Please believe me and act accordingly.
Constance Bacon.

Chapter Twenty-two

THE rain stopped by midnight, and a heavy fog came in its wake.

From the spot where they stood, on the upper steps of Capitol Hill, Senator Harrow and Pete Wallington could see the outline of the Washington Monument, but the rest of the city was hidden from them by a blanket of pea-soup thickness.

"Let's go, Senator," said Wallington. "The two youngsters deserve to be left alone."

"Wait, Wallington."

His letter of resignation left with the clerk of the Senate, the Senator knew that he was looking at Washington for the last time in his life. There was no bitterness in his heart, just plain emptiness. Washington was a mirage. The closer one came to it, the farther it receded. He used to think that it was a majestic city destined, sooner or later, to become the capital of the world, but now he was asking himself whether Washington existed at all. There was the White House where people were smiling because otherwise they would have had to cry. There was the Department of Commerce, with its endless corridors and numberless employees. There were hotels, a score of them, crowded with worried travelers. But was there Washington? Was there anything real in it, except the Monument and the marble Lincoln?

"I don't belong here, Wallington," he said, casting a last glance at the creeping fog below.

"None of us does, Senator."

None of them did. That was true. And because it was true, he was going home tomorrow morning. He was taking along his future daughter-in-law. He felt infinitely grateful that he did have a home where he could take a

girl who looked Washington but belonged to the United States. It was not much of a home. It spelled mortgages and foreclosures, but it was better, oh, so much better, than the city where only the dead ones suggested America.

Never again was he going to challenge the windmills. Defeated and humiliated, tricked and ridiculed, he had discovered something which no Rutherfords, no Glenarms, no Davons could take away from him: the sense of reality. Not a New Deal reality, not an Old Deal Reality, but the only worth while reality—Reality of the Living.

"Well, Senator. Did you get an eyeful of our gorgeous city?"

"I certainly did."

"Let's move, then."

"By all means."

Harrow unbuckled his heavy topcoat and breathed deeply of the cool air. A sudden feeling of unexplainable happiness came over him.

"The old bird is acting queerly," thought Wallington. Aloud he said:

"I don't suppose you will be coming to Washington again, Senator?"

"Extremely unlikely, my boy."

They walked all the way to the New Willard through the streets which looked like so many theatrical back-drops. Their conversation was casual, miles and miles away from the filibuster. Possibly because of the ever-thickening fog that seemed to have buried under it the events of the past twenty-four hours, probably because both were thinking of the two youngsters left by them in the Senate building, neither of them so much as mentioned Joan Glenarm's name. Only at the very last moment, when they were already shaking hands in the deserted lobby of the Senator's hotel, Harrow said with a whimsical smile:

"Well, young fellow, what is the moral of this story, if any?"

"The moral?" Pete Wallington sighed and scratched his forehead. "You have me there, Senator. I suppose it all goes to show that there is no deadlier species under the sun than a woman of Washington?"

"A woman of Washington? But according to Constance, Joan Glenarm was born in Alabama."

"That does not make any difference, Senator. Washington is not a city. Sometimes it's a state of mind. Usually it's a profession. The apprenticeship is hard and the wages meager, but once you become a full-fledged Washingtonian, the sky's the limit. We lead the world in bad actors. So long, Senator! Tell the folks back home that, the New Deal to the contrary notwithstanding, the race is still not to the swift nor the battle to the strong—in the Seat of the Great Experiment."

"I will," promised the Senator quietly and gravely.

BACK on Capitol Hill, on the fourth floor of the Senate Building, a tall girl in a leopard-skin jacket and black beret was trying to explain to a broad-shouldered young man why it was better for both of them to join the Senator aboard a westbound train. He listened absent-mindedly. He wished she would stop talking. He knew all there was to be known about the prairies, but this business of kissing in the open was a distinct novelty for him.

And two hundred miles away, in the penthouse of a forty-story skyscraper built by optimists but run by receivers, sat Earl Davon. He was writing, writing carefully and thoughtfully in his cherished diary:

Just heard from Stan and Joan. They are beating it for Europe. Good riddance! The tragedy of the present-day world lies in the fact that nobody is wrong, not even Saucy Puff when he tears my trousers, but everybody is right, even Senator Harrow when he talks about public utilities, something that he hasn't got the foggiest notion about. "Life is more like wrestling than dancing." The Noble Roman was right too.

THE END.

Next month—"Deputy of the Devil," a complete book-length (50,000 words) novel by Ben Ames Williams, who wrote "Three Shuttered Houses." "When one eats with the Devil, one must be armed with a long spoon!" The hero of Mr. Williams' novel, a famous physician who fancies he is endowed with supernatural powers, ignores the wisdom of the old proverb and falls a victim of his own conceit.



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Miss Richardson's Bergdorf-Goodman gown is golden beige satin; the quilted wrap is full-length